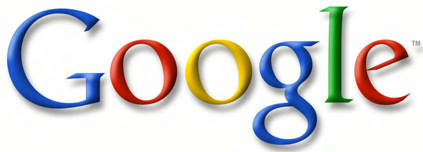

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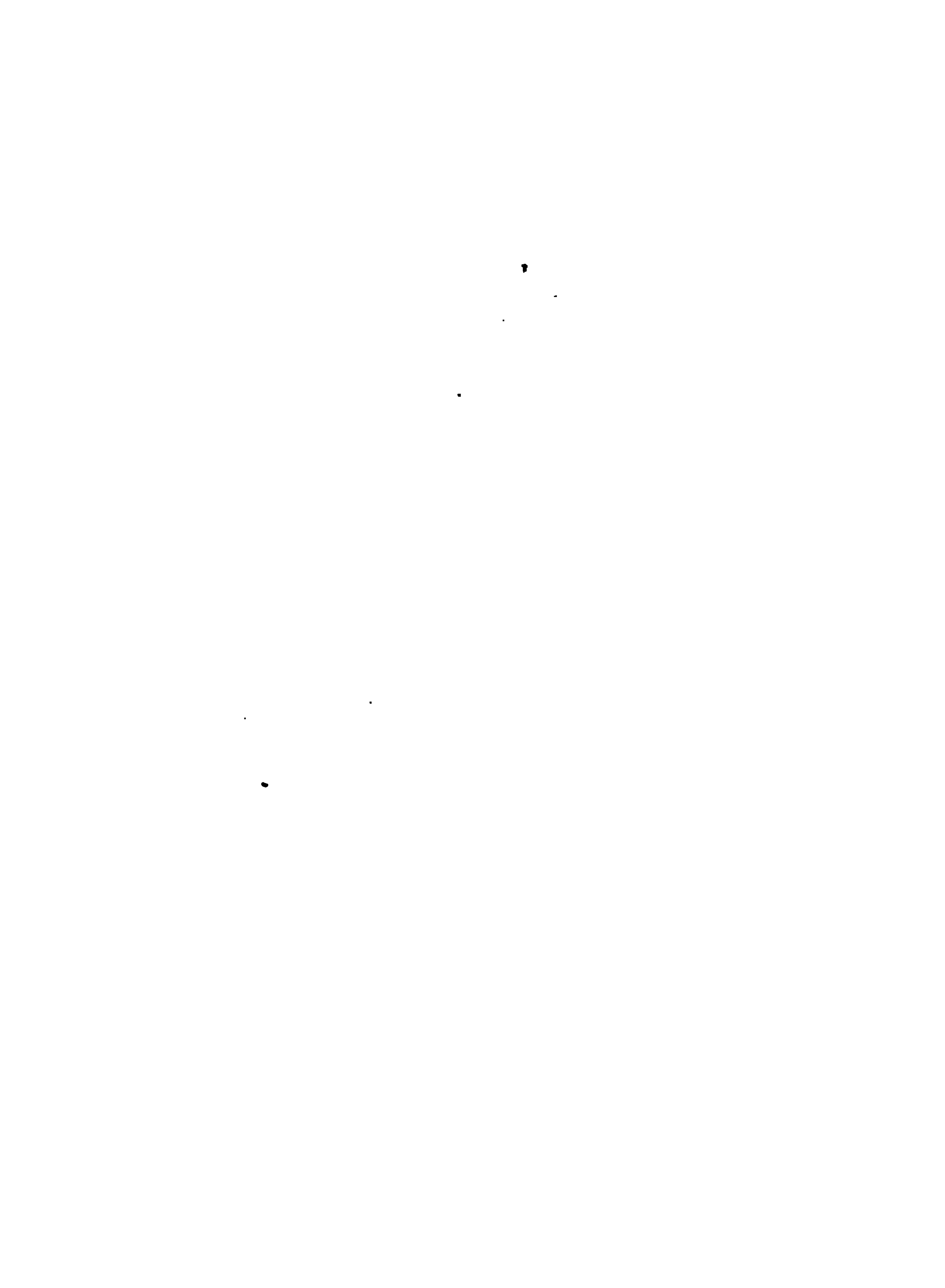

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

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BY

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STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

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"We get a shilling a dozen for them shirts," said Mrs. Tilling.

"A shilling a dozen for what? for putting on the collars, or cuffs, or buttons, or what?" I asked.

"A shilling a dozen for making them," was the quiet answer, as she still stitched away.

Her eldest daughter, named Kate Tilling like herself, was also working away without intermission, and looked up furtively at me.

Kate Tilling was a girl of sixteen, very small for her years, with one of those aged young faces, long, thin and wistful, that one sees so often in the poorer parts of London. Poverty had set its seal on both the Kate Tillings.

It was not far from Long Lane, Bermondsey. A court-yard, of pestilential filth and uncleanliness, lay without. Within was a room about eight feet square, inhabited by Mrs. Tilling and her husband, Tom, Kate and five other

girls, smaller and more sickly than herself, and Top, her brother, aged fifteen, with his two little brothers Teddy and Watty. "Top" was the name by which the eldest brother had been known all his life, a feeble attempt of his elder sister originally to say Tom.

A bed, removed a few inches from the floor, was in one of the corners. It was covered with a parti-coloured quilt, and on this lay, in the deep sleep of intoxication, the head of this miserable household.

Tom Tilling had married at seventeen. His wife was then sixteen. He had been, as he thought, in a good way of business as a costermonger. But increasing family cares, increasing expenditure, the wants of an ever-increasing family, had been too much for him, and he sank, dispirited, hopeless and wretched, into drunkenness and misery.

Nine children, with their parents, lived in this miserable den. The boards of the floor were broken here and there. The walls were discoloured. One window looked into the court-yard, a melancholy prospect. Everywhere wretchedness, filth and abject poverty.

"We're bad enough off," said Mrs. Tilling, "and ever so much worse since Tom took to drink; but we're not so bad off as Mrs. Mallin upstairs, poor thing, a widow, with six, and one of them lying dead, and she not able to bury it."

"And how long has he been going on in this way?" I asked, in a kind of whisper, pointing to her husband.

"How long?" she asked, with a bitter laugh; "how long? As long as you can remember, lass, ain't it? O you need not be afraid of waking him. He won't wake up till evening. The trouble came on us with the third. And she was sickly, poor thing, and had something wrong with the spine. But she's gone. She cost us all our little savings, and it has been as much as ever we can do since to find food enough for them and for ourselves."

I could see that griping poverty was their daily portion. The children looked sickly and miserable. The room was gaunt and sordid. The house was in keeping with the court-yard without—filth, and disease, and wretchedness, stamped upon every part of it.

"None of them can help you except Kate, I suppose," said I.

"O yes, Top is very good. If it were not for Top, I don't know what I should do. I think I should do like that poor woman I heard of the other day, who took her two little ones and jumped into the canal. That put an end to her misery and theirs."

"O don't talk that way, mother dear!" said Kate, with tears in her eyes. "Things are not so bad. Top gets his six shillings a-week, and brings every farthing of it home, and I can make two-and-sixpence a-week."

"Yes," said her mother, "you can, and your father can spend two-and-sixpence in a night. He's a good enough husband when he's sober, but he's bad enough when the drink's in him. And O my poor Top, my poor Top!"

There was deep misery in the poor woman's features and attitude as she spoke thus. I did not press her for an explanation. She could not have been more than five or six and thirty, to judge by appearances and by what I had heard previously of her and her husband. She looked a haggard, worn-out woman of fifty.

Life had been very hard for her. At five or six and thirty she knew no joy but to be able to get food enough for her children.

For this miserable room in which they were all huddled together, they paid, she told me, three shillings a-week. There was a time when they could afford to pay six shillings a-week and to have two rooms. But that time was long gone by. An increasing family meant for her, as it means

for thousands, increased care, increased labour, diminished comfort, and the apparition of the demon of want to haunt them night and day.

Three of the four panes of which the window consisted were covered with paper or stuffed with old sacking, and mother and daughter were obliged to sit near the window to get light enough for their work.

They had put their last handful of coal on the fire to boil a few potatoes for their dinner, and with those potatoes they had some lard that Top had brought home yesterday. Ill-conditioned, stunted, misshapen, were the children; the mother haggard and careworn, and aged before her time; the eldest girl, Kate, without a trace of girlish glee or light-heartedness, without grace of any kind, sordid and mean and uncomely, with wide, anxious, staring eyes, eyes made to look out for evil by the surroundings of her life, wistful and nervous eyes.

And what would be their condition when the husband and father woke up from his brutish and swine-like slumber? What would poor Top do when the father wanted money to get more drink, and Top knew the little he could get was all wanted for food?

O poor Top! poor Top!

And when the snow is on the ground, and the biting east wind howling for entrance, what will be their condition then? Alas, poor things!

And now let us turn to another picture of poor London life, Christmas-day in the streets. A correspondent of the *Daily News* thus describes a picture of an exterior witnessed by him last Christmas-day.

"At Shadwell a miserable-looking man, whose clothes barely held together, whose appearance in fact was scarcely decent, was singing in the middle of the street, at noon, an

apology for a carol. His feet were bare, and blue with the cold, his teeth chattered, his voice was tremulous and weak.

"In his arms the poor man carried a sleeping infant, as ragged as himself, but more warmly clad, and to the shreds of his tattered garment clung a pretty but wofully pallid little girl of seven or eight, who was also singing as vigorously as a bad influenza would permit.

"There were but few people about, and the man, making slow progress westward, gazed high and low in search for the face of a good Samaritan at a window or in the street who would assist him. But there was none such. At the corner of Gravel Lane, apparently debating within himself whether he should continue towards the City or not, he turned hopelessly southward, and, ceasing his sorry carol, began to walk more briskly towards Wapping.

"I overtook him," says the correspondent, "ere he had gone fifty yards, and touching him on the shoulder, offered him a few pence.

"'I am afraid singing in the streets on Christmas-day is rather a bad business,' said I.

"'Christmas-day!' he ejaculated bitterly. 'Peace and goodwill to men! It's all mockery! People will see us starve just the same on Christmas-day as at any other time. Rich and poor are just alike. They don't believe their religion; no more do I. Look at these poor children. Any one can tell they are cold and hungry. They can't pretend. Are you hungry, Matty?'

"Thus appealed to, the pretty child at his coat-tails looked up with a faint, shy, smile, but did not answer.

"'Well,' I said, 'I have a few slices of plum-pudding, and Matty can have a piece.'

"Matty at once stretched out a grasping grimy hand; and when I gave her the little parcel, she tore off the paper covering with ravenous eagerness, and greedily devoured

the contents. I gave another packet to the man, but I had nothing suitable for the baby, who seemed only a few months old. The father noticed my difficulty.

"'Baby's better off than we are,' he said, as he munched his pudding; 'we look after him first, and, thank God, he doesn't want for much.'

"'Where is his mother, then?' I naturally asked.

"The tears started to his eyes. He turned his face away, and gulped out, 'She is dying.'

"Matty also began to cry. I asked what was the matter, and little by little elicited the details of a very sad story.

"The husband and wife had been married twelve years, and appeared to be sincerely attached to each other. When they married, he was earning two pounds a-week as a practical engineer. They had had eight children, and of these three survived. The eldest, a girl of ten, was nursing her mother at home, who was dying of a galloping consumption. In 1883 the husband had received at his work an injury to his right arm, of which he thought little at the time, but which subsequently developed in diseased bone, of which a portion had to be removed, and the arm had been useless ever since.

"The condition of the family had then gone on from bad to worse. They had been obliged to give up their little cottage at Stepney, and to move into lodgings. Then they had been reduced to selling their furniture, and sharing their one room with a family as miserable as themselves. Now, when London was ringing with its merry Christmas, the mother was wrestling with death and the father begging for bread.

"The invalid was allowed a small sum weekly by a local charitable organization, but sixpence a-day cannot provide many luxuries for a dying woman. It was all spent on her, however.

"The husband seemed to be an honest, manly fellow, of considerable intelligence, and he occupied himself at night in making nets, using his left hand and his teeth.

"'But for many weeks,' said he, 'my earnings have not averaged eighteenpence. I get along so slowly with the work.'

"I thought a few shillings of the little charitable fund committed to me were well spent in procuring at the nearest chemist's a tin of chicken jelly, and I gave them besides what assistance I could from my little store.

"'I would have done as much for you,' said he, as we parted."

On the 1st December, 1885, as reported in the *Times*, James Tovey was summoned to the Highgate Police-court for not sending his daughter regularly to school. She was aged thirteen.

The wife of James Tovey appeared before the magistrate with a baby in her arms. She said it was quite true her eldest daughter had not been to school regularly. If she had been, the family must have starved. The girl, who was tall and fair, said she was nearly fourteen years of age, and that she had been kept at home to mind the baby when her mother went out to work. Mrs. Tovey informed the magistrate, Mr. Bodkin, that she had had twelve children, and that eight of them were alive. She was proud to say she had never cost the parish a farthing, although her husband had lately been laid up with a poisoned hand, and was unable to work. She had had to work, therefore, to supply the family with food, and this caused her daughter to be kept at home. Mr. Bodkin said the Bench would impose a fine of one shilling and costs. Mrs. Tovey said it was impossible for her to pay; her daughter was quite fit to go out to a situation, and thus to help the family in

their distress, but the School Board would not permit it. She would promise to do her best to enable her daughter to attend the school, and the magistrate adjourned the case for a month.

Nor is this all. There are homes of every class of workmen—sober, steady, apparently diligent artizans: smiths, farriers, painters, dyers, tailors, shoemakers, bakers, pianoforte-makers, as well as labourers—who find it hardly possible to get on without parochial relief, existing, and only just existing, on the merest pittances. The rooms in which they live are bare for the most part of every article of furniture that can be dispensed with. Everything superfluous has been "put away"—that is, pawned.

A heap of rags answers the purpose of a bed; the smallest possible amount of fire is in the grate. Three or four children crowd the miserable homes, and the poor mother owes something for rent, and finds it difficult to get bread enough for the little ones.

This is no imaginary picture, nor are such families isolated examples. The husbands will tell you "they've tried a'most everything" to get work, but all in vain. There is no work to be got, they will tell you, and what there is the foreigners get. When men are in such distress we cannot expect them to be logical.

The fact is, that there *is* work to be got, but, by injudicious combinations, much of it has been driven into the hands of foreigners, who work cheaply and skilfully. It is not the skilled and skilful worker, as a rule, who thus complains that there is nothing to do, but the unskilful, quarrelsome or indolent. Unfortunately, of such there are in all our large towns but too many.

And then consider the female members of such families. If they are attractive when young, what dangers beset them!

Want of sufficient food, perhaps, cross words, unkind treatment at home! Was not Bishop Latimer right when he said:

"There is one that passeth al the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in al England. And wyl ye knowe who it is? I wyl tel you. It is the Deuyl. He is the moste diligent preacher of al other—he is neuer out of his dioces, he is neuer from his cure, ye shal neuer fynde him unoccupyed, he is euer in his parishe, he keepeth residence at al tymes, ye shal neuer finde hym out of the waye, cal for him when you wyl, he is euer at home, the diligenteste preacher in all the realme, he is euer at his ploughe, no lordynge nor loytringe can hynder him, he is euer appliynge his busynes, ye shall neuer fynde hym idle, I warraunte you."

The fair, attractive members of such households find him at every corner.

It must not be supposed that it is in London only that such scenes are to be witnessed. Manchester and Glasgow, Liverpool and Birmingham, and Leeds and Sheffield, can furnish forth others of the same kind.

The crowding of the agricultural poor into the towns, and the imprudent and improvident early marriages, are chiefly the causes of such scenes as these.

And now let us turn to another picture. A loud ring of anvils comes from the house. The hiss of the bellows can be heard from the fires. There are forges within at which nails are made, and the blacksmiths are women! In leathern aprons they wield the sledges and other hammers vigorously; young women, too, working with amazing rapidity and precision, hammering the white hot iron into nails. With bared arms, and the moisture of hard work on their grimy foreheads, they have no time to inspect the stranger. One quick, curious glance is all they cast, and then on again

with their labour, and with such man-like gestures, in scant attire, and with incessant hammering, they work without any intermission.

We are not in London now, but at Cannock Chase in Staffordshire.

These women-blacksmiths, hard as is their lot, are much better off than the poor Tillings and Mallins in Bermondsey. They can laugh, these female Vulcans, and ask if they may not drink your honour's health, and wish they were "fine leddies in Lunnon."

Yet their lot appears inexpressibly sad when judged by any reasonable standard of what womanhood, whether as maid or wife or mother, ought to be in a civilized country.

One who recently visited them thus describes them, and without exaggeration :

"A tall, hard-featured woman, in the usual leathern apron and with bare arms, emerges from the smithy. She is carrying a load of fifty or sixty pounds' weight of nails. She is bound for the fogger's. And who is the fogger? He is the middleman from whom she rents her forge, and to whom she sells her nails ; the monarch of her little world, and often the cruellest of vulgar, purse-proud, paltry tyrants.

"Beside each forge is a sort of tread-mill arrangement, the hammer known locally as *the Oliver*, a specimen of which was recently sent to the House of Commons, in order that our legislators might know how thousands of their country-women are working for the fogger, sixteen hours a-day, for four shillings and sixpence a-week!

"The youngest of the workwomen was not long ago *a blower*. While still a child she was put to the bellows. Like the rest of them, she worked, with two or three brief intervals of rest, from early morning till midnight. She thus earned her weekly shilling, perhaps half-a-crown as she grew up. At last she took to the hammer, hiring a forge at

sevenpence a-week, providing her own *gheeds*, or coke, and agreeing to hammer for the fogger, at his own price, so many pounds of iron into so many pounds of nails.

"To a chain suspended from the ceiling is fastened a sort of nest, in which a child is placed, and which the poor mother keeps in easy swinging motion by a touch now and again in the intervals of her work. 'Not often, but sometimes,' says the mother, 'the sparks will fall on him, and he gets burnt; but we poor women can't be allus runnin' in and out to look after them; we must have them by us.'

"'Did you know Mrs. Blayne?' 'Yes.' 'Did she die in the madhouse?' 'Yes; but before that she worked at the forge.' Mrs. Blayne was a mother at the age of fifteen. Some time after, she was married. She had her second child when she was seventeen, and at eighteen she died in the madhouse. The cause of her madness was overwork. 'She worried herself about how she should keep a roof over their heads. Her husband was a bad lot. They got on the hire system, and it was not easy to pay for the bits of things they got.' The narrator stopped at intervals to bring her foot down on the Oliver, or to prod the fire on her forge. She spoke in a half-absent manner, as if the fate of the poor woman of whom she spoke was a thing to be put up with perforce, like the wind or snow.

"A short distance off in a shed, where ten or twelve forges are ablaze, and as many lads and young girls are at work, hammering chains, all goes on as with an air of concentrated pre-occupation, in a monotonous, machine-like way, but with diligence and swiftness.

"From the streets, Oldhill and the other towns where the female blacksmiths labour, look sleepy. But behind the screens of brick walls there is very little sleep. There is the unresting, feverish activity of a population of women and children, striving hard, competing with one another for bare

existence. They have little prospect before them except the workhouse if strength fails. Culture, education, refinement, they have none. The very words are a mockery to these poor people. There is one last refuge, the grave. The emotions, perceptions, faculties, intended for higher pursuits, with which they came endowed into the world, like people in a higher sphere—nay, like the great and mighty of the land—are in them dulled, if not killed outright, in the struggle for simple existence. Yet is it not the development of those faculties which makes life worth living?

"'We must live,' said one of these poor women, 'even if the fogger should require double weight of nails or of chain for his money. Ay, even if we have to work sixteen hours on Sundays.'

"'It doesn't matter what price thou ast it at, thee ast to keep that forge agoin',' said a man to his wife in Oldhill. 'If thee don't work, thee shan't eat.'"*

When they first got married doubtless the conversation between them was very different from this, but this is what want and hardship have brought it to. Would it not have been better for them, and for thousands like them, if they had never been born?

These are not savages living in Africa or Australia that I am writing of, but our own flesh and blood, Englishmen and Englishwomen, born and bred in our own land, but, alas! under what conditions!

Fortunately there are numerous agencies at work to improve the condition, physical and moral, of these outcasts of society.

In London, many ladies, surrounded by luxury in their own homes, give up their time and a large portion of their

* From the *New Democracy*, a very interesting series of articles in the *Daily News*, November, 1885, "The Message of the Black Country."

income to improve the condition of the poor people in the East-end of London. Mr. Herbert Spencer has clearly shown in his *Sins of Legislators*, and *The Great Political Superstition*, that it will not do to go to Government and ask it to redress these wrongs. There has been rather too much than too little of Government interference already. It must be by individual effort, and by co-operation on the part of the sunken classes themselves, that these evils will be remedied. It cannot be done all at once. It must be the work of time. Meanwhile the forces of indignant revolt against the existing system of things are gradually gaining strength. It could not be otherwise. A vast manufactory of thieves and reprobates is going on all around us in our large towns. We are rearing rioters by thousands every year. The recent outbreaks in London, Leicester, Birmingham and Manchester (February, 1886), ought to awaken the careless and the selfish to a juster sense of the dangers existing in our social system as at present constituted.

There are millions of pounds annually wasted in riot, in luxury and in debauchery, one-tenth part of which judiciously expended in improving the condition of the sunken classes might not only avert serious consequences in the future, but conduce also to the material and moral elevation and improvement of the dangerous classes. Yet the difficulty of expense is that generally urged in opposition to all proposals of social reform.

If we allow things to go on as they have been going on for many, many years past, we cannot expect anything but civil war, in the end, between those in possession of all that makes life desirable and those in want of all such. We may shut our ears to the sounds of strife. We may obstinately refuse to be warned. Like Carlyle's ostrich, aroused from its head-in-the-bush position, we may be roused from our fatal dream of security "in a terrible *a-posteriori* fashion."

But what are we to do? some will ask. It will be well to be up and doing before sad fatality settles the whole question for us.

There are numerous agencies at work, as I have said, to improve the condition, physical and moral, of the outcasts of society. Can we not help some of these? Have we none of the degraded classes around and about us, on whom our influence may be exercised for good? Have we no influence on others?

We have in England rich and powerful churches of various denominations. Can they not be got to combine against the powers of misery, and crime, and darkness, that threaten the overthrow of all that is excellent in religion and social life? Dr. Wichern has done much for Germany by his "Inner Mission." Our churches might do as much or more for us. Amongst the outcasts, Christianity is regarded as the religion of the rich and respectable. It was intended for the poor. It deals entirely with the other world, they think, and brings no blessings in this. It was not so intended. Cannot our religious teachers leave their controversies and polemical discussions for a time, and turn their attention to the poor and the destitute? If there is a genuine enthusiasm in favour of humanity, a real desire to do good, a sincere wish to diminish the miseries of our fellow-men, who can effect results such as these more successfully than the ministers of religion? But, to be successful, they must unite. This is the great lesson Dr. Wichern is teaching us. It is the church's need as well as the world's need. Here is a field for the generous efforts of all—to relieve distress in the first instance, to endeavour to improve the physical, moral and social condition of our great cities, to save the young from vice, and to take counsel together, and to co-operate with one another for the highest well-being of the people!

Only think what an agency this would be for good, if all branches of the Church would combine to combat the evil around us, physical and moral!

There is a want of free Libraries in our large towns. We ought to have many of them, and easily accessible from all quarters. There are 1654 public libraries in Switzerland, and only 202 in the United Kingdom! Even in Holland there are more than in England. Mulhall's *Dictionary of Statistics* for 1880 assures us these statements are facts. Are they not amazing facts? If the ministers of the various churches would but combine in this matter, how soon would this melancholy condition of things be altered for the better! A hundred free public Libraries in London alone might be established by such combined exertion in a year.

The Recreative Teaching Association is doing a good work, and doing it well. At its classes in Finsbury, Homerton, Shoreditch, Battersea and Wandsworth, music, drawing, modelling and wood-carving are all taught, and the pupils take up these subjects with great interest. Musical drill and magic-lantern illustrations add to the attractiveness of the instruction given.

The Metropolitan Public Garden Association, Convalescent Homes, and the Country Holidays' Fund, are agencies for good in a similar direction, which all may assist, without difficulty, in some way or other. Individual effort by thousands upon thousands is what is now indispensable to improve the condition of the sunken, and to restore the fallen. Country excursions for the poor waifs and strays of city life will do much to diminish the sordidness of their existence, and to inspire them with better feelings.

Miss Isabella M. Gladstone truly observes, writing on "Public Gardens:"

"Those who used to have no resort but the public-house, no change from their wretched homes but the crowded

streets, have had their lot vastly improved by the opening in their midst of a pleasant garden, to which all are admitted, and where they may rest in the grateful shade of a sheltering tree, away from the cares and worries of the little home. Many of the poor have to work much too hard for them to have leisure to go half a mile from their houses, even if they have the energy, which they too often lack; and if these are to profit by the shady tree and the comfortable seat, they must be brought quite close to their own doors.

"After all, pleasures are comparative, and it is possible that what the sight of mountain-peaks and gliding streams is to the more favoured amongst us, the chance of a seat in the open air, or the power of walking between bright flower-beds and gazing at a refreshing fountain, is to the less favoured ones. The ear gets accustomed to the constant roar of the busy street, the bustle and noise become a very part of existence, and the old citizen may have as much joy in calling a deserted square or a disused burial-ground, which has been lately laid out and opened as a public garden, his 'little park,' as that man has who can walk whither he will amongst the wide acres and rambling groves of his own ancestral domains. If it is hard to understand what it is never to exchange the monotonous streets for budding hedge-rows, it is equally hard to realize the sensation of those who, for the first time for many years, may sit unmolested in a garden of their own; and it is only necessary to enter into conversation with some of the men and women who are making use of one of these humble 'public gardens' to learn how much enjoyment they can derive from it, and how grateful they are to those who have secured the benefit for them."

Those of the upper classes, like Countess Cowper, who will give up their time and a portion of their income to improve the condition of their poorer fellow-countrymen

and fellow-country women, are doing a noble and an heroic work. And how is it being done?

There is a periodical called *Eastward Ho*, published every month at 2, Paternoster Buildings, which gives an account of what is being done in this way, and, more than that, shows how all may co-operate in this good work; for to co-operate in it, with any hope of efficiency or success, requires knowledge and judgment, which those who are the leaders of the movement have acquired. Otherwise, untutored zeal may do more harm than good.

We must not visit the poor in order to preach to them, to lecture them, to act the part of beneficent superiors come to succour and relieve. We must learn from them much, in the first instance, before we can be of any use to them. We must learn humility, and put our pride altogether away from us. We must learn to imitate their patience in privation, their endurance of hard and monotonous toil. We must be prepared to share with them our superfluity of comfort and luxury, or else there is no use engaging in this work at all.

As to how the poor may be visited to their own advantage, Lady Cowper has left us a charming picture in the *Nineteenth Century Review* for November, 1885. A little club was established for the girls, East-end factory girls, shop girls, and servants in lodging-houses, twelve to twenty years of age, generally well-behaved, and grateful for the assistance given to them. These girls feel all the time that they are members of the club, and help towards its support by their payments of a halfpenny a-week. They are generally better off than their mothers, to whose support they frequently contribute weekly from their wages. Too often their dress is distinguished by tawdry smartness. What else can be expected? But they are usually intelligent and anxious to learn new ideas. They are more regular in attending the

club in winter than in summer. In summer, after their hard day's work, is it any wonder that they should like to enjoy the open air, in park, in square, or even in the streets?

Nor is it a matter for astonishment that their tendency is to make their club exclusive. They are rigid in excluding any of reputed bad character. They do not like to admit those of whom they know nothing, or whom they think too young. But once admitted, they are willing to show attention and kindness. "If they are not nice, we must try and make them nice," seems to be their rule.

One evening in each week is devoted to needlework, and one evening to short lectures, sketches of travel, conversations and interchange of ideas on subjects previously named. And then there are painting, games of cards, dominoes, chess, draughts, backgammon, alphabets, spelling matches, and such-like. "Good-night, Countess," is the farewell of these poor girls as they see Lady Cowper to her carriage.

Who can estimate the amount of good done in this quiet, unostentatious way? And now the question is, How are similar measures to be taken for the men, to wean them from the public-house? They have in their own homes filth, squalor, darkness and misery. At the public-houses they have mirth, real or affected, brilliant light, gaiety and good-humour. Is it any wonder that the home is neglected and the public-house frequented?

Yet, common as is the vice of drunkenness amongst the men, and frequent as are the falls from virtue amongst the women and girls, it is a question whether, in proportion to the numbers, there is more vice and immorality in the East-end parishes than in the ordinary country parishes in England and Wales. The depressing fact about it is, that the low neighbourhoods are ever getting lower. A respectable family in a low neighbourhood gets out of it as soon

as possible. A low, vicious family in a respectable family neighbourhood is equally anxious to get out of it, and to consort with its like. Thus the low tend to become ever lower.

Good houses, in which overcrowding may be avoided, are primary requisites. Not that they are to be built and let at a loss. That is not necessary or advisable. Every sanitary arrangement can be provided for, and decency attained, at a moderate profit, and certainly without any loss. The great and wealthy proprietors of London have but to inquire into the matter, and to determine that such houses shall be built. Once built, they will be soon occupied, if judiciously managed, and all experience proves that a moderate profit is earned with efficient management. A very little sacrifice in the way of time and trouble is all that is necessary, and the good effected will be incalculable.

But besides these lodging-houses for the poor, convalescent homes are necessary. And these must be provided, like our public hospitals, by the charitable wealthy, for the suffering poor. Recreation-grounds for the men and boys would also be desirable, as a means of weaning the male population from the public-house.

Shall it be said in answer, that all these demand sacrifices from the rich? Undoubtedly. And have the rich no duties? Are they to live the lives of Sybarites? Is patriotism extinct? Consider the contrast between the comfortable West-end mansion and the East-end club, which these ladies leave, the one for the other. Is there no sacrifice to duty here? And shall our millionaires, aristocratic and plebeian, object to make an effort to improve the condition of the very poor of their own country and of their own city?

It is said that there are seven hundred thousand abject poor in the north of London, and nine hundred thousand abject poor in London south of the Thames. Is it not

worth an effort to help them? Does not patriotism, no less than a consideration for our own welfare, demand that we should make some effort to help them?

And so also with the Black Country. Who are those to whom we naturally look to assist the poor women and girls now labouring as blacksmiths, the slaves of the foggers? —who, but the great landed proprietors, who draw their princely revenues from that district? Warm at heart and benevolent, they are doubtless anxious to do good. But this cannot be done effectually without inquiry and the exercise of judgment. Lord Dudley and Lord Ward, Lord Hatherton and Lord Bradford, if they would but meet together and consider the matter, might inaugurate measures, with very little loss to themselves, that would be of incalculable service to the thousands of poor suffering humanity in the Black Country.

Nor is it the great landed proprietors only that may be expected to take a part in this good work. The manufacturers, who have made their fortunes from these and similar industries, will, many of them, be ready to co-operate. Patriotism is not dead amongst them. In the present critical condition of society, they know full well that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that if those duties are neglected it will be worse for property and its representatives in the long-run. How much worse, no man can tell.

The alliance between the producer and the consumer is already becoming a serious and an indisputable fact. When the Rochdale pioneers started with their co-operative manufactures in 1846, they began with twenty-eight pounds' worth of goods, and their intention was to limit themselves to two branches of co-operation. By the last returns, the financial position of the stores—established, be it remembered, entirely by the working classes—was,

Share capital for Great Britain	£7,492,125
Loan capital " "	1,538,444
Total capital	£9,030,569
Goods sold last year, in round numbers............	£28,000,000
Net profit realized, after deducting five per cent., on Share and Loan capital	£2,322,133

And of this large amount the proprietors devoted £15,754 to educational purposes.

This shows what co-operative labour can accomplish without the assistance of the rich. Electing their own managers, under the supervision of their own councils, with a direct interest in educating themselves and turning out the best work, with every hope before them, and every chance of rising by skill, energy, probity and perseverance, they will be immeasurably raised in the moral and social scale by their own industry only.

If the territorial lords and the rich manufacturers will give such men a helping hand, a hearty, healthy feeling of reciprocity and friendliness will be the result. If not, then with the advance of the co-operative workers will be implanted in their minds a jealousy of, and an enmity to, both the territorial aristocracy and the plutocracy of manufacturing England, which may produce the worst evils in the future—the spread of socialism, dissension, civil strife, revolution perhaps.

Independent and self-governing associations are rising up all over the country. The movement is powerful and well-organized. The Co-operative Wholesale Society is a federation of stores throughout the country, which exists, not to make large profits, but to procure goods from the producer, and to sell them to its members, or to retail stores, at a little above cost price, so as to cover expenses and pay five per cent. only on the capital invested. It is at present

doing a trade of five millions a-year. Its head-quarters are at Manchester, with branches at Newcastle, London, Leeds and Bristol. It has agents in various parts of America, in France, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and many towns in Ireland and Scotland. It is its own carrier, too, possessing several ships.

Near Manchester, works have been established by this Society for the manufacture of biscuits, sweets, soap and other articles. At Durham, too, it has established soap-works; and at Leicester and Heckmondwike, boot-making.

It will be an evil day for England when the artizan and the labourer become convinced that they can do without the aristocrat and the plutocrat. It is time for all the wealthier classes, whether landed proprietors or otherwise, to be up and doing. The evils to be encountered are gigantic, but the influence for good of the wealthy landed proprietors and the merchant and manufacturing princes of our time and country, are enormous, if properly exerted. There is not much more time to lose. A great deal has already been lost. If socialism and revolution are not to hold a high carnival in England, it is time that the upper classes should be active for good. There are evils of portentous magnitude to remedy. In London and in the country, distress, hardship, injustice and degrading poverty, are to be grappled with and overcome.

Up, then, and doing, noble men and noble women of England—up and doing, before it is too late!

And what of the agricultural prospect?

There can be no disputing the fact, that from the middle of the present century to the beginning of the present depression, the farmers of England enjoyed a period of prosperity—a period of almost unexampled prosperity—for at least twenty-five years.

The causes of this prosperity were probably the general advance of the country in wealth and population, the brisk-

ness of trade, and the absence of that terrible and overwhelming competition which has been so detrimental to them of late years.

Yet it was not all sunshine and prosperity for the English farmer before 1850. The fifteen years which elapsed between 1815 and 1830 were very disastrous to him. There were commercial and monetary crises, wholesale failures of banks, and refusal on the part of the banks to renew their credit—evils which the Corn Laws proved powerless to remedy, in so far as keeping up the price of wheat was concerned.

Besides all this, a large quantity of grass land had been converted into arable land under the stimulus of war prices. Thus it was that during the Regency and the reign of George the Fourth there were bad times for the farmers, but not nearly so bad as those of recent years. A large quantity of land is still under the plough which ought long ago to have been re-converted into grass land.

It is only by very slow degrees that the agricultural system of any country can be altered. Our system in England of landlord and tenant, of small farms and large ones intermingled, will doubtless last still for generations, whatever may be the agitation for the nationalization of the land or other socialistic measures. A peasant system of small farms, such as prevails in France, for instance, is simply impossible in England.

Better security and greater liberty to the tenant-farmer are probably the chief remedies for the present depression of agricultural interests. Free sale, fair rents and fixity of tenure, would materially modify the present relations of landlord and tenant. But if the relations between landlord and tenant were made *purely* commercial, the ancient system would be completely revolutionized. It is not easy to see any middle course between the two. Our English land system presupposes the discharge by the landowners of a

great variety of social duties, imposed by long-continued custom, and tending to make the farmer and the proprietor much more nearly related to each other than purely commercial engagements could make them. Landed property cannot in this respect be made like house property. The exercise of moral influence and friendly family relations between landlord and tenant, in so far as the land is concerned, is totally different from anything prevailing between proprietors and tenants of house property.

The question which has to be answered is, whether the new and onerous competition of America, Australia, the Cape, New Zealand and Canada, does not render a modification of our old system necessary? If so, what is this modification to be? How is the great influx of country people into the towns to be prevented? It is this influx which is pauperizing the towns more and more, without relieving the country.

Inquire of any one who knows the East-end of London, and you will find that if new and commodious ranges of dwellings are erected for the poor, they are too frequently occupied by the swarms who press in from the country, and not by the London poor, for whom they were intended. The slums and rookeries, full of overcrowding, of filth, of moral depravity, of disease and want, are ever becoming fuller and fuller, whilst the new buildings, built according to sanitary principles, well supplied with water, and altogether cleanly and wholesome, are comparatively neglected.

This is one of the great problems that confront us, not absolutely insoluble, but difficult, very difficult to solve satisfactorily. The powerful and wealthy must combine to solve it.

The fact is, that the power of our towns to absorb the overflowing population of the country has reached its limit —nay, has somewhat dangerously overstepped that limit.

However deplorable the condition of the agricultural

labourer may be, it must not be forgotten that it has very much improved within the last sixty years. Wages are higher as a rule, many articles of food and clothing are much cheaper, nor has there been any increase in the price of any of the absolute necessaries of life; education is attainable by all, and facilities of locomotion are offered to all classes, and largely used, which the wealthiest could not enjoy sixty years ago.

They are beginning, too, to club together, in temperance and other guilds, with the avowed intention of improving their position in life; and when this principle is more largely utilized amongst them, they will have the power to improve very considerably their standing and position.

Mr. S. Morley and other well-known gentlemen propose to establish villages of an industrial character, where hats, boots, shoes, machines and domestic articles may be manufactured at the village works. These gentlemen hope, by the establishment of these villages, to keep the people in the country, and to prevent their overcrowding the towns. But the manufacture of any amount of hats, shoes, boots, machines and domestic articles, will not necessarily increase the demand for, or the consumption of, these articles. Our manufacturers say that over-production is the cause of much of the existing stagnation of trade.

Agriculture alone is, really and truly, the only industry not overdone, and yet that is the very employment from which the people flee. Fifty-four millions of pounds sterling are annually sent out of the country to pay for food, necessary and indispensable, which might be produced in it. But the land is so hampered with obsolete provisions, so burdened with the consequences of previous extravagance, that it cannot be utilized as it ought to be.

About a hundred and fifty millions are sent out of the country annually for provisions of all kinds. A large part

of this is for articles that cannot be produced in England, such as tea, coffee, rice, fruit, Indian corn, &c. But why should twelve millions of this amount, for instance, be spent on butter? Have we not every facility for the production of butter in our own country? Here we come back to the fact that much of the arable land ought to be under grass.

Thirty years ago, butter was sevenpence a pound in England, fowls were sixteenpence each, and eggs thirty for a shilling. Pork and mutton were to be had usually for five or six pence a pound.

We are often told that the enhancement of prices is due to the recent discoveries of gold and silver, and that a similar result followed from the discovery of America. It is our artificial system, driving the rural labourer from the land, that is in fault. Mother earth is not allowed to yield to him the necessaries of life. Artificial and injudicious laws drive him from an employment he understands, to compete with the ill-paid working classes in the towns. If the most flourishing trade in England were thus handicapped, it would not last for ten years. Decay and utter ruin must necessarily be the consequence.

Reduction of local burdens on the land and re-adjustment of local taxation will do something to remedy the evil. The tenant-farmer must be legally entitled to his rights, and must know how to enforce them, and to oppose effectually their suspension or abrogation by needy landowners. The power of the landowner to tie up the land for indefinite periods, to the manifest detriment of the labourer, the farmer, and the country at large, must be removed. Personal aggrandizement and the propping-up of families lead to incalculable loss. The prosperity of the country, and particularly of the landed interest, is materially injured thereby.

But much more is wanted. We want a cheap and efficient system by which the countryman may obtain possession of

a piece of land of his own. And this can be done in a fair, straightforward manner, without infringing on any rights. There are numbers of proprietors willing to sell at fair prices. It is not necessary that there should be any compulsion or injustice. The experiment is being made already by the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Carrington and Lord Tollemache, and the country will anxiously await the result. If this experiment proves to be a success, as present appearances indicate, the difficult problem will be well-nigh solved.

Any interference of Government in the matter is extremely undesirable. Class would thus be set against class, angry feelings and jealousy aroused, and much of the good which might otherwise result from the allotments be prevented.

If the landed proprietors of England will but take the matter into their own hands, with energy and judgment, the interference of Government would be altogether unnecessary. Judicious, individual, voluntary and co-operative efforts are alone necessary. Here is an example:

Lord Tollemache is a landed proprietor of whom England may justly be proud, a patriot in the best sense of the term. He has now attained his eightieth year, and his long life has been spent in the management of a large estate, and in persevering exertions to be of service to his country, and that in a quiet, unostentatious way, without noise or bluster.

He has an estate of many thousand acres in Cheshire, and during the continued agricultural depression he has had neither a farm unlet nor a tenant in arrears. He has had it all subdivided into small, manageable farms, and has spent nearly a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in farm-houses and cottages. There are now between fifty and sixty farm-houses on the property, and two hundred and sixty cottages for labourers. He has also zealously promoted

education, and has personally exerted himself to improve the moral as well as the material prosperity of his tenants and labourers. *O si sic omnes!*

Lord Tollemache is a leader in the new crusade. Following in the same good course, Lord Crewe has been steadily increasing of late years the small holdings on his estates in Cheshire and Staffordshire. Land has been distributed amongst the labourers in various quantities and always at fair rates, agricultural rentals only being charged. Numerous commodious three-roomed cottages, with large and productive gardens attached, have been built for farm-labourers at a rental of four pounds ten shillings per annum. Cottage farms, with suitable dwellings, out-buildings, gardens, and from two to three acres of land each, are also let to farm-labourers at from eight to ten pounds per annum. The earnings and home comforts of the men who have taken these little farms compare favourably with those of the higher-paid artizans in towns. Nearly two hundred tenants are thus provided with holdings of three acres and under, on Lord Crewe's property, a hundred and forty-four with holdings of three to ten acres, thirty with farms of from ten to twenty acres, and thirty more from twenty to fifty acres. There are forty with from fifty to a hundred acres, forty more with from a hundred to two hundred, and only fourteen with farms exceeding two hundred acres. The amount of good which large proprietors can do in this way is incalculable.

Nor is this all.

The Duke of Westminster has set a noble example in personally promoting and presiding over "The Landowners' Association for the Voluntary Extension of the Allotments System." Lord Tollemache is one of the Vice-Presidents.

More than a hundred of the owners of large estates have already expressed their cordial approval of the scheme.

The object of the Association is to extend the practice of letting small quantities of land in allotments, either pasture land for the keep of a cow or arable land for spade cultivation. For this purpose it collects and distributes information on the subject, it ascertains the demand and how that demand is to be best met, and urges upon landowners and employers the desirability of extending the system. Besides this, the attention of trustees of Charity lands is directed to the provisions of the Allotment Act of 1882, and in this way much good may be done. The Earl of Onslow is acting as Hon. Secretary of this admirable Association.

M. de Foville has given an excellent account of the working of the system in France in his recent brochure entitled *Le Morcellement.* As Chef du Bureau de Statistique et Legislation comparée in the Ministry of Finance, and as Professor in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, M. de Foville has access to the fullest and most recent Reports on the subject, and therefore his opinion is of the highest value.

M. de Foville shows in this work that subdivisions of landed property do much more good than harm, as the smallest estates have improved most, have yielded the most produce, and have even, contrary to Balzac's prophecy, multiplied the cattle and horses of France.

Part of the evidence adduced in *Le Morcellement* comes, curiously enough, from La Limagne, the district from which Lady Verney drew her darkest pictures as to the effects of allotments. This evidence goes to prove that no district in France has improved more than La Limagne during the last forty years, and further that this improvement has resulted from the subdivision of estates that prevails there.

M. Henri Baudrillart, the eminent political economist, has been recently making an investigation into the condition of the rural population in Normandy and Brittany, and comes to the same conclusions as M. de Foville. This work

of his is the first of a series on agricultural life in France, commissioned by the Academy of Moral and Political Science, and contains a complete account of peasant proprietary in the two provinces. M. Baudrillart unhesitatingly asserts that the small proprietors have made more progress in every way than those in possession of large properties, whether the progress be tested by the selling value of the land or by its agricultural produce.

Of those small proprietors who are in reality labourers, or artizans living chiefly on wages, M. Baudrillart gives a charming picture. Their land is only an auxiliary source of income to them, but the double occupation tends to improve the intelligence and morality of the people as well as their material comfort.

The subject of small holdings of land in England is doubtless surrounded by a host of difficulties. Some of these difficulties are specially referred to in the Report of the Agricultural Commissioners. "Within the last twenty years," says that Report, "great progress has been made, especially upon large estates, in providing better cottages for agricultural labourers; and it is due to the owners of land generally to say, that, irrespective of the consideration of interest, many of them have expended, and continue to expend, large sums to supply good and sufficient cottage accommodation."

If land is really wanted for making small allotments as an experiment, beyond what finds its way into the market from natural causes, a beginning might be made with that belonging to corporations, which is generally inefficiently farmed and inefficiently looked after. A corporation, in fact, is not in a position to fulfil the duties of landowner efficiently.

Glebe land, again, is seldom of much advantage to a rector. If reasonable compensation were given to him, he

would, in most cases, be glad to take it, and thus get rid of a difficulty. If he attempts to cultivate the land himself, he has all the anxieties, cares and worries of a farmer thrown on his shoulders, in addition to his own onerous duties. If he succeeds in finding a tenant, he has all the usual troubles of a proprietary landowner, without the facilities of an ordinary landowner for granting remissions of rent, for making improvements, or for postponement of payment. The personal relations and sympathy existing in other cases between landlord and tenant are severely strained in the case of the rector, and do not exist at all when a corporation is the landowner. Solicitors, land-agents and bailiffs do not work for nothing, and have no sympathy with the farmers, or, at all events, no power to show that sympathy effectually if it exists.

The Settled Land Act of 1882 puts an owner in fee and a tenant for life virtually in the same position, as far as the cultivation of the land is concerned. It enables the tenant for life to sell all or any part of his land, without the intervention of trustees, and to apply the purchase-money to redeem mortgages or other charges upon any part of the estate, if only part is sold, to erect farm-buildings or cottages, to make roads, to irrigate or drain, to sell heirlooms or grant leases, and generally to exercise all the powers incidental to ownership in fee. An absolute owner has little more power than this. The amount of land already sold under this Act is considerable, and is annually increasing.

All these considerations tend to make it appear that compulsory sales will be unnecessary.

The rate of increase, both of animals and plants, is such, that millions must necessarily perish every year. We see the profusion of nature around us, in this respect, every autumn. The chesnut trees, with which southern England abounds, are striking instances. The seeds become a nuisance in their profusion. And how many of them have a

chance of growth and reproduction? Not one in a hundred thousand, perhaps.

But even the least prolific of animals would overstock the world, if there were no checks on production. Myriads are destroyed every year, and in this terrible struggle for existence man has to take his place, whether he will or not. It has been calculated that if all the seeds of a single plant were successful in germinating, and so on with all its offspring year by year, it might cover all the dry land on the earth's surface in ten years. And similar results would follow the indefinite production of animals. Terrible is the struggle and murderous the conflict before the fittest to live are eliminated from the others. We do our best to reduce this struggle to a minimum in civilized countries. All the resources of science, all the lessons of philosophy and experience, are utilized to render this struggle less terrible and this conflict less deadly. Thousands are preserved from perishing in infancy, whose lives are a constant warfare with disease and death. But Nature will not be cheated of her victims. Wars, plagues, inundations, storms, ignorance, overcrowding, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, annually carry off their thousands—not of the weak and sickly only, but of the strong, robust and healthy as well.

Not all the strength of the multitudinous saurians and armour-plated fishes of the Devonian period availed to save them from extirpation. The beautiful black rat is no match for the plainer grey one, and is soon exterminated by its powerful enemy. Hundreds of birds, like the dodo, once existed in thousands, but succumbed at last in the struggle for life and became extinct.

What, then, is the object of our study? To learn first the causes of deterioration and destruction, that we may obviate or remove them; and to discover the remedies, if possible, for imperfection and misery.

CHAPTER II.

STRUGGLING WITH NATURE.

The Nebular hypothesis—The evolution of Geology—Appearance of man—His early struggles—Coleridge on development—Lessons taught by embryology—Earthquakes—Volcanic action—Cyclones.

THE Nebular hypothesis seems to explain the mode of development of the earth from Chaos to Man. The theory of Evolution supplements this hypothesis, and brings us to the present state of things. This Nebular hypothesis teaches us that the sun and planets, including the earth and satellites—nay, perhaps all the heavenly bodies, are the result of the condensation of nebulous vapour. When this condensation of the earth took place no man can tell, probably millions of years ago. Nor can science inform us how the nebulous vapour came into existence originally.

There can be no doubt, however, that this condensation was a slow and long-continued process—in fact, took long ages to accomplish, and, under the control of gravitation, the result was the formation of a number of rotating, spherical masses of nebulæ, originally in a state of white heat, from the shock of their accumulating atoms. These spheres then began gradually to cool, the result of radiation. Contraction and a more rapid rotary motion were the necessary consequences, and under the influence of these forces rings of vapour were thrown off from the equatorial

regions, which in their turn condensed, and under the influence of the same forces became themselves separate spheres.

The earth, like the other planets, became in time a fluid mass, still at a very high temperature, and was slowly and gradually brought into its present form, that of an oblate spheroid, with an equatorial diameter twenty-six miles longer than its polar diameter. Its denser materials naturally gravitated towards its centre, and an envelope of gases and watery vapour surrounded it. The gases entered into various chemical combinations, and the watery vapour, condensed, was deposited in depressions on the outside of the earth.

On the intensely heated surface, *maculæ*, or solid portions, first attained a certain consistency, only to be destroyed afterwards by fire from beneath, and then to collect again into islands and continents.

A hard, granite-like rock made its appearance in the central semi-solid mass; and the intense heat beneath, and the action of steam and gases, generated below the crust, caused those violent upheavings and disturbances which we call volcanic action, that is, the action of the interior upon the earth's external crust.

Great inequalities of the surface were doubtless the result, and the rugged edges of it were gradually softened down by the subsequent action of air and water. Whether the Plutonic rocks—those generated by the action of fire—form the solid centre of our globe, cannot be ascertained with certainty. Experiments convince us that the heat increases as we descend, and that at such a rate—one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty feet of descent—that it is plain at a little more than a hundred miles there would be a temperature sufficient to melt the hardest rocks, whence the conclusion that the earth's solid crust cannot be more than one-nineteenth of its radius.

Above the Plutonic we come to a class of rocks of a totally different order, the result of the action of air and water, Aqueous rocks, originally deposited in water, in layers, and hence called Stratified. Seas, rivers, rain, ice, have all been powerful agents in the deposition of these stratified rocks; and after having been deposited, they have been broken up again, upheaved, to be re-laid, in richer and more finely-assorted masses, by volcanic agency. And this is the evolution of geology. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, storms, disease and death, are nature's agents in this evolution, causing infinite loss to man and his works often, but working out apparently improvement or renovation in some shape. Every catastrophe, however terrible, appears to be the precursor of a higher development, and death itself but the correction of a divergence. Myriads of changes, cataclysms, and catastrophes of all kinds, work out higher conditions of life. To man the destruction is often overwhelming; but evolution is still working out its destiny, however implacable and unrelenting the catastrophes.

The number and variety of the formations, aqueous and igneous, which compose the earth's crust, and the succession of gradual processes which have brought it into its present form; the upheavals and depressions; the successive inundations and drying up of the land; the oscillations, as we may say, of the sea and land; with the successive races of plants and animals which appeared and disappeared on its surface, and many of which are entombed in its depths—all these must have taken ages of time, which we find it impossible to calculate now. The time may come when data will be discovered that will enable the philosopher to ascertain the periods that have elapsed in these changes, but at present we have no such data.

Man appeared, and must have waged a fearful warfare for life. With a stick or a club he lengthened and increased

the power of his arm. A sharp rough stone turned his stick into a spear. He threw it, and it became a javelin. Then the arrow and the bow made their appearance, and with these weapons he defended himself against his savage foes, making up by cunning and intelligence what he lacked in physical strength. These various steps in his progress were doubtless separated by many years of toil, labour, accident and destruction.

And even now, after thousands of years of unintermitting struggle, he is only learning the rudiments of those eternal principles under which existence is possible—under which conscious existence is alone possible.

A simple reflex cell, science teaches us, was the beginning of life, and one material organ followed—the organ of digestion. It extends itself in a heterogeneous manner into further subsidiary organs and cells. A nervous system is gradually developed which blossoms into a brain. All the emotions of the mind are necessary to the carrying out of our existing complicated life, and so on to the evolution of consciousness and our higher powers. No animal could have predicated that consciousness, or those emotions, from its previous experience. Nor can we tell what the future of humanity may be, or what those powers of mind that may be hereafter developed.

"Every rank of creatures," says Coleridge, in his *Aids to Reflection*, "as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves death behind it or under it. The metal, at its height of being, seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The blossoms and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divide into correspondent organs with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations seem impatient of that fixture by which the plant is differentiated in kind from the flower-shaped Psyche that flutters with free wing

above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinate thereto—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities, of man."

Sir John Lubbock will have it that the reason of the ant is similar in nature, but different in degree only, when compared with that of man.

"And who," proceeds Coleridge, "that hath watched their ways with an understanding heart, can contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the house-building, wedded and divorceless swallow; and above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealth and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband folk, that fold in their tiny flocks on the honied leaves, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached and in selfless purity,—and not say to himself, Behold the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising from behind in the kindling morn of creation! Thus all lower natures find their highest good in semblances, in seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downwards and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighbourhood with the slimy water-weeds and oozy bottom-grass that are better than itself, and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substance!

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"

But we must not go too fast.

Through the various steps of the simple reflex cell, the Moneron, we pass on through Amæbæ and Synamæbæ to higher forms of existence. The Gastræada develop a mouth, and so we get to worms and the vertebrate animals, at first without skulls, brains, central heart, jaws or limbs, but with a true vertebral cord. Fishes come next, the shark family, the osseous and the mud fish, whence are derived amphibians, with persistent gills. Thence to lizards, is but a step in geological investigation, whatever it may have been in time, and so on to Reptiles, Birds and Mammalia.

The first fossil apes are found in the Meiocene period, the Catarrhini, or Old-World apes, and from them appear to have been developed the tailed baboons, and the anthropoid apes, the gibbon and orang-outang family, the chimpanzee and the gorilla, and the Alali, or ape-like men, who were probably developed during the Pleiocene period, and perhaps in that continent, now submerged, which once existed in what is now the Indian Ocean.

Madagascar on the extreme west, and Malacca on the extreme east, were probably the limits of this lost continent. The physical geography, the peculiar and specialized character of the fauna and flora of Madagascar, and what little is known of its geology, all prove that it is the last remnant of this vanished continent, which has been called Lemuria.

Mr. Wallace agrees with Dr. Sclater in thinking that, during the tertiary geological period, the Mascerene Islands, that is to say, Mauritius, the Scychelles, Bourbon, Roderiguez, the Amirante and the Chagos groups, the Maldives and Laccadives, all belonged to that continent of which Madagascar is the largest surviving portion. Mr. Darwin's researches on the formation of coral reefs prove that such reefs are formed on sinking land only, and they are found in the

immediate vicinity of all these islands. It is probably in that continent that traces of the Alali, the ape-like men, the missing link, will be found, if it be ever found.

Only think what the condition of the first savage men must have been when some of the awful convulsions of nature recorded by geology burst upon them! Without any knowledge of astronomy or geology, without any experience drawn from past history, or any hope for the future, when their entire lives were passed in a cruel struggle for life, against stealthy or gigantic foes, implacable, unpitying and merciless!

The heavens are overcast with thick clouds, and the poor half-human savages retreat to their miserable caves. Thunder roars and the lightnings flash around them, rivers swell into torrents, and all the elements are in a commotion of boiling fury. Great cracks or fissures yawn upon the earth's surface, which reach down many miles into the central fires beneath, releasing the molten rocks imprisoned in its bosom, and pouring them forth to the surface as igneous or trap-rocks. Masses of sandstone are caught in the midst of these seething streams, and are hardened into adamant.

The rocks themselves are twisted, bent, crumpled and confused in the wildest manner. And as this mighty convulsion is seething all around, black masses fall, darkening the heavens, and vast enough to cover the earth, in many places, to the depth of many hundreds of feet in thickness. They level valleys, they tear up and grind down the hills, they change the whole aspect of the habitable globe. This is the drift. The earthquake voice of the terrible explosions shakes the earth, whilst an unearthly heat is diffused around, rivers, ponds, lakes and springs disappearing as by magic. Poor savage humanity, amidst this cataclysm of nature, burned, bruised, wild with terror, crazed, stumbling, blown

about like feathers in a hurricane, smitten by mighty rocks, engulfed in raging torrents, knows not where to fly for safety, and is destroyed by thousands. The wild animals, cowering and terror-stricken, follow the human fugitives into the caverns, and are buried there, or washed away, or destroyed in this devils' dance of the elements. Many of them are shut up for ever in their hiding-places, on others the convulsions of the earth have shaken down the rocky roofs of the caves; and geology now digs them out for us and shows us what the earth was, and what living creatures suffered in those days.

Nor is this all. Condensation commences. Mighty masses of clouds hang in the heavens as the heat is dissipated. The sun's rays are shut out. The sky is darkened. Thunder and lightnings play all around, and a pall of dense darkness enfolds the earth, lit up now and again by an electrical flash. The pouring rain turns into snow and hail. Gigantic glaciers and snow-beds are formed. They solidify into ice. The flora and fauna of temperate and torrid climes become arctic. The glacial age begins.

What has been left of poor cowering humanity wanders in misery and desolation over a frozen world. They are awe-struck and in terror, but an insatiable hunger drives them on—the father, the mother and the poor children live for a time on the bodies of the animals that have perished, upon the barks of trees, even upon one another.

At length the piled-up snow and the drifting ice begin to melt. It is an age of tremendous floods. All the low-lying parts of the continents are covered with water. Brooks become mighty rivers. Rivers are developed into floods. The drift is cut into by the surging waters, re-arranged, piled up and massed together, whilst enormous river-valleys are cut out of the gravel and the clay.

What a fearful struggle for life must that have been

which the animal world waged during the volcanic, drift and glacial ages!

Some have calculated that the age of the drift was thirty thousand years ago. But it is all guessing. Whatever little civilization there was before the glacial period, became the centre and foundation of post-glacial cultivation. None can tell us what the original birth-place of mankind was. The religious world shrinks equally from the theory of evolution and from its natural deduction, that man was developed from the Alali or ape-like men. But what greater guarantee for the future can we have than evolution? If the Almighty Power has led life from the rudest beginnings, whose fossils are engraved, in a manner blurred and obscured, on the pages of geological records, up to this wonderful intellectual life around us, who can doubt that the same Power will guide our posterity to higher levels of development? Religion and Science are brethren who stand together singing perpetual praises to that vast and illimitable Nature around us, out of which matter has been born, that incomprehensible and awful Something above and around us, which we can neither measure nor understand, but before the conception of which we bow in adoration.

"Whether your Creator shaped you with fingers or tools," says the pious Ruskin, "as a sculptor would a lump of clay, or gradually raised you to manhood through a series of inferior forms, is only of moment to you in this respect—that in the one case you cannot expect your children to be nobler creatures than you are yourselves—in the other, every act and thought of your present life may be hastening the advent of a race which will look back to you, their fathers (and you ought at least to have attained the dignity of desiring that it may be so) with incredulous disdain." (*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 99, 1879.)

And was the struggle for life over when man emerged

from the drift and glacial ages—scared, terrified, and diminished terribly in numbers? No. Geology assures us that it was not so. Even in Britain itself we find abundant evidence of the fearful warfare waged by early man, and of the loss of life to which he was constantly exposed. Active volcanoes, earthquakes, wild beasts and floods, accumulated a fearful death-roll, written in our soil. The river drifts, the earth and breccia accumulated in caves, the evidences of submergence, of elevation and of glacier action, all tell a tale of warfare to the death, a life-struggle unremitting and continuous for centuries.

During the Eocene period there were mammalia of various races roaming through the woods of Britain, many of them huge, savage and carnivorous, but not of existing species. Later on in the Tertiary, during the Meiocene period, living species appear closely allied to those that are now to be found upon the earth. At that period Britain was evidently united with the continent of Europe. Its groups of mountains were much higher than at present, and active volcanoes existed. One of these, Ben More, in the island of Mull, now three thousand, was then ten thousand feet high. The climate was sub-tropical, and the flora bore a tropical character.

Cattle were domesticated by the people of Switzerland during the earliest part of the Stone period, before the Bronze age and the age of Iron. (Darwin, *Animals under Domestication*, I. 103.) Even at that early period these domesticated animals had been developed out of wild forms akin to the American buffalo. The remains of domestic sheep, too, are found amongst the débris of the Swiss Lake dwellings; whilst the horse, ass, hog and goat, date back to an era more ancient than the oldest records, and those extend to a period of well-nigh seven thousand years. (Gervais, *Hist. Nat. des Mammifères*, XI. 191.)

When we return from the fauna to the flora, we find a similar state of things.

The fossil beds of Switzerland of the Meiocene age reveal the remains of more than eight hundred different species of flower-bearing plants, besides mosses and ferns. Analogues of the Meiocene age are to be found all over the western states of North America, including magnolias, tulip-trees, evergreen oaks, maples, plane-trees, robinas, sequoias, and suchlike. These plants most probably found their way from one continent to the other when all the conditions of life and temperature were totally different from those prevailing in historical times—when, in fact, the regions round the North Pole must have enjoyed a temperate, if not a tropical climate.

In the Pleistocene period, at least two kinds of gigantic elephants, two of rhinoceros, the great hairy mammoth, the sabre-toothed lion, and the cave-bear, existed in Britain. The flint implements found embedded in the valley of the Thames prove that our remote progenitors waged war upon these animals with weapons miserably inadequate to the combat, in our modern estimation. Yet with these they held their own, a struggle for life as fearful and continuous, as destructive and as terrible, as anything recorded in history.

No existing type of mankind now represents the early man of the river-drift period. That race is entirely extinct.

The cave-men, who followed, occupied caverns that were frequently tenanted by beasts of prey, who littered them with the bones of their victims. As the caves became filled by the earth, brought in by rains and filtration, and by the breccia swept in by floods and streams, each successive layer preserved for us some relics of its successive denizens. We find a distinct advance visible in the character of the implements deposited by man from age to age, in his wild struggle for existence. The law of progress was in operation,

however tardy in its course. The roughly-chipped flint flake was probably the first weapon used by man. A chopper, or pebble with an edge on one side, marks an advance, and is succeeded by a hatchet, or oval instrument, with a cutting edge all round it. Pointed flints were used for boring, and stone scrapers for preparing skins. Bone implements succeed—needles, awls, harpoons, and such-like, all testifying to a more highly-developed condition of existence, and traces even of ornamental art confirm this conclusion. The cave-man depicted, with incised lines, natural objects, such as foliage and the outlines of animals of the chase. He had not yet acquired the art of making pottery, but he sewed skins together and carved bones and antlers. The Eskimos are probably living representatives of this race.

In the Neolithic period polished stone axes appear. The death-struggle still continues, implacable and unrelenting, but man is better prepared to meet it. Pit or hut circles are constructed by the men of this period. The chalk serves as the floor of his habitation, and the superficial gravel is scooped out to form his refuge from his enemies. Wood was cut with stone axes, with wonderfully sharp edges, fixed in wooden handles. Stone adzes and gouges, and saws of carefully notched pieces of flint, were used, of three to four inches in length. Bows and arrows were in constant use, and spears with flint points. Pottery, of a rude character, was known to them, whether invented by themselves, or imported from some more civilized region, who shall say? But certain it is that they had learned the art of moulding rude cups and vessels out of clay. The remains of their flint manufactories prove the increase of population and the extensive character of their warfare. The implements required by them for arts of peace are few and unimportant, compared with those required for their preservation from savage beasts and savage men.

And what is the lesson taught us by these facts? Is it not one of progress? Amid a struggle for life, fierce and continuous, there is also a progressive improvement, unmistakable and remarkable. Centuries divided the rude drift-men from the cave-men, and other centuries divided the cave-men from the men of the Neolithic period. But from one and all we learn the same lesson, that man was advancing in civilization, surely, certainly and conclusively.

Embryology, when considered in reference to the successions of life, as confirmed by the study of Palæontology, is one of the strongest proofs of the doctrine of Evolution.

In the phenomena of individual development we have presented to us the actual evolution of an animal from a small protoplasmic germ, through a series of intermediate stages, to its complete development, and these intermediate stages are of gradually increasing complexity.

The speck of protaplasm which forms the beginning of the life of an animal is altogether indistinguishable from that which forms the beginning of plant life. It is of the nature of those minute organisms which cannot be satisfactorily classified as belonging either to the animal or vegetable kingdom.

In the development of the animal, this primordial germ first assumes the character of a cell, and then develops into a congeries of cells. These are divided, some forming rudimentary muscles, and others nervous, secretory and other organs. Yet they all become so intimately connected with each other as to form one whole; each performs its function, not for itself alone, but for all the others as well.

Thus every animal goes through several stages. One of the first is the Gastrula stage of the sponge, a very low type of life; but as all must go through it, we learn thence the unity of the nature of all animal life.

And so upwards, the embryo goes through stage after

stage of animal life, until the fully developed animal, high or low in the scale of life, is produced.

That which shows clearly, however, that all the varieties of life on our planet are from one or a few primeval forms, is the fact that every animal, whatever its position in the scale, goes through various stages, in its embryonic existence, precisely similar to those passed through by every other animal lower than itself in the scale of being, before proceeding to the higher development peculiar to itself.

Thus from the Gastrula stage of the sponge, through which all pass in the first instance, and which is invertebrate, one of the higher mammalia proceeds to develop the rudiments of a backbone, the *chorda dorsalis* or *notochord.* In this condition our future mammalian is in the intermediate form between the vertebrate and invertebrate. Thence it is developed into a fish embryo. From that it is but a step to the reptile, and our embryo becomes distinctly reptilian in character. So far the result might be either a bird or a mammal. In the bird at this stage the characteristics of a bird are next developed, but in the mammal, those of a mammal.

Gradually the organization becomes more and more complex, and in the human embryo there are first the characteristics of the ape. At one period of its existence, judging from the embryo alone, it would be impossible to say whether it would ultimately be fish, bird, dog or ape. It is at its last and highest stage only that it distinctly takes the peculiar characteristics of a human embryo.

The theory of development alone enables us to understand these wonderful metamorphoses. They cannot be accidental. The only rational explanation is, that life is homogeneous, that it has proceeded from the simpler to the more complex forms by a process of evolution; and geology bears its testimony to the truth of that which

embryology teaches us. Rudimentary organs teach us the same great lesson.

The struggle for life begins before birth; it pervades all creation, so far as we know, and will continue so long as animated natures exist upon our planet.

In the limestone caverns of France, the earliest fossil remains of man, as yet known, have been discovered. These remains belong to the Palæolithic, or early Pleistocene, period. The celebrated Neanderthal skull, "of human remains, that which presents the most marked and definite characters of a lower type," appears to have belonged to a human being of this age. But till some others have been discovered of a similar type, we may be justified in regarding the Neanderthal skull as belonging to an abnormal, deformed or eccentric type. The cranium is evidently human, but the arches, brow and frontal development, are ape-like. No perfect skeletons of this type of humanity have been discovered in Britain, but an upper jaw, with four teeth in it, found in Kent's Cavern, is supposed to have belonged to an individual of a similar race. It was found buried in stalagmite, deposited on the floor of the cavern by water dropping from above; this jaw lay below the remains of extinct animals. A human skull was found in the delta of the Mississippi, beneath four different layers of forest growth. It is calculated that this skull belonged to a human being who lived fifty thousand years ago. Yet it possesses none of that very low type of features so conspicuous in the Neanderthal skull.

It was towards the end of the Tertiary period that the Alps and Andes were raised to their present height. The waters of the seas and oceans must then have been lifted with tremendous violence from their beds, sweeping over the continents with irresistible violence, and destroying all that was capable of destruction. The British islands were

then probably separated from the continent of Europe. The Mediterranean, divided from the ocean, enlarged its limits by spreading over a tract of sinking land south of Marseilles. Rivers of great magnitude poured their streams from all the elevated summits over the adjacent plains, here spreading out into lakes, and there confined by rocky eminences upon either side within comparatively narrow limits.

When the seas had settled into their new beds after these terrible commotions, the land became gradually covered with a fauna and flora somewhat similar to that which we see around us now.

It must not be supposed that the forces which thus altered the features of the continents in remote geological periods have been dormant ever since. Man has had in every age to wage a life warfare, a struggle for existence, against these terrible forces.

In June, 1759, an extensive plain in Mexico, called the Malpays, was covered with rich fields of cotton, sugar-cane and indigo. It was irrigated by pleasant streams, and bounded by basaltic mountains that looked as permanent and immovable as the Alps or Andes do now. The whole valley was celebrated for its beauty and fertility, and, at an elevation of two thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, was blessed with cool breezes and a charming temperature.

In June, 1759, alarming subterranean noises were heard, accompanied by shocks of earthquake that at first frightened the inhabitants without injuring them. For some weeks this state of things continued—the timid living in terror, the brave anxious but calm, the blustering laughing at the fears of the others and talking big.

In September of the same year, tranquillity seemed to be re-established, and things were relapsing into their ordinary course, when, on the night of the 28th, the subterranean

noises recommenced, and a large portion of the plain of Malpays, from three to four miles in diameter, rose bodily upwards in the shape of a bladder or a dome, now called Jorullo, to a height of seventeen hundred feet. Flames issued from the earth around, red-hot stones were thrown to a great height, and, through a thick cloud of ashes, illumined by volcanic fire, the softened surface of the earth was seen to swell to and fro, like an agitated sea.

A cone, five hundred feet high, with other and smaller cones, rose from the level of the valley; the natives called them *hornitos* or ovens, and from them thick vapour issued forth in dense masses. How many of the inhabitants of the valley lost their lives we shall never know, for no record was kept. The mountain of Jorullo still exists, and is still an active volcano, and the country all around was for many years uninhabitable on account of excessive heat.

Some of the neighbouring hills were split asunder when Jorullo appeared, and it seemed as if the solid earth was no longer solid, as if the very mountains were melting.

Doubtless the consternation at Pompeii, when Vesuvius caused its destruction, was something similar; and at Etna and Stromboli, in Java, Bali, Sumbawa and Krakatoa, convulsions of nature, volcanic disturbances as terrible, and in some instances more destructive, have attested the living energy of our planet and its internal heat.

At Kiranea, in Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands, may still be witnessed volcanic phenomena, under their most sublime and imposing aspect. The mountain is a hollow cone, rising to a height of sixteen thousand feet, having numerous vents over a vast incandescent mass, which doubtless extends far beneath the bed of the ocean, the island itself forming merely a pyramidal funnel from the fluid nucleus beneath to the external atmosphere above.

The crater of Kiranea is a vast plain, some fifteen or six-

teen miles in circumference, and in the centre of it yawns an immense gulf in the shape of a crescent, the bottom of it covered with lava and the sides a vast mass of burning matter. Beneath, at the depth of seven or eight hundred feet, roll, in blazing torrents, vast masses of molten matter, from which rise columns of grey smoke or pyramids of brilliant flame. High up on the sides of the great gulf are small vents in vigorous action, from which streams of lava are ejected and roll down the sides to mingle with the melted mass beneath.

The calcined sides of the great crater, the fissures intersecting the surface of the plain, the long banks of sulphur, the vigorous action of the numerous small craters, the dense columns of vapour, and the perpetual roaring and activity of the terrible forces beneath, all present an immense volcanic panorama, such as can only be witnessed elsewhere in intermittent action and at uncertain intervals. These mysterious and terrible forces are sufficient to destroy thousands of our race, with all the products of industry and civilization, whenever they break forth into fitful activity.

In 1783, Iceland was visited by convulsions of the most terrible character. A month before the eruptions on the main-land of the island, a submarine volcano burst forth in the sea, thirty miles from the coast. The sea was covered with the pumice ejected to a distance of more than a hundred miles. But the earthquake which followed on land was more terrible in its effects. Nine thousand, out of a population of fifty thousand people, were destroyed. Twenty villages were consumed by fire or swept away by floods, and a mass of lava was thrown out which has been compared in bulk with that of Mont Blanc.

In April, 1815, an eruption of almost unprecedented violence occurred at Jomboro, in the island of Sumbawa, near Java. Out of a population of twelve thousand, only twenty-

six escaped destruction. Violent whirlwinds carried up men, horses and cattle, into the air, tore up the largest trees, and covered land and sea with uprooted timber. Sir Stamford Raffles (*Java*, I. 28) says, that during the eruption the darkness at midday was more profound than during the blackest midnight.

The two great forces which have operated in times past upon the earth's surface, and which are still operating, are water and fire. Water acts the part of the destroyer, and fire that of the restorer. Upon every coast, along every river bank, the work of insidious destruction is being carried on day and night incessantly. The water washes down the mountains into the sea and licks up the outer edges and surfaces of the dry land.

But deep down, beneath the sea as beneath the earth, volcanic fires are always at work, eternally alight, and from time to time mountains of new rock, or vast quantities of lava and cinders, are thrown up. It may be that in the ocean itself, when mighty waves destroy the merchantman or the man-of-war, with all their freight, from this cause, human lives, or commercial merchandize, or implements and materials of war, without distinction, are sacrificed alike.

On the one hand is the sea "warring against the land and everywhere overcoming it," wearing it away, eating it down, crumbling it up and carrying it off to spread it abroad again over new surfaces. Undermined cliffs tumble in. Long ranges of sand-hills topple over and disappear. Human life is the plaything of these mighty forces, and is buried beneath the débris, or swallowed up in the billows, or crushed out by falling rocks.

Nor are the volcano and the earthquake less destructive to man and his works. Not a day passes but there is an earthquake somewhere on the earth's surface. These forces destroy human life ruthlessly—these mighty servants of the

fire-fiend, whilst they prepare new land for man to live upon, or elevate that which already existed. There is a noise like thunder, the foundations of the earth appear to be shaken, and amid death, ruin and havoc, a new ridge of hills, a new plateau, a new island, makes its appearance. It may be that the land washed away for centuries is thus upheaved to the surface again.

In one night during the last century, the coast of Chili for nearly a thousand miles was raised seven feet above its former level, whilst the mighty chain of the Andes was also shaken and elevated by the same earthquake. So vast, so mighty are the powers imprisoned beneath the crust of the earth! Is it any wonder if they sometimes sweep away thousands of our fellow-creatures, in a destructive cataclysm, irresistible and unpitying?

Yet those who live where earthquakes are common accommodate themselves to the circumstances of their lives, in their house-building and their surroundings. They take care to build their houses of a single story and with the lightest roofs, made of leaves for the most part. In the great battle for life they anticipate their enemy, and hope to meet him successfully by meeting him half-way. And sometimes they are successful. But when the earth splits into fathomless fissures and rivers rush down into the new-formed caverns, and the very hills are shaken to their foundations, all these little subterfuges are of no avail, and man perishes by thousands.

And such destruction has been witnessed within the last few months in Cashmere, one of the most beautiful regions of the earth. Early last June (1885) the earth cracked, with loud and deafening noises, chasms opened upon the hill-sides, and houses were swallowed up. This occurred in Sopore and Baramula. At Puthan, a Buddhist temple was swallowed up, with all its occupants. Where the earth opened between

Srinuggur, the capital of Cashmere, and Sopore, a sulphurous vapour burst forth which suffocated many of the peasantry.

Sopore is situated on the banks of the Jhelum river, and the two parts of the town are connected by a wooden bridge. The old fort was completely destroyed by the earthquake, and more than two hundred of the population were swallowed up in the catastrophe. Man has still to fight for his life with nature, just as the men in the Paleolithic and Neolithic ages had to do in olden times. At Srinuggur more than a thousand houses became a mass of ruins; the inhabitants of the city fled from it to live in the open air as best they might—so helpless is man when an appalling calamity like this overwhelms him. He has no means of defence, no means of warding off the danger. "Bochal, bochal!" shout the people—"earthquake, earthquake!"—as they rush from their tottering houses into the open country.

"The sun went down like a ball of fire last Friday," writes a correspondent of an Indian paper, "and there was a burning glow upon the western clouds. A greenish haze gathered upon the mountains, and as the full moon gathered strength in the darkening twilight a faint halo surrounded it. There was a low murmuring from the north, which most mistook for thunder, as they retired to rest.

"The night wore on. There was a mighty rushing sound, as of a hurricane, and then the heaving of the earth began. Shock after shock of earthquake destroyed several of the houses, and entranced the inhabitants with terror. The wail of thousands was borne on the night wind, and their death-knell was in the air mingled with the rumbling murmurs from beneath. It was at three o'clock in the morning that the severest shocks came; the moon was still bright and clear, as if nothing wonderful was happening. But woe,

destruction and alarm were all around and about them amongst the terrified inhabitants.

"With the morning came news that the cavalry barracks had fallen in, and buried a whole regiment. The scene was one never to be forgotten. The barracks were a mass of broken walls, and groans and cries issued from every part of them; several dead bodies had already been extricated, and were laid in lines in front of the ruins, whilst exertions were being made to extricate the wounded. It was an awful scene of human woe and human suffering. The horses, too, were lying dead in rows, just as they had been picqueted the night before, crushed to death.

"The chief scene of destruction, however, in these continued series of earthquakes, was the valley of the Jhelum, surrounded by a ring of mountains. It is eighty miles long, and has a breadth varying from twenty to twenty-five miles. A narrow gorge on the north-west allows the Jhelum to escape, and it flows afterwards into the Indus. The Walar Lake lies towards the north of the valley, and its neighbourhood appears to have been the seat of the most serious disturbances and loss of life. Seventy thousand houses are said to have been destroyed in these earthquakes, three thousand two hundred human beings lost their lives, twenty-five thousand sheep were swallowed up in the earth or drowned, and eight thousand head of cattle.

"Temple and cottage, palace and hut, were all involved in a common ruin. Mirth was banished for a time. Maidens and old men, young children and the mature of both sexes, sat by the wayside disconsolate."

Such are a few of the incidents of the warfare for life which man is still waging with nature.

According to the astronomical theories of Falb and others, earthquakes are a kind of tides in the liquid interior of the

globe. But is the interior in a liquid state? It may be possibly in a semi-fluid, jelly-like, gelatinous condition, but hardly liquid. If this semi-fluid mass be attracted outwards, it must exert a very considerable pressure on the solid crust. If this pressure be directed against weak lines, it may cause a rupture, not necessarily at a very great depth beneath the surface. Such a rupture may result in the formation of a gigantic fissure, miles in length.

Another theory, the neptunic, asserts that earthquakes are due to the breaking in of large cavities formed in consequence of the solvent energy of water, containing carbon dioxide, on limestone, or of water generally on gypsum.

And then there is the plutonic theory. Professor Pfaff tells us that earthquakes are due to the sudden generation of steam in vast quantities, caused by intensely heated masses, forced up by the pressure exerted by the superincumbent crust, into fissures caused in that crust. Such fissures are frequently filled with water, which is converted suddenly into steam and causes an explosion. This would account for the sound, as of distant cannon, so often heard in earthquakes. But the science of seismology is still in its infancy.

The causes of earthquakes may be as various as their effects. The earth is undergoing a gradually cooling process. The inner strata of the crust are not perfectly free to contract, and hence results a great lateral tension. Many causes may act to increase this lateral tension, and the consequence may be the sudden formation of large subterranean fissures. This disturbance, once created, may be propagated in all directions, and may cause an earthquake wave. The effect of this wave on the surface of the earth will depend on the magnitude of the original disturbance, the distance of its focus, the angle of emergence of the wave, the nature of the earth's crust at that particular locality,

that is, between the focus and the place in question, and finally the nature of the surface strata at the given point.

Six hundred and fifty years ago, a tremendous hurricane swept over the North Sea, and not only destroyed the lives of thousands of human beings, but permanently altered the conformation of the coast line of north-western Europe. The effect was most severely felt in the Netherlands, where the waters of the ocean, bursting through the sand-hills and dunes, submerged upwards of a million of acres, drowning the inhabitants, and destroying all their cattle and the fruits of their industry. That extensive gulf, known as the Zuyder Zee, was the consequence.

The old coast-line is still marked out by the islands of Texel, Vlieland, Terschelling, Ameland, &c., which run in a curve across the entrance of the inlet, from the shores of Friesland to North Holland.

The loss of so large a tract of fruitful land was severely felt by the Dutch, and at various times projects have been suggested and discussed for the recovery of the long-lost province. The provincial assemblies of Utrecht, Guelderland and Groningen, and all the towns of importance on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, have at length determined to attempt its restoration, by draining the gulf, a work which will afford employment to thousands of labourers for years to come. If successful, the territory added to the kingdom of the Netherlands by these works will be sufficient to support an additional population of a hundred and fifty thousand souls. The area recovered from the sea, it is anticipated, will be nearly a thousand square miles, and its agricultural value alone is estimated at from twenty to thirty millions sterling. In these days of gigantic engineering feats, the draining of the Zuyder Zee ought to be quite feasible.

The following is the account of a storm and earthquake

wave which attacked the Cocos-Keeling Islands in the Indian Ocean, January, 1876. It is from *A Naturalist's Wanderings*, by Mr. Henry O. Forbes, a deeply interesting work.

"No more flourishing or contented community could have been found at the opening of 1876, than the five hundred island-born inhabitants of the Cocos-Keeling. On the 25th January, however, the mercurial barometer indicated some unusual atmospheric disturbance, and the air felt extremely heavy and oppressive. On the 28th, it fell to close on twenty-eight inches, a warning which gave time for all the boats to be hauled to a place of safety, and other preparations for a storm to be made. On the afternoon of the same day there appeared in the western sky an ominously dark bank of clouds, and at four p.m. a cyclone of unwonted fury burst over this part of the Indian Ocean. The store-houses and mills, but recently renewed, were completely gutted and demolished; every house in both villages was carried completely away. Among the palm-trees the wind seems to have played a frantic and capricious devil's dance. Pirouetting wildly round the atoll, in some places it had cleared lanes, hundreds of yards in length, snapping off the trees close to the ground; in others it had swooped down, without making an entrance or exit path, and had borne bodily away large circular patches, leaving unharmed the encircling trees; here and there, sometimes in the centre of dense clumps, selecting a single stem—a thick tree of thirty years' growth—it had danced with it one lightning revolution, and left it a permanent spiral screw perfectly turned, but otherwise uninjured.

"About midnight of the 28th, when intense darkness would have prevailed but for the incessant blaze of the lightning, whose accompanying thunder was drowned by the roar of the tempest, when every one was endeavouring to save

what rice they could, for it was the only provision spared to them, Mr. Ross discovered to his horror the bowsprit of a vessel, which had been lying at anchor, riding on the top of a great wave, and making straight for the wall behind which they sheltered. There was just time to make themselves fast before the water rushed over them, fortunately without carrying the ship through the wall; a second wave washed completely over the spot where Ross's house had stood, distant one hundred and fifty yards from high-water mark. The storm attained its height about one o'clock on the morning of the 29th. At that hour nothing could resist the unsubstantial air, worked into a fury; no obstacle raised a foot or two above the ground could resist its violence. The inhabitants saved themselves only by lying in hollows of the ground. To what distance the barometer might have fallen, it is impossible to say, for the mercurial was carried away, and two aneroids gave in at twenty-six and a half inches.

"The following morning broke bright and calm, as if the tempestuous riot of the night might have been an evil dream, only not a speck of green could be seen anywhere within the compass of the islands. Round the whole atoll the solid coral conglomerate floor was scooped under, broken up, and cast in vast fragments on the beach. On the eastern shore of Home Island, in particular, just opposite the settlement, I observed a wall of many yards breadth, portions of it thrown up clear over the external high rim of the island, and several yards inland, among the cocoa-nut trees, all along the margin of the island. After six months, every tree and shrub was clothed in verdure; and before three years they were in full bearing again.

"About thirty-six hours after the cyclone, the water on the eastern side of the lagoon was observed to be rising up from below of a dark colour. The origin of the spring, which

continued to ooze out for about ten to fourteen days, lay somewhere between the southern end of New Selima and the northern end of Gooseberry Island. The colour was of an inky hue, and the smell like that of rotten eggs. From this point it spread south-westward as far as the deep bay in South-east Island. Every fish, coral and mollusc in the part impregnated with this discolouring substance, probably by drosul phuric or carbonic acid, died. So great was the number of the fish thrown upon the beach, that it took three weeks of hard work to bury them in a vast trench dug in the sand."

The narrative is suggestive of the terrible forces of Nature and the wonderful recuperative power of tropical life. We should be proud of the British pluck and British energy that first constituted the island Eden, and then so bravely reconstituted it when destroyed.

CHAPTER III.

SOCIAL STRUGGLES.

The "management" of the House of Commons—Parliamentary and municipal reform—The spirit of Party—Hon. Auberon Herbert and Lord Tennyson on Party—Agricultural evils and their remedy—Small allotments—How is the war against want and misery to be waged?—County feeling—Railways—The Zadrugas—Emigration—Growth of taste in art—Progress.

IN former times, the "management" of the House of Commons was an important confidential service, though it was unknown to the Constitution, and not attached to any particular office in the administration. A Secretary of State, and sometimes the Chancellor of the Exchequer, undertook this service.

It was under the name of "secret service money" that this system of bribery and corruption was carried on. Its art consisted in distributing with policy sums of money amongst the more pliant members, who had no places under Government. Contracts, lottery tickets and other douceurs, were given sometimes in lieu of money. The amounts varied between five hundred and a thousand pounds to each member.

An English minister wrote to Cardinal Fleury in Charles the Second's time; "I pension half the Parliament to keep it quiet. But as the King's money is not sufficient, those to

whom I give none clamour loudly for war. It would therefore be expedient for your Eminence to send me three millions of French livres, in order to silence the barkers. Gold is a metal which corrects all ill qualities of the blood in this island. A pension of a thousand pounds a-year will make the most impetuous warrior in Parliament as tame as a lamb."

Thus was Parliament *managed* in those days, and Louis XIV. was never loth to spend his money in order to keep it subservient.

When a new Parliament was to be elected, the ministers were ordered to make the elections go in the track that had been laid out for them.

It is not without indignation in these days that Englishmen can read these accounts. Can any honest man maintain now that reform was unnecessary? Can any honest man remember without shame the violent opposition which reform met with when it was proposed?

In 1754, Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, solicited from the Duke of Newcastle the office of Secretary of State, with the *management* of the House of Commons. But the Duke preferred keeping this important piece of statecraft in his own hands. Mr. Fox was so confident that he should obtain this office, that he actually sent round the following circular to his friends: "The King has declared his intention to make me a Secretary of State, and I, very unworthy as I fear I am, must take the conduct of the House of Commons. A large attendance of my friends on the first day's debate will be of the greatest benefit to me, and therefore," &c. &c.

"The *conduct* of the House of Commons" included the bribery of its members, and yet many maintained, both then and for years after, that reform was unnecessary.

From an authentic list of the subscribers to the lottery of 1759, it appears that 21,200 tickets were subscribed for at

par, really or nominally by members of the House of Commons. Those tickets were selling in the open market at a premium of forty shillings. The Minister of State could dispose of as many of them as he pleased at par. Thus it appears that a sum of £42,400, at the least, was expended in influencing the votes of the House! This was what was meant by "managing" the House of Commons, and by its "conduct." The Duke of Devonshire threatened to send his black footman into the House as a member, and he could have done it too. His friends persuaded him that it was impolitic, and contrary to his own interest.

Sixty-five years ago, Sir Walter Scott could not discuss, without tears in his eyes, the projects of the Liberals for reforming a corrupt Parliament and introducing a popular element into the Corporations. He honestly believed that all the loyalty, all the romance, all the chivalry of England would disappear if his great kinsman, the Duke of Buccleugh, had only the same privileges as any ordinary citizen. If the King's right to lead a useless and licentious life at Brighton were questioned by any "atrocious Radical," it was a lamentable sign of the times, a sign of degradation and depravity. He, Sir Walter, could recall the time when Scotch gentlemen were transported for life for holding Reform meetings.

All reforms must end with revolution, was the dogma of the Tories of the early part of the present century. If one institution were abolished, why not another? The French began by asking for reasonable changes, and ended by executing their King.

Oxford in those days was ruled by a fixed number of "honest men," the Corporation consisting of Lord Hertford, four or five members of his family, his steward and ex-steward, the superintendent of his estate, and John Wilson Croker, an able literary man and his Lordship's factotum.

If Lord Hertford were to be deposed from his autocracy at Oxford, the privileges of the Bishops might next be called in question, and then the titles of the Peers to their estates, and finally the authority of the Crown—and then Chaos would come.

We have seen a good deal of Radical questioning on these subjects, but our glorious old Constitution remains. Lord Canning thought in 1820 there was danger in the spirit of speculative improvement, and therefore would not disenfranchise a single small borough; the very idea of reform was dangerous; and such was the opinion of the great majority of the landed proprietary and the aristocracy of England in those days. Was reform necessary or unnecessary? Let us return to Oxford.

In Oxford, the election of municipal officers, before the reform, was vested nominally in the resident freemen. Five hundred usually voted. They consisted of the inmates of the workhouses, who on fixed days had a holiday for the purpose. A few of the most indigent, illiterate and worthless of the inhabitants of the city had also votes.

For days previous to the election, the public-houses were opened gratuitously to the freemen. The Deputy Town Clerk issued tickets to upwards of forty public-houses, authorizing each of them to draw liquor for the freemen to a certain amount. The expenses of these "light refreshments" were apportioned by the Deputy Town Clerk among the successful candidates as part of the necessary expenses of election. The names of those to be returned were made known by Lord Hertford's agents, and of course they were duly elected. What was the drink for, if not to secure the election?

The whole proceeding was disgraceful in the extreme, and we may congratulate ourselves that such things are no longer possible.

Three years after the Reform Bill had passed, two millions of the most advanced and enlightened people in England, those resident in our large towns, exclusive of London, were locally governed by narrow Corporations, not elected by the masses of the people, not answerable to them for their votes or acts. In Bedford, those who elected the Corporation were a clique, the seventeenth part of the population, representing only a fourth part of the property of the town. In Oxford, there were fourteen hundred electors, all dependent upon my Lord Hertford. Norwich contained over two thousand "freemen," pleasantly so called, of whom three hundred were paupers, and more than half the remainder paid no taxes. In Lincoln, three-fourths of the electors contributed nothing towards the fiscal burdens of the town. Two hundred in Ipswich elected a body which taxed two thousand ratepayers; whilst in Cambridge one hundred and eighteen freemen had similar powers.

In some instances the Corporation was an entirely select body, without any appearance of popular election, the government being carried on in open defiance of the wishes of the great body of the inhabitants. In other cases, a few persons wielded all the power, for their own profit and benefit, buying the votes of the lower classes for that purpose, and thus demoralizing them. Doles were distributed to the few "freemen" of the city, to secure their votes at Parliamentary and other elections, and feasting and strong drink confirmed their allegiance.

Our existing social system has been the result of centuries of struggle, sometimes wise and sometimes foolish, but tending in the long-run to the emancipation of the masses of the people, and their improvement, both socially and politically.

If we could make the people free from the many bonds that impede them, it would of course be a great blessing; but the task is a very difficult one. There are, for instance,

those indescribably mischievous legal complications surrounding land, which we have inherited from the days of the feudal system. And then we have the abuses, chiefly of modern growth, taking the form of compulsory agreements between landlord and tenant, which tend to fix farms at their present size, by attaching a sort of tenant-right payment to each. We have to release trade from the thousand-and-one restrictions imposed by injudicious State regulations. But, above all, we have to release ourselves from that blinding and destructive struggle for power, which makes us all divided, as it were, into two camps, the one shouting vociferously for everything Conservative, and the other for everything Liberal, simply because measures are so labelled, without any regard to reason, political advantage, justice or necessity.

The great truth has to be learned and acted upon, that in self-help, in the moral influences of example, sympathy and free discussion, in leaving invention and discovery unimpeded, to take their own course, and to earn their full reward, lies the true policy of the future. The method of progress is by individual action and voluntary associations of every kind, and such associations will do more to promote general intelligence, moral activity and material prosperity amongst the people, than any revolutionary measures, whether advocated by Mr. George, Mr. Wallace, or those who imitate or outbid them.

The Hon. Auberon Herbert says truly, in a recent letter to the *Times*, "We want people to free themselves from old illusions; to look closely into the real nature of politics; to watch with new perceptions the game which is played so keenly around them, the scramble of selfish interests and personal ambitions that never pauses, and the trade of the politician—a trade which from its very nature prevents him, unless possessed of exceptional sense of duty and excep-

tional manliness, from acting, speaking and thinking as a true man. Why do I say this? Because the man breaks the highest law of his existence; he belongs, not to himself, but to his party. His lips, his judgment, his conscience, are not in his own keeping; they are pawned to party purposes. In no sense is he a free man, not even when he believes himself to be forming his opinions in his own private room. He lives on the one condition that he may please the people; and he must please the people more thoroughly and effectually than others who are competing against him in his own trade. On his success in pleading depends everything in front of him—his influence, his position, his power of directing great masses of men, of winning elections, of crushing his opponents, of securing the great prizes of office. Life is everything to him if he succeeds in pleasing; life is nothing to him if he fails."

We want more of the spirit of patriotism in the country, and less of that of party. Of the latter we have had a great deal too much. We have been governed by parties for well-nigh a hundred years. Surely it is time that patriotism should take the place of party in the government of this vast empire. Questions of vital importance are before us, questions on the settlement of which the welfare of millions, countless millions, will depend in the future. Is it too much to ask our legislators that the good of the country, and not the interests of party, shall be the rule of their conduct?

> "Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs—
> What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million, million of suns?
> Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourned by the Wise,
> Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies."

Such is Lord Tennyson's portrait of party spirit. Is it not true to the life?

It must not be supposed that because the reforms desirable are difficult to obtain just now, they are therefore altogether hopeless or unattainable. At the beginning of the present century, the reform of the House of Commons, or of the old Corporations, appeared impossible. Yet both have been accomplished.

It is evident that the progress of Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, in industry and wealth, could never have taken place under the close and corrupt Corporations of the olden time. There were a few local improvements effected even then, but nothing to be compared with those carried out during the last forty or fifty years. It was only rich bodies, supported by the rates, that could, as in Manchester and Birmingham, purchase the water-works and gas-works, and thus rescue the citizens from the over-charges of monopolist companies.

Nor is this all. People's parks and play-grounds, free libraries, hospitals, public baths and laundries, schools of science and of art, have all grown up in our large towns through the zeal and energy of reformed Corporations.

In addition to this, private beneficence has been guided and assisted judiciously, because donors had faith in the Corporations; nay more, suggestions have been made for the guidance of private beneficence which have resulted in the happiest way, suggestions which would have been laughed to scorn under the old system. Many institutions, founded, and partially or wholly endowed, by private individuals, have been entrusted to the Corporations to be maintained for the public benefit.

There could be no better example of the union of all for the good of all, and particularly for the benefit of the poor, than that presented by the cheapening of water and gas through the corporate action of the citizens of the large towns. The time will probably come when, in addition to

securing effective drainage, pure water, cheap light and open spaces for the recreation of the people, those local bodies will further see that decent and healthy houses are provided for all. Without them we cannot hope to diminish intemperance, to minimize disease, to arrest epidemics, and to prevent that large amount of vice which results from overcrowding.

Political reforms are by no means of so much importance now as social. We may ignore the crowding and pernicious condition of the houses of the poor. But we cannot ignore epidemics when they break out, the spread of vice, or the demoralization of our fellow-citizens.

But to return to the land.

The reforms desirable in our land laws include the prohibition by statute of the creation of any legal estate in land, except fee-simple and for terms of years certain. Trusts should no longer attach to land. Crown debts, succession duty, dower and estates by courtesy, and rent charges, unless registered, should be declared interests not affecting the land as against a purchaser.

The period of limitation for bringing suits for recovery of land might perhaps be fixed, as in personalty, at six years. The legal estate on the owner's death, too, might be vested in executors or administrators.

But all this will be more or less inefficacious without compulsory registration of deeds, not of title. Existing titles, I know, are extremely complicated. But it would take me too far from my present subject if I were to enter into a full discussion of these desirable reforms in the land laws. I will merely add, that although much has been done to remove the injustice imposed on women by our laws, yet much more remains to be done, particularly in defending mothers from the arbitrary exercise by will of the paternal monopoly of guardianship of the children of the marriage.

The powers of the father are too predominant, nay, almost tyrannical. The mother is plainly entitled to a fair share. As to the law of lunacy, too, much room is given for great abuses, and all the world knows that such abuses exist. It is a question whether private asylums should any longer be tolerated. Interference with the liberty of the subject on the ground of insanity ought to be a public act. And again, in the trial of criminals, why should the mouths of the wives or husbands be closed by law?

Apart altogether from the confiscation of vested reversionary rights for the benefit of life-tenants or would-be purchasers, surely we may advocate justly the curtailment of the freedom of possessors of land in determining the future mode of its disposal or possession. Those on whom it next devolves ought to have greater freedom of disposal and dealing with it.

Some of the practical measures now possible and absolutely required for improving the condition of all classes connected with the land may be summed up thus:

1. The abolition of entails.

2. A measure for facilitating and cheapening the transfer of land, so as to make it in this respect similar to other descriptions of property, or as nearly so as possible.

3. The abolition of the law of primogeniture in cases of intestacy.

4. The enfranchisement of copyholds.

5. Local authorities to have larger powers for acquiring lands for allotments and other purposes, when required for the public advantage.

The strength of England, however, lies happily not in legislative enactments, but in the energy, intelligence, enterprize, independence and power of acting and thinking alone, which have belonged to the English character for many centuries. It has not been the government, but these cha-

racteristics of national life and vigour, which have won for her the position she now holds amongst the nations. Such characteristics are produced and fostered by freedom of life, and consequent responsibility for our actions. Great State systems and governing departments are altogether opposed to such development of national life. If the members of our great political parties give up the endeavour to judge each for himself, to be guided by his own intelligence and judgment, then we shall go far ultimately to experience the rule of a despotism; for in a despotism individual judgment is repressed, and the decree of the governing power is accepted as the voice of wisdom.

What is needful is, that each man should have free and independent thought and the freest possible action, that he should hate the creeds of force, and be ever striving to arrive at individual opinions on all the great questions of the day. Progress of every kind is possible for the nation whose citizens are determined to judge for themselves. When they surrender that independent judgment, they are half-way advanced towards being slaves.

The actual amount of property gained by the people, by violent acts of expropriation, would not be worth one-hundredth part of the same property gained by their own free exertions in a free market; for the noblest results of acquisition are the qualities of character developed in the gaining of it. The moral curse that would cling to all general measures of violence or injustice would deprave the public mind and lead to moral consequences the most disastrous.

The tendency of political life, all over the world, is to get rid of arbitrary power, of despotic emperors and kings, of dominant churches and hierarchies, as far as the mere outward form is concerned; but it is a much more difficult thing to get rid of the slavish spirit fostered by such institu-

tions. We try and exercise despotism, not by one man in authority, or by an autocracy, or a select few, but by the tyranny of a majority, which may be as galling as that of one man.

Without individual liberty, the particular form of government is a matter of little consequence. "The truth shall make you free," was said of old. True; but how difficult it is to arrive at that truth! How shall we ever do it without individual enlightenment? If we are to be led by factions or parties, if we are to be tyrannized over by majorities, what becomes of our individual liberty, and of what use is our individual enlightenment?

Association, co-operative or otherwise, is necessary as things are at present. But it is not on association, but on individual action, that we must rely for the future of England. Patriotic devotion to the welfare of our country, which can easily be extended to the race, is an individual characteristic. Association rather weakens than strengthens it. The individual effaces himself more or less by association.

Mechanical associations and trades unions have often been tyrannical and despotic, as much so, or more than, emperors and kings. Artizans have often combined for the most ignoble purposes—ignoble and selfish, and often that the imbecile and lazy might be raised to the level of the gifted, the industrious and the energetic. Both thrift and charity have often had to give way to these mechanical associations.

By such the poor are not taught to rely upon themselves, but upon the State, the Church, their own particular fraternity or combination, anything but their own individual exertions. And, as a consequence, we have the giving of alms, often only to get rid of importunate applicants, miserable bullies who would be burglars if they had the courage. To give these alms for us, organizations are established, too often with the result that the deserving poor benefit slightly,

and officials connected with the organizations largely. Divine compassion for compassion's sake is rare—a heavenly blessing, but little fostered by associations and organizations.

We want, then, complete liberty for the individual, in as far as that liberty is consistent with the rights of others, a liberty under which no set of men shall endeavour to force upon other sets of men their own views of what is right, either as regards conduct, or social fashions, religion, education, labour, amusements or occupations.

We must never forget the indirect advantages conferred upon England by the Municipal Reform of 1835. It has educated thousands of our fellow-countrymen in the study of administration, economy, taxation, and all the social questions that centre in them. If the urban population are superior to the inhabitants of the counties in knowledge and acuteness, if they are better able to form judicious opinions on political questions, it is not only that they have larger opportunities of intercourse, but that they rule themselves, and, as electors or elected, have constantly to think out for themselves the social problems brought before them. These they must work out, judiciously or injudiciously, and they are all problems of statesmanship of a minor order. Of this advantage the people of London are deprived. The City has its own Corporation, with its own limited electorate, representative but unreformed. All the rest of London is differently situated. Local boards superintend particular departments with narrow powers. But there is no public spirit, no civic life. Kensington and Hampstead, Camberwell and Hackney, are simply collections of streets, names of local divisions. No man takes any pride in such, or in belonging to such. Who can tell how much has been lost to us by this? No local millionaires will associate their names with postal districts or collections of streets. Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, have been enriched with

art galleries, and free libraries, and public gardens, by private munificence. In the Metropolis, public spirit is paralyzed by the amorphous condition of its vast districts, unlinked together by anything but contact, and destitute altogether of a public voice.

Considering the conditions under which the poor live in our large towns, it seems to be a duty incumbent on each one of us to do something to improve their chances of comfort and enjoyment. The great mistake is to suppose that this duty belongs especially to politicians. Every man is ready to show his patriotism in the field of battle. For centuries, the navy of England has been the means of developing heroism and bravery to a wonderful extent. But surely the time has gone by when the battle-field or naval warfare can be regarded as the noblest fields for exhibiting heroism.

In the excitement of a battle even the coward will be incited to deeds of bravery. The example of others, the noise and tumult, the clash of arms, the roar of musketry, the deep boom of the heavy guns, the trampling and neighing of horses, the inspiriting music,—all this has its effect on the animal spirits, and rouses man to action and to deeds of daring. Besides this, the strain on the nerves and endurance is but temporary.

Contrast with this the patient, long-continued battle with penury and disease. Think of the daily visits to the crowded rooms, the scenes of trial and distress, the corrupt atmosphere, the sick mother and the children in want, the absence of sanitary regulations, and the presence of impurity and vice in the neighbourhood, and then consider which displays the nobler heroism—the warrior charging the enemies of his country on the battle-field, or the patient visitor of the poor, who day by day ameliorates, encourages, soothes and improves.

Thousands accustomed to the comforts, the refinements and the elegancies of civilized life, have no idea of the condition in which the poor live. They cannot realize the squalor and misery, the crowding and its consequent demoralization, the evil influences both for mind and body that deteriorate and corrupt. And why? Because these things are not brought forcibly before them. They see nothing of them, and what they hear leaves but faint and vague impressions.

The local press has lately given us some vivid pictures of the results of this terrible struggle for existence in the manufacturing towns. "'They come from everywhere,' says the policeman, pointing to a crowd of patient sufferers. 'They do no harm. They are well-behaved, and we lets 'em be.' A pale-faced man comes slowly across the square. Two people make room for him. Another man gets up. He walks to the edge of the pavement, looks up the street and then down, as if uncertain which path to take in this wide world, and so vanishes amongst the crowd—the crowd of the unemployed.

"A woman appears—a 'mill-hand'—wearing the customary red shawl over her head. Her wooden shoes sound on the pavement. She, too, sits wearily down. Some have a little tobacco left, and in the night time, whilst some one lighted his pipe, I saw from the opposite side of the street his hollowed hands shine, lantern-like, between the fingers. As the night deepens they move away silently, alone or in twos or threes, but many remain and fall asleep. These men and women are the social wreckage, from which dry-beach gazers may learn what is happening on the wide, wide sea of crowded misery.

"The misery is wide-spread. It pervades all these cities and townships, with their interconnections of endless streets, forming a vast black London. A smoke canopy forms the

sky view, with soot and grime staining the grass and the trees of its various breathing-places. All along those connecting streets one meets groups of people, men, women and children, out of work. At the Oldham street corners stand crowds of men, listlessly, all in the same attitude, leaning against something, with their hands in their pockets. Their faces are care-worn, eloquent of suffering, yet full of that resignation from which hope has fled.

"There are one hundred and fifty-two thousand souls in Oldham. It may be regarded as a suburb of Manchester. Of these one hundred and fifty-two thousand, twenty-seven thousand are out of work, and from four to six thousand are on strike, receiving 'strike pay.' Twenty-one thousand at least are in a state of destitution.

"An ex-mayor of the town, on entering the Club the other evening, described the misery which he saw daily as heartrending. And so it is. The majority of those on strike would gladly return to work, but these are they who have no union funds. They are practically at the mercy of the minority who draw 'strike pay.' Most of their effects, furniture, bedding, clothing, except the little they have on their backs, has either been sold or gone to the pawnbrokers. The consequence is, of course, that the pawnbrokers' shops are crammed to overflowing. A man will often tell you in the streets that he sold 'everything' before he could bring himself to ask anything in the way of relief in the streets, even for his wife or children. As a rule, the poor people seem anxious to conceal their hardships until nature gives way.

"Something has been done to mitigate the misery by means of soup and bread distributions, but this sort of relief cannot go far, from the nature of the case. 'We had a quart of soup between us yesterday, my wife, four children and myself,' said one poor fellow, 'but it's not much amongst

six of us.' A few days ago some benevolent persons supplied a thousand small loaves to the children: there were several applicants for each, and a gentleman who witnessed the distribution assured me the children ate the bread on the instant as ravenously as if they had been starving for a week. Perhaps they were, some of them. The struggle for the bread and for the soup is lamentable to see."

Fashionable London knows nothing of these things, or ignores them practically if they are known. Thousands of pounds are spent on frivolities every season, whilst half a million of our fellow-citizens are constantly on the borderland of famine. This constantly growing contrast between enormous wealth on the one side, and grinding poverty on the other, is one of the most stupendous facts of our time, and one of the most perilous. Shall we talk of patriotism and leave our fellow-citizens to starve, when we have millions to waste on luxury? Is not the fact one of the most perilous in existence, full of danger to the future? Can we not give of our superfluity to save English men, English women and English children, from ruin? Ought we not to adopt some of these waifs and strays of our modern social system, and bring them up loyal, educated and God-fearing? Ought not every household that is childless and able to afford it have one or two of these outcasts, as adopted sons and daughters, to be reared respectably?

The darkest side of the picture has yet to be looked at. Happily it is not one on which I am forced to go into detail or to dilate. This prevalent distress causes thousands of the poor girls throughout the country to take to the streets, and to become not only vicious themselves, but centres of vice for others. Think what is implied in this statement, O happy mothers of virtuous households, who have your sons and daughters gathered around you!—sons and daughters whom you would shelter from all ill with your

own life's blood! Have your sisters in crowded streets near you, or in other country towns around you, no claim upon you?

How shall we awaken public spirit in the counties relative to this matter? What little county feeling there is, is all connected with social exclusiveness. It has no sympathy with poverty or distress. It shows itself when squires talk of electing a new master of the hounds, or their wives discuss pedigrees and county family histories, at afternoon tea. Real local patriotism, uniting all classes in enthusiasm for the county or the district, and sympathizing heartily and honestly with the poor, does not exist. There is no local body to give it form or colour.

In the Middle Ages there was association from the consciousness of strength. It looks as if our association now were from a consciousness of want of energy, of debility. The individual hastens by association to merge or efface his own individuality. No institution has more social influence in this country than the Church of England. If established for the welfare of the people of England, surely it ought to care for their bodies as well as for their souls. Both are alike God's gift. And what a mockery to talk of sanctification and justification, of renunciation and submission, of the blessed Sacrament and means of grace, to those who are starving—to those who have not enough of food to supply the cravings of nature! Yet by supplying such wants only can it disenthral the mass of the populace from monstrous and appalling brutality, for the brutality produced by want of food is of all kinds of brutality the most terrible.

A factory chimney emitting smoke in thick volumes is neither a beautiful nor an attractive sight. But a forest of chimneys all smokeless, raising themselves towards heaven, above bleared windows and silent and deserted workshops,

is a dreadful sight, when all that is implied in this scene is taken into view.

And this is what is constantly seen now in the manufacturing towns. Even in the factories at work, only half the usual number of workmen and workwomen find employment. This is the time, then, for philanthropists to be up and doing. Let others discuss the reasonableness and unreasonableness of the strikes. It is for them to succour, to prevent evil, to aid the industrious, and to save the families of the idle and the dissolute from destruction.

It is of course foolish for workmen to strike when the profits of production are so small as to render it impossible for the masters to pay the same wages as formerly. To shut up the mill or the mine that gives them and their families a livelihood, because it gives them only a livelihood, is but too common a species of folly amongst workmen. Additional cost of production may mean bankruptcy to the employer. The organizers of strikes too often ignore altogether such considerations as these. Strikes, like revolutions, can only be justified by success, and success is impossible in times of actual and severe trade depression.

What then? Shall we allow the women and children of our own land to starve because the men are not wise? Shall we waste on one London season the means of making comfortable thousands of our fellow-citizens, who are in want and distress from no fault of their own? Shall we withdraw aid that may save many a boy and girl from ruin or depravity because their fathers do not take the same view of political economy that we do?

It must be remembered, too, that strong combinations of capital often exist, using their accumulated power to force down the rate of wages to starvation-point or little above it. Cheap labour may be a doubtful boon, after all, to the manufacturer; for if the artizans get so much less, they have

so much less to spend in the purchase of the manufactured articles. When labour is poorly paid, trade is invariably dull. Selfishness, whether of masters or men, overreaches itself, and both suffer in the long-run. But the duty of philanthropy in either case is plain. There are the hungry to be fed, the naked to be clothed, the ignorant to be educated ; there are filthy, over-crowded houses to be cleansed, families to be better lodged, sanitary measures to be carried out, and the welfare of our fellow-citizens generally to be attended to.

There can be no doubt that a continued depression in trade of late years has disheartened not only many of the well-wishers of the working classes, but, worse still, many of the working classes themselves. Thus it is that revolutionary dogmas are more willingly adopted and cherished than might otherwise be the case. But although the depression in trade has been unquestionably severe, yet there is nothing in it to make us despair. Revolution would but intensify the evil, without benefiting any of the classes affected. The history of the world assures us that revolutions of violence are excessively expensive luxuries, and instead of diminishing the strain upon us now, one such would increase it ten-fold hereafter.

But let us look the depression steadily in the face, taking home railways as a test.

There was a steady increase in the amounts yielded by the railways from 1874 to 1883, as will be seen by the following table :

	Per train mile.	Per open mile.	Miles open.
	d.	£.	
1874	68·11	3459	16,449
1875	67·56	3540	16,658
1876	66·66	3551	16,872
1877	66·19	3551	17,077

	Per train mile.	Per open mile.	Miles open.
	d.	£.	
1878	65·25	3488	17,333
1879	63·12	3356	17,696
1880	62·71	3511	17,933
1881	61·74	3549	18,175
1882	61·90	3605	18,457
1883	60·88	3651	18,681
1884	59·56	3589	18,864

In 1884, the receipts per mile began to diminish. They went back from £3651 in 1883 and £3605 in 1882, to £3589, that is, £40 more than in 1881. It would thus appear that the earning powers of the railways are now about on a par with what they were four years ago, whilst the additional capital embarked in them during those four years was fifty-six millions of pounds sterling.

This result is entirely due to the smaller amounts received for the carriage of goods, the earnings for passenger traffic having been actually higher in 1884 than in 1883.

Taking the whole into consideration, the earnings in 1874 per mile of railway were 68·11*d.*, and in 1884 only 59·56*d.*

The present service, both for goods and passengers, is equal to a very much larger business than that which now offers itself. With a return of more prosperous times, an improvement in the train receipts per mile will doubtless take place.

The depression in railway profits is one of the results of the depression in trade. To speak of it as alarming, is to exaggerate the matter. And then to proceed from that to wild and excited declamation relative to the state of the country, and the necessity for drastic measures, is simply absurd. By all means let us promote emigration, but in a judicious way. Let us increase, if possible, the number of landed proprietors, if it can be done peaceably and legally;

for the greater the number of those attached to the soil as proprietors, the larger the force amongst the people on the side of law, constituted authority, and patriotic attachment to the land of our birth.

For the last two hundred years at least, all the laws and institutions of England have fostered the accumulation of large estates in the hands of individuals or families. Every legal enactment that bore on the subject was intended to prevent the dispersion by natural processes of those estates. Complicated legal arrangements made the dealing in land so expensive and so dilatory, that it virtually ceased to be a subject of commerce, and became only the luxury of the rich.

But the fact is, that the accumulation of the land of a country in a few hands is dangerous to society and economically unsound. The most prosperous communities, and the most contented, are those where there is a great variety of ownerships, where there are many small properties and a few large properties, and peasant owners and cottage proprietors are mixed with lords of the manor and territorial magnates, and where there is every opportunity for the lowest, by industry and thrift, to rise in the social scale.

Hence it becomes our duty to bring the influences of the law and the state to bear as much as possible upon this subject, so that they shall be favourable to the wider dispersion of the land, the multiplication of owners, and the making of land transfers as easy and as cheap as possible, so as to come within the reach of all classes.

Much may be learned from the Zadrugas, the family communities of Sclavonia, consisting of patriarchal households dwelling on indivisible properties.

Similar communities were known in ancient Greece, and Cæsar speaks of them as common amongst the German tribes of his day. In the centre of France they lasted, here

and there, till the time of the Revolution, and there is reason to believe that the Pueblos of Central America were erected by similar family communities.

The members of such communities have no right to call for a division of the property, or to sell or hypothecate any portion of it. The right of succession does not exist any more than in a religious order. On the death of the parents, the children inherit nothing more than a few portable objects. They receive their portion of the products of the patrimony by virtue of their individual right as members of the perpetual family.

Anciently, nothing but the death of all the members, and failure of descendants, could bring the Zadruga to an end.

When a girl belonging to the Zadruga marries, she receives a dower from the common property, but she can make no legal claim on that property. Any member of the community who forsakes it forfeits all rights as a member.

Both the external and internal affairs of the Zadruga are managed by a chief elected by the community, and usually the oldest and most experienced member. He is styled Hospodar in Sclavonia, or Starechina (the ancient), whilst the domestic and household affairs are managed by a Domachica, or housewife, whose authority is absolute in her own sphere.

The community dress in white garments made of hemp, the men's consisting of shirt and trousers, and the women's of a long chemise, an apron with a bright border, and a red handkerchief round the head. On Sundays and holidays, bright vests and girdles, embroidered in many colours, are worn; whilst sandals, fastened to the feet by narrow thongs of leather, are worn by both sexes.

Round the neck, head and waist, the women wear strings of gold or silver coins, often their only dower.

The houses of these curious communities are generally larger than ordinary farmhouses, and consist usually of two large rooms, one serving as a dining-hall, and the other for sleeping. A stove is let into the wall between the two rooms and heats both of them. In winter, when the cold is often intense, there is inconvenient crowding round the stove; but in summer, when artificial heat can be dispensed with, screens, curtains and even partitions are put up in the common sleeping-hall, to screen off married couples and others desiring seclusion.

One of these Zadrugas at Stroko-Polje consisted of thirty-four individuals in 1880, of whom eight were married couples, with several children, and there were two widows whose husbands had been killed in the war in Bosnia. The common property consisted of a hundred and twenty-five acres of good land, thirty head of cattle, eighty sheep, and a considerable number of pigs and poultry. Their orchard contained abundance of apple, pear and plum trees.

Those of the community who are active and energetic build for themselves separate cottages on the common land, and these cottages are well furnished, and filled with all the comforts and conveniences of civilized life.

In separate rows of buildings there are oil-presses and vats for making wine, whilst others contain spare stores of provisions for times of scarcity. The whole aspect of these village communities is one of peaceful progress, contentment and prosperity. In consequence of their co-operative character, these Zadrugas combine small properties and high culture. They prevent the excessive division of the land, and do away with rural pauperism.

I am perfectly aware it would be utterly impossible to introduce any such system into our British empire. But it would be possible, it appears to me, to obtain the benefits of such a system by more judicious land distribution, and

by carrying out emigration on a larger scale, a scale commensurate with the wants of the empire.

We have abolished tolls on our roads—why not do away with the difficulties of intercommunication between one part of the empire and another? Why not give facilities for such an emigration as would enable families and communities to transfer themselves and their labour to localities where such might be made available and advantageous to all men?

There would be difficulties, of course, in carrying out any such measure on a grand scale. But co-operation has overcome difficulties greater and more formidable, whilst the advantages of such an interchange both to the United Kingdom and to the Colonies would be incalculable.

On the matter of education, much has been said and written of late years. Some will have it that it ought all to be secular, free and obligatory, and that the State should undertake the education of the people. It would be better if the parents were enlightened enough to see the necessity themselves, and to supply it for themselves. But as things are, this is plainly impossible just now. The religious question is one which will always present great difficulty. Looking at the diversity of forms of faith in England, and the bitterness often displayed by the adherents of one form against those of another, it would be better if the religious instruction could be given by the churches to which the children belong. The system established by the London School Board seems to work well. It is not perfect, but it has been productive of immense benefit in the past.

As to the making of all Government education free, which is so strenuously advocated, and so ably, at present, I do not think the people would be willing to incur voluntarily the large additional annual expense necessary to effect this object. Where parents are plainly unable to pay, fees ought

to be, and generally are, remitted. The elementary instruction might be made free advantageously in all cases in which the parents have only enough in the way of income to supply necessary wants. We must evidently do more for that large class of our fellow-citizens who are on the border-land of want, and this matter of education is one in which assistance may most advantageously be given.

The great national Land Company, which has been recently formed, proposes to purchase large tracts of land, and to sell them in small holdings on easy terms to actual settlers, assisting them also in obtaining the necessary outfit for occupancy and cultivation. This project has enlisted the sympathy and assistance of some of the most powerful, wealthy and philanthropic of our aristocracy. The enterprize is a noble one, partly charitable and partly patriotic. Considering the names of the patrons, the necessary funds ought to be forthcoming, and, if they are, there is no reason why free schools should not be tried in connection with the settlements, that is, schools in which all elementary branches shall be taught free of expense and all others paid for. There can be no question that the safety of society will be largely increased by the number of land-holders being augmented. Men with a stake in the country and attached to the land will not easily listen to wild and revolutionary schemes of re-adjustment, nor will they so readily engage in mischievous agitations which may endanger the safety of their own holdings.

Whatever may be the result of the experiment, there is nothing to criticize in it, but everything to praise. It is an attempt to bring a proportion of the town population back to the healthier and homelier life of the country. The project is another proof that the English aristocracy is trying to deserve its high calling, and that it is not unmindful of the obligations of privilege and power.

In the struggle for life which is going on around us, it is pleasant to note proofs of progress and advancement. In the recent strikes in the North of England, which appear to me to have been injudicious and injurious to the workmen, there was an entire absence of violence and bad feeling. There was no anger entertained against the masters, or at least none that found expression in overt acts. Instances of kindly feeling amongst those holding opposite opinions on the subject of the strikes were by no means uncommon, and thousands of the poor sufferers, particularly women and children, received assistance from those who were injured materially by the proceedings of the workmen.

It is not every one that can spend two hundred thousand pounds during his lifetime in works of charity and beneficence, as Richard Reynolds, of Colebrookdale, a member of the Society of Friends, did, in the early part of the present century. Very few have got the fortune of a Peabody, and fewer still that largeness of heart, which made his benevolent acts sources of benefit to mankind, in England and in America, on the largest scale. Both of those large-hearted men spent their money judiciously, during their lives, in improving the condition of the poor, and in endowing educational institutions. Many will give bequests for charitable purposes, available only after their death, when they can no longer enjoy the wealth themselves. But what we want now in England is men of the stamp of Reynolds and Peabody, to set a good example to millionaires generally. I do not say we have none such. A dozen names might be mentioned whose philanthropy, patriotism and charity do honour to our country. But when we consider what the wealth of the country is, I say we ought to have hundreds of such benevolent workers in the wide field of relieving distress by judicious outlay.

In the large towns of the manufacturing districts there

has been great liberality displayed by private individuals in the way of providing public parks, picture galleries, museums and public schools for the people. The result has been that taste has been developed to a very considerable extent. Those who ignore the progress made in that way of late years do a serious injustice to the British public. Nothing is easier than to take individual instances of brutality or savagery, and to argue from them as if they were the rule and not the exception. Every one who is at all acquainted with the great centres of industry in Great Britain and Ireland knows that considerable progress has been made in refinement, in appreciation of art, and in intellectual improvement, of late years.

Even in the matter of the appreciation of flowers there has been a marked and definite progress within the last two decades. And that progress is itself the sign and the effect of advanced civilization. Our young men, it is true, do not go about with music and chaplets of blossoms, to serenade images in city temples. Our maidens do not carry baskets of roses on certain days, upon their heads, to decorate the shrines of kindly divinities. Nor are there any priests, adorned with garlands, to await the festive throng, and to congratulate them on their piety.

But the windows and the little front gardens of our cottages attest our fondness for flowers, and that fondness is humanizing, and has a civilizing influence. Heliotropes and carnations, mignonette, violets and hyacinths, may be seen in profusion in these windows and little gardens. But above all, the rose, the queen of flowers, reigns there supreme.

> The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
> For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

Nor are orchids and lilies wanting in many. But still the rose will ever be regarded in England as the domestic house-

flower, the wreath of the tranquil Penates, the floral emblem of joy and culture and youthful happiness.

Nor can it have escaped the ken of any attentive observer of our popular gatherings how much the taste of the people has improved in the matter of pictures and of music. Art begins to be appreciated by all classes in a way that seemed unattainable even to the more cultivated half a century ago. Go amongst the artizans inspecting the free galleries at Bethnal Green, or in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool or Leeds, and you will hear appreciative remarks on the really good paintings, proving that cultivation is abroad, and that the masses are beginning to form a true estimate of pictorial art.

Nor is it otherwise with music.

In the course of a conversation with a pianist of eminence, Julien said, "To succeed as a musician in England, one must either be a great artist like you, or a great charlatan like me." But that was said years ago. At the present day, English audiences never fail to render fitting homage to talent; in fact, they are too demonstrative in their enthusiasm in favour of the extravagances of genius. When we think of the long list of foreign musical celebrities who have permanently taken up their abode with us, we cannot doubt that English audiences appreciate good music, and know how to value it.

It is true we often allow these celebrities too much licence. They are supposed, like the king, to be incapable of doing wrong. They may interpolate, tamper with the composer's score, or consult the interests of their own organ, rather than those of art. But, take them for all in all, English audiences, both in the north and south, in the midland counties, as in the west and east, know how to appreciate good music when they hear it, and are always ready to reward it handsomely.

Yet perhaps the chief delight of English audiences, when listening to music, is to express their enthusiastic applause when they witness great difficulties surmounted. This is a genuine and legitimate feeling. The Greeks, no mean judges in matters of art, held, and held rightly, that nothing worth commendation could be attained without labour. But of course the labour ought to be before the final manifestation, and should not betray itself in grimacing or violent straining after effect.

Good music is sure of heartier and more demonstrative applause in Lancashire and Yorkshire than in London. And why? Because the lower classes constitute in those counties the larger proportion of the concert-going public, and they express their approval with a warmth and vigour that is positively magnetic.

But everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of the land, there is an appreciation of art of all kinds utterly unknown fifty years ago.

The signs of this great awakening of popular taste are abundant and indisputable. The people appreciate good architecture, beautiful statuary, noble music, superior paintings, in a way undreamt of by our forefathers. In the Potteries, for instance, how is it that Hanley and Burslem have produced two of the finest choral societies in the kingdom? At the Albert Hall in London, the choral singers carried off the two highest prizes—the one for a choir of a hundred voices, and the other for one of eighty. Ay, and what is more striking still, is, that the leader of one of these choirs is a working potter at thirty shillings a-week. It is easy to sneer at men like these, but it is not so easy to imitate their perseverance and enthusiasm.

Hanley has grown within the lifetime of the last two generations from a hamlet into a large and populous town Those who have thus made it what it is, are self-reliant

workers, who have made their own way in the world by energy, by perseverance, by self-denial and untiring labour. They have all the comforts and decencies of civilized life around them, and now they are awakening to a sense of beauty.

They crowd into the Imperial, a vast building, to hear Madame Sterling, Miss Zimmerman, Signor Bottesini and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Their rapt attention proves their appreciation of the excellent music discoursed to them.

And they are but samples of a population, growing up all over the manufacturing districts of England, who read with avidity, in the Free Libraries, standard works of eminence and established reputation, who know how to appreciate real works of art, who can criticize with judgment the productions of our sculptors, painters and composers, and from whom the rising generation are learning habits of thrift, diligence, love of art and appreciation of the beautiful.

I may add that, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is also an improvement in the manner of life and in the domestic economy of the poor during the last half-century. "Those who see the quarters of the poor now," said the late lamented Lord Shaftesbury last year, "think that nothing can be worse. I do not hesitate to say that, compared with its condition forty years ago, London is now indescribably better."

Lord Shaftesbury spoke from personal knowledge. He was one of those true heroes of humanity who devote their lives to the improvement in every way of their poorer brethren and fellow-citizens—socially, morally, physically and religiously.

CHAPTER IV.

PERSECUTION AND RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

Polycarp and his martyrdom—Ancient and modern faith—Persecutions under the Roman Emperors—Indian devotion—Buddhism in India and Ceylon—The Jains—The Thugs—Sati—Murder of female children—Col. Walker's exertions in Guzerat—Religious fanaticism in England—Joanna Southcott and Mrs. Girling.

THE feeble Polycarp, eighty-six years of age, was arrested in Smyrna, and brought at once into the stadium, before the Roman Proconsul. There a great multitude was assembled.

"Swear by the fortune of Cæsar, repent and say, Away with the Atheists," said the Proconsul.

"Away with the Atheists," said Polycarp.

"Swear by Cæsar, revile Christ, and thou shalt be set at liberty," urged the Proconsul.

"Shall I blaspheme my King and my God?" asked Polycarp. "I am a Christian. If thou wishest to know the doctrines of Christianity, appoint a day and hour and I will declare them."

The Proconsul. "Satisfy the people."

A deafening roar burst from the multitude. Polycarp gazed on them in sorrow, waved his hand towards them, and, looking up to heaven, prayed for them. Urged again to recant, Polycarp said to the Proconsul, "To thee, O

ruler, I offered an account of our doctrine, for we are taught to honour all magistrates and all in authority. But as for these," pointing to the people, "what do they know of it? It were useless to attempt any defence addressed to them."

Proconsul. "I have wild beasts at hand; to them I will cast thee if thou dost not repent."

Polycarp. "As you will; repentance from the nobler doctrine to the baser is impossible for us Christians."

Proconsul. "Dost thou despise the wild beasts? I can have thee, then, consumed by fire if thou wilt not repent."

Polycarp. "Thou threatenest me with a fire that is kindled and extinguished, but art ignorant of the judgment-fire of the world to come. I am ready. Why dost thou tarry? Bring forth what thou wilt."

By the orders of the Proconsul, it was then proclaimed three times in the stadium by a herald, "Polycarp confesses himself a Christian." A mighty shout rose from the multitude: "This is the overturner of our gods, the false teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians. To the lions with him."

The president of the games was called to by the populace to let out the lions on the venerable old man. The president refused, saying, "The games are over."

"Then let him be burned," was the general cry. A pile of wood was collected in a few minutes. Polycarp laid aside his girdle and his outer garment. A stake was set up in the midst of the pile of wood, and he was chained to it. Looking up to heaven, he prayed, as the fire was kindled around him. The people willingly brought wood and fire—young and old, men and women. There was great shouting and enthusiasm. The account of the martyrdom, handed down by the Church, is full of the miraculous. A voice was heard from heaven, heard by Polycarp and the Christians only: "Be strong, O Polycarp, and show thyself a man." The flames formed an arch around the aged

martyr's body and above his head, but did not touch him. One of the executioners plunged a dagger into him, whereupon such a flood of blood came forth as extinguished the fire. The Christians wanted to take away the corpse, but the Jews insisted on its being burned, so that the bones only were recovered.

The miraculous is of course to be expected in such narratives, but the facts of the case are plain; the fearless courage of the aged bishop, the wild fury of the populace, the dignified conduct of the magistrate and the enmity of the Jews, all form a picture replete with instruction and evidently true.

Such is persecution, and this was under the rule of Marcus Aurelius, one of the best of the Roman emperors, a man of noble simplicity of life, who submitted his body to his mind, and his passions to his reason, who taught in his *Meditations* that virtue was the only good, and vice the only evil. But his mildness was in itself a vice in one occupying the position of emperor. Artful men, under the guise of philosophic sanctity, imposed upon him. He permitted a persecution, unjust, tyrannical and bloody, which extended from Gaul to Asia Minor.

In every age and in all countries men have sought to impose their opinions upon others by force of some kind, physical or moral. Buddhism and Christianity, two of the most widely-spread systems of faith, were propagated in the East and West by preaching, by example, by good works and by persuasion. Brahmanism and Mohammedanism flourished by the sword. Buddhism, first preached five hundred years before Christ, gradually spread over Hindustan, Ceylon, Java, Cochin-China, Laos, Burmah, Pegu, Nepaul, Thibet, Mongolia, Tartary and China. Under the reign of Asoka in India, it was evidently the dominant faith, and probably for three centuries before our era.

Of the struggle which ensued between the mild and peaceful system of Buddha, and the domineering and war-like system of the Brahmans, we have no adequate details, but it is probable that persecution and open warfare combined drove Buddhism at last almost out of India. It took refuge in Nepaul on the north, and Ceylon on the south; whilst a few sects of a faith analogous to Buddhism, like that of the Jains, maintain even in India some of its traditions and many of its rites. Notwithstanding the peaceful character of its teaching and the violence to which it has been exposed, Buddhism at the present day probably numbers more of the human race amongst its votaries than any other faith.

But if we cannot trace with any precision the persecutions to which Buddhism was exposed in India, we are not left without details of the sufferings inflicted on the early Christians by Roman cruelty and heathen hate. In A.D. 64, a conflagration destroyed two-thirds of Rome. Common report attributed its origin to the emperor Nero. To escape the odium of this accusation, he accused the Christians unjustly of having been the incendiaries.

They were usually confounded at that time with the Jews, and were objects of suspicion or dislike to all classes in Rome. Philosophers, poets, historians and priests, seem to have vied with the common people in their hatred to the Christians. They were seized, tortured and executed. "Insult was added to their torments," says Tacitus, "for, being clad in the skins of wild beasts, they were torn to pieces by dogs. They were affixed to crosses to be burned. They were used as lights to dispel the darkness of the night, when daylight had departed. Nero devoted his gardens to the show. He himself, in the garment of a charioteer, mingled with the rabble, or drove round the circus. Now although the guilty suffered, compassion was naturally

excited, because they were put to death, not so much for the public good, as to satiate the ferocity of one man." (*Annals*, XV. 44.)

The site of that garden is now occupied by the greatest of Christian churches, St. Peter's at Rome. The famous obelisk of red marble, brought by Caligula from Heliopolis, now the central object of the Piazza, then stood on the barrier of the circus. The torture of the burning shirt, to which the Christians were subjected, is mentioned by several classical writers. Seneca says the shirt was besmeared and interwoven with pitch and other combustible materials; and Juvenal describes the poor wretches who stood burning in their own flame and smoke, their heads propped up by stakes fixed under the chin, till they made a broad stream of blood and running pitch or sulphur on the gravel beneath.

Thus it is that men endeavour to force others into mental slavery. They would establish a religious tyranny to which all must bow, and which all must believe, or pretend to believe, under pain of torture, death, degradation, obloquy or shame. The cross and the burning shirt cannot always be made use of; but the finger of scorn, or the tongue of calumny, or the lash of social ostracism, will often effect that which more open persecution might fail to accomplish.

For thousands of years man has been fighting against political and religious tyranny, fighting for his birthright, liberty—liberty as well of body as of soul—and how far is he yet from having attained to it!

"Men worship variously according to their opinions. We worship the one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and to Him only do we pray," said Dionysius, a Christian priest, to Æmilian, the Roman Proconsul at Alexandria, A.D. 257 It was a bold saying, and might have caused his execution. But the Christians of those days were full of faith and confidence in heaven. Æmilian was lenient. "Why can-

not you adore that God of yours, supposing he is really a god, in conjunction with the gods of the empire?" "We can worship no other gods but Him," was the bold reply of Dionysius. He was banished to a village called Cephro, on the borders of the desert; and thus Christianity was spread, for he preached the Gospel there energetically. People sing now in the churches:

> "O Paradise! O Paradise!
> 'Tis weary waiting here;
> I long to be where Jesus is,
> To feel, to see him near."

And yet not one of them but will battle earnestly with death, and spend time and money lavishly to ward off his assault! In the old days of Christianity, when men's faith was strong, it was not so. They absolutely courted death, especially when it came in the form of martyrdom. "O feet blessedly bound by the smith," exclaimed Cyprian, "which are to be loosed, not by the smith, but by the Lord! O feet blessedly bound to guide us to Paradise along the road of salvation!"

In A.D. 258, the emperor Valerian issued the edict: "Let Christian bishops, presbyters and deacons, be immediately put to death by the sword. Let senators and knights be first deprived of their rank and possessions; and then, if they still continue to be Christians, let them suffer the penalty of death. Let women of condition be deprived of their property and banished. All Christians in the service of the palace are to be treated as the emperor's private property, and distributed to labour in chains upon the imperial estates."

The deacon Laurentius was seized in the Catacomb of Prætextatus, whilst performing divine service. The magistrate before whom he was arraigned ordered him to give up the Church treasures, of which he was reported to be

the custodian. Laurentius admitted that the Church had valuable treasures, and promised to deliver them up in three days, "but," said he, "you must send waggons and horses to convey them, for they are heavy." He then collected the Christian poor, the widows, the suffering of all kinds, who had been professors of the faith, and who had found peace in believing. When the judge and his officers arrived, Laurentius pointed to them and said, "These are the treasures of our Church; ask them."

The judge was wroth with Laurentius, and ordered him to be roasted to death on a gridiron. It is related that his spirit had such a mastery over his body that, as he lay on the instrument of torture, he said to the judge, "This side of my body is now roasted enough. Turn me and roast the other side, and then thou canst devour this poor body if thou wilt. But the immortal part of me will soon be in heaven."

"Thanks be to God," said Cyprian, when he heard that he was to be beheaded. "Let us all go and be beheaded with him," cried out the assembled brethren. Such was the faith that animated them!

The persecution under Diocletian tells the same tale of tyrannical cruelty on the one side, and devoted endurance and sublime faith on the other. Diocletian endeavoured to re-construct the empire (A.D. 284—312). For this purpose he associated with himself a second Augustus and two subordinate Emperors or Cæsars. His wife and daughter were both Christians, and many of the officers of the army and even of his own household were also Christians. They avoided the heathen sacrifices as much as possible; but when, like Naaman bowing down in the house of Rimmon, they did attend on compulsion, they made the sign of the cross, as a protection against the malignant demons invoked in the Pagan worship. This conduct irritated the priests,

who pretended to regard the sign of the cross as hateful to the gods, and sufficient to drive them away from the sacrifices.

Diocletian was a superstitious man. He espoused the quarrel of the priests. As a proof of his superstition, it is related that in the East he sacrificed slaves in order to pry into futurity from observations made on their livers! Tages, the chief of the soothsayers, declared that the livers would not give up their secrets because of this sign of the cross made by Christian officers. Diocletian, in a passion, issued an order forthwith that not only all then assisting at the sacred ceremonies, but all resident in the palace, should sacrifice to the gods, or be scourged in case of refusal. Letters were issued to the divisional commanders imperatively ordering similar proceedings in the various cohorts and legions.

Great confusion was the result. Numbers of officers and soldiers forsook the service. Many were not only scourged, but executed. Prisca and Valeria, the wife and daughter of Diocletian, exerted themselves to protect the Christians, and the Emperor was wearied and harassed with a sea of troubles. His son-in-law, Galerius, was the hope of the Pagan faction and of the established religion of the day. Galerius wanted to burn alive all who refused to conform; but Diocletian, although he would allow torture, forbade the taking of life. The church of the Christians at Nicomedia, in Asia Minor, where Diocletian then held his court, was situated on an eminence conspicuous from the imperial palace. On the great festival of the *Terminalia*, in February, on the last day of the Roman year, a festival held in honour of the god Terminus, who presided over boundaries, the Christian church was broken open, plundered of all its furniture and utensils, and all the books and manuscripts in it were committed to the flames. Diocletian and Galerius watched

the outrage from the windows of the palace. Galerius wanted to have the building burnt to the ground, but Diocletian was timid and feared a general conflagration. "No," said he, "let the Pretorian guards level it with their axes." In a few hours it was a heap of ruins.

This was the signal for a fearful persecution throughout the empire. Christian churches were everywhere destroyed. Numbers, of all ages and of both sexes, were arrested and submitted to torture, when they refused to sacrifice and to be converted. One Roman noble, who pulled down a proclamation against the Christians, declaring that it was the triumph of the Goths and Sarmatians, was condemned to be roasted over a slow fire, and bore his sufferings with a fortitude that astonished and mortified his executioners. An attempt was made during this persecution to destroy all the sacred books of the Christians, and there can be no doubt that writings which would now be considered of inestimable value perished then. There are at the present day no copies known of the Old or New Testament issued prior to Diocletian's reign.

It was in the north of Africa that the most notable examples of burning zeal and reckless daring were witnessed. Men and women delivered themselves to torture, and often to death, proclaiming themselves Christians and withstanding joyfully all that the malice of their persecutors could subject them to. And yet in this very region of North Africa, a few centuries later, Christianity was effectually stamped out by the sword of the Moslem! But that was when faith had grown cold, and anticipations of heavenly bliss were more feeble.

An untoward accident, or perhaps an intentional outrage, caused the persecution of Diocletian to wax more fierce (A.D. 304). The imperial palace at Nicomedia was almost destroyed by fire. The Christians were denounced as the

incendiaries, as they had been in the time of Nero. The fire might have been accidental, or it might have been the work of a hater of the Christians, kindled with the intention of denouncing them. It is not probable that it was actually the work of the Christians themselves, for they could gain nothing by it. Diocletian gave orders that all his domestics should be tortured in order to extract the truth from them. He sat by to hear the confessions extorted from them. A fortnight afterwards a second fire burst out in the palace, and Galerius forsook the city in order to escape, as he said, being burnt alive. I believe Galerius and the Pagan priests were either the actual incendiaries, or the instigators of the arson.

Diocletian was beside himself with rage. He compelled his own wife and daughter by force to sacrifice to the gods. Of his Christian officers, some were burnt to death, some beheaded, and some drowned. Fresh edicts were issued against the Christians, ordering the severest tortures to be inflicted upon all who obstinately refused to sacrifice to the gods and to be "converted."

In the extreme west of the empire, Gaul, Spain and Portugal, and Britain, Constantius Chlorus reigned as Cæsar. He was of a mild and humane disposition, and did not put the edicts in force. He suffered some churches to be pulled down in order to save appearances, but he always maintained that those who were unfaithful to their God would not be likely to be faithful to their prince. He was not himself a professing Christian, but he befriended the Christians as if he were. When he succeeded in A.D. 305 to the supreme power, on the abdication of Diocletian, he allowed the edicts to become a dead letter; whilst Galerius, and his nephew Maximinus, carried them out with great severity in the East.

Lactantius describes the way in which torture was applied in Syria and Egypt. The Christians were chained to a

stake. Then a moderate flame was applied to the soles of their feet, until the contracting muscles were torn from the bones. Then, if they continued recusant, lighted torches were applied to their legs, whilst water was dashed over the face to prevent their expiring too soon. When death at length released them from their sufferings, their bodies were burnt and their bones ground to powder and thrown into running water, to prevent any funeral rites over them.

Yet with all this suffering before them, the liberty of the soul was maintained by the outraged Christians in spite of torture and death.

With the fortitude and the religious frenzy common in the East, it will be easily imagined that the struggle there between arbitrary power on the one side and religious fidelity on the other has been long and obstinate. Those who voluntarily subject themselves to life-long tortures, as ascetics, will not be likely to shrink from pain when required to witness in that way for their faith.

Every one who has lived in India has seen devotees, who have consecrated an arm to one of the innumerable gods of Brahmanism, going about with that arm held aloft, stark, stiff, withered, immoveable, a life-long penance of devotion. Other ascetics have their couches made into beds of torture by iron nails, of which the points protrude and lacerate the slumberer. Others voluntarily surrender all pleasant food, and all the luxuries of life, in order to live on the plainest and most uninviting fare, and in the simplest manner. Men capable of sacrifices like these are not to be frightened out of their faith by threats of torture. It is certain, too, that in very many instances widows voluntarily gave themselves up to be burned on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands, according to the horrible Brahmanical ritual of Satti, although in very many instances they were sacrificed involuntarily.

"When the priest of Buddha sees a dead body, either in the cemetery or elsewhere, let him reflect thus: 'My own body is of the same nature as that.' When he sees a body at the place of torture, all disfigured and bloody,—when he sees the dead body covered with worms, or a prey to kites, crows, vultures, or other unclean birds,—when he sees a dead body mangled, or corrupt, or decapitated,—let him reflect, 'Such is my body.' And so will he attain to wisdom, by despising the body and ceasing to think too much of it." Such is the teaching of the Buddhistic sacred books (Hardy, *Eastern Monachism*, XXI. 268), and it is not wonderful therefore that, with contempt for the body constantly inculcated, the Buddhist priest, in most cases, is wonderfully careless as to material considerations and outward circumstances.

M. L. Rousselet, in his *India*, describing his visit to Jeypore, informs us that he saw a devotee occupied in tying several thick ropes to the branch of a tree overhanging the road. And great was the astonishment of all when they saw this man place his feet in two slip-knots, and then, having stretched himself upon the ground, haul himself up gently by means of a third rope, until he was suspended by the feet, like a calf in a slaughter-house. In the course of an hour a vast crowd surrounded the fakir, who, still in the same position, tranquilly mumbled his prayers whilst telling his beads. After hanging in this manner for several hours, he let himself down and returned to the town, escorted by a crowd of enthusiasts. On the morrow he returned to the same spot, to go through the same performance. M. Rousselet saw him when he had been suspended for several hours. His face was calm, he spoke without difficulty, and appeared to suffer little inconvenience. When asked how he managed to accustom himself to such a position, he said God had given him the power, as an evidence of his sanctity. For more than a month the same performance was continued.

He further describes a devotee of Soonaghur, a still more striking example of the tortures, self-inflicted, which fanaticism will undergo in a mistaken quest after sanctity. "I saw," says Rousselet, "at the door of a house in Soonaghur, one of the most hideous illustrations of Hindu fanaticism that can possibly be conceived. He was a *gosain*, or religious beggar. Upon his face, half hidden by a rough and unkempt beard, was tattooed in red the trident of Neptune. His hair, rolled in a knot above his head, formed a sort of pointed mitre. His body was very lean, quite naked, and besmeared with ashes. But the most revolting thing about him was his left arm, which, withered and quite stiff, stood out perpendicularly from the shoulder. Through the closed hand, bound round with strips of linen, the nails had worked their way, and were growing out at the back. The hollow of his hand, which was filled with earth, served the purpose of a flower-pot for a sacred myrtle-bush. The outstretched and stiffened arm made this wretched being look like a prophet of evil."

In order to obtain this result, the devotee has to be tied down to a seat, and his arm, extended upwards, is fastened to a cross-bar. After a certain time, during which he undergoes terrible torture, the arm withers, anchylosis ensues, and it becomes rigid. This act of martyrdom is looked upon by the people with great veneration. The holy man becomes, in fact, in their eyes, an incarnation of the Deity.

But religion in India has had its amenities as well as its terrible and grotesque aspects.

The first hospitals are said to have been due to Buddhism. It was Asoka the Great, the Buddhist sovereign, who first established them two hundred years before the Christian era—hospitals both for human beings and inferior animals. In his famous rock edict the following announcement was made:

"Everywhere within the conquered province of Raja Piyadasi, the beloved of the gods, as well as in the parts occupied by the faithful, such as Chola, Pida, Satiyaputra, and Ketalaputra, even as far as Tambapanni (Ceylon); and, moreover, within the dominions of Antiochus the Greek (of which Antiochus' generals are the rulers),—everywhere the heaven-beloved Raja Pyadasi's double system of medical aid is established—both medical aid for men and medical aid for animals, together with the medicaments of all sorts which are suitable for men and suitable for animals. And wherever they are not (such provisions), in all such places they are to be prepared and to be planted: both root-drugs and herbs, wheresoever there is not (a provision of them), in all such places shall they be deposited and planted.

"And in the public highways, wells are to be dug, and trees to be planted, for the accommodation of men and animals."

The Jains of Calcutta, who are trying to establish a Pinjrapole (hospital for animals), are but following the traditions of their race set on foot so long ago as the reign of Asoka. Hinduism drove away Buddhism from the land; but while imbibing its doctrine of charity to animals, it could not retain its active morality.

The native of India is guided by his religion in every action of his life. From birth to death, everything is arranged for him, even to the most minute particular, by his religious teachers. He lives and breathes, he eats, drinks and sleeps, he is given in marriage, his children are reared, his death-rites are ordered, and his property is inherited, all according to his religion. No act of his life, however trivial, is exempt from this influence.

In the same way the Buddhist priest has laid down for him, in his religious books, the way in which he should order his conduct, whatever the circumstances.

In the history of Ceylon we have abundant evidence that the invaders from Malabar, who were always enemies of Buddhism, inflicted upon its professors cruel persecutions whenever they had an opportunity. Individual instances of firmness and endurance are not narrated. We hear of a thousand priests massacred on one occasion because they refused to conform to Brahmanism, and five thousand mutilated at another. We hear of the miserable victims subjected to insult and contumely, to torture and death, even to the death by boiling in oil; but we hear of no recantations, no renunciations of their faith, no wavering in their religious principles, to please the conquerors.

About fifty years before the Christian era, Chora Naga, one of the Hindu kings, delighted in destroying the temples of the Buddhists. He seized the Buddhist priests, and subjected them to torture and death, but they remained firm in their belief. He endeavoured to establish the Brahmanical faith, but was unsuccessful. The priestly historians of Ceylon assure us that in the lowest depths of hell he now receives the due punishment for his flagrant crimes.

In the thirteenth century, Mogallana, from Southern India, invaded Ceylon, and conquered the northern part of the island. He was particularly cruel to Buddhism and its professors. A thousand of the priests he slew, of a thousand others he cut off the noses and the ears, and executed others by boiling them to death in oil.

The Jains have been subjected frequently to similar atrocities by the Brahmans in India, but without in any instance causing general defection or renunciation of their peculiar religious tenets, which resemble those of the Buddhists.

Within the last few years we have heard of the slaughter of thirty thousand Moslems at Suchau, in Tartary, by the

Chinese. The victims comprised men, women and children, but rarely did any of them seek to preserve their lives by renouncing their faith.

Religious fanaticism could hardly wear a more repulsive aspect than that presented by the Thugs, now almost extirpated, and happily so, by British rule.

The Thugs are devotees of Kali, a bloody Hindu goddess, who, they assert, not only authorizes, but commands them to become murderers and plunderers. They are sometimes called Phansikars, from *phansa*, the noose, or instrument of destruction, with which they strangle their victims. They are composed of all castes, and usually exercise their abominable art on travellers. They will travel for days with their intended victims. They will eat with them, smoke with them, engage in all the courtesies of life, and in the end strangle them as sacrifices to Kali!

Instances have been known of travellers saving the lives of Thugs, by giving them water or food when in extremity of peril, and these generous benefactors have fallen victims to the very people whom they succoured, on the first opportunity! As sacrifices to the goddess, their lives were offered up, in Thuggee estimation, in a holy cause. One of them casts the noose round the neck, another strikes the victim as he rises, and causes him to fall backwards. The tightening of the noose deprives him of consciousness and life at the same time, and he is buried. Blood must not be shed, and Kali will not have female victims. A goddess herself, she prefers victims of the male sex. If they murder a female, it is a crime to be expiated with fearful penances. A portion of the plunder obtained in their marauding and quasi-religious expeditions is always presented to their patron goddess Kali.

Intense devotion to Kali, real or pretended, was the mysterious link that bound this atrocious and bloody

brotherhood together. I may speak of it in the past tense as a brotherhood, for although remnants of it are still occasionally found to exist in Rajputana and the Nizam's territory, yet as a brotherhood, once powerful and terrible, it has practically ceased to exist. Nor is this the least of the blessings conferred by British rule on India. If it had not been for that rule, the annual sacrifice of thousands of lives of harmless travellers and traders might still be offered up regularly to Kali, paralyzing commerce, rendering the communication between one province and another unsafe, and effectually preventing the spread of civilization.

According to Thuggee ideas, the men engaged in this fearful conspiracy, against the lives and properties of their fellow-citizens, were men devoutly religious—nay more, superstitiously exact in the performance of divine worship. In honour of their patron deity, Kali, there is a temple at Bindachul, near Mirzapore, in Northern Bengal. There, religious ceremonies are constantly performed, and thousands of animals are annually offered in sacrifice, chiefly goats.

To this temple the Thugs were in the habit of betaking themselves, before they set out on their murdering and plundering tours. Offerings and supplications and prayers were presented, and vows made to consecrate a certain proportion of the booty to Kali, if they were successful. The priests were those chiefly benefitted by the offerings in case of success, but the priests were supposed to be ignorant of the sources whence the wealth was obtained.

If the Thugs were unsuccessful in their forays, their faith in the goddess appeared never to waver. Nay, if they were seized, tried, condemned to be executed, they still professed unbounded faith in Kali, whom they exonerated from all blame in the matter. They had evidently neglected some divinely-prescribed forms, or insulted Kali by want of

faith, or courage, or faint-heartedness in her service. They would laugh to scorn the idea that any harm could have happened to them if they had been faithful. Surely religious fanaticism has never presented a more extraordinary or hideous phase than that of Thuggi.

The sacrifice of the widow on the funeral pyre of her husband—Satti—is another of those strange developments of bigotry and fanaticism of which India is full. This, too, owed its abolition to British power. Yet the widow has much to suffer.

When a Hindu dies, the relatives shave the widow's head, and clothe her in coarse garments. Henceforward she may wear no silk, or gold, or silver, no ornaments indeed of any kind. She takes her meals apart, and is put to the lowest household drudgery. Her very touch is pollution. She has no reason to be alive. She ought to be dead.

The theory is of course that these are voluntary austerities, the result of life-long grief. In the case of the aged they may be so; but numbers of young women, who knew little or nothing of their husbands, are thus condemned to life-long involuntary degradation.

There is no refuge for the Hindu widow except death or infamy. Her religion and the social usages of her people forbid re-marriage. Caste, not civil law, condemns her, and is more powerful than any imperial code. She and a second husband, if any man has the courage to marry her, are outcasts. Even their respective families are often visited with the same penalty.

Now it must be remembered that thousands of the sufferers in these cases are mere children, and to them their lot is a species of death in life—half a century perhaps of contumely, of contempt, and often of ill-usage.

Is it any wonder that this vile usage causes thousands of

them to become abandoned and shameless in their lives? Every honest pursuit is denied to them. They may not even become nautch-girls. Their amours disgrace their name and that of their family, and too often lead to murder by means of poison.

Sattee, or the immolation of the widow on the funeral pyre of her husband, was supposed to be a religious rite. But our British rule forbids sattee. The widow is young, resents her isolation and degradation, and turns to vicious courses. Her family makes a feast. She is drugged and dies. Such a consummation was called a *cold sattee*. All concerned in it were of course liable to the severest legal penalties.

When I was in Oude, measures were being taken by the successive Chief Commissioners, particularly Sir C. Wingfield and Sir G. Yule, to put an end to the destruction of female children amongst the Rajputs. Originally this barbarous custom had sprung from the expenses attendant on marriage, especially that portion of them incumbent on the parents of the bride. But the custom had grown for centuries, and gradually developed itself into a religious rite. The mother would actually devote her infant daughter to death, as a sacrifice pleasing to the gods! It was not so in all cases. Maternal instinct often rebelled against the inhuman practice, but instances were frequently brought to the notice of the officials inquiring into the matter, which left no doubt that the mothers regarded the destruction of their female offspring as a religious duty. What terrible abuses have sprung from the religious credulity of women in all countries! Not only has this credulity led them to murder, but even to the grossest licentiousness, under the name of religion—an unpleasant subject, to be found in detail in *The History of the Sect of Maharajas of Western India*, published by Trübner and Co. in 1865.

It is struggling for life that we have to do with now; and female infanticide in India, glossed over with a varnish of religious fanaticism, is more germane to our purpose than the readiness of the poor Hindu women, otherwise chaste and modest, to prostitute themselves to the service of libidinous priests.

In 1800 it was first made apparent to the British Government in Bombay that the murder of their female infants was a common practice amongst the population of Guzerat. Col. Walker, the Resident, was ordered to inquire into the matter and to report. He was a man of ability and of great philanthropic zeal, and entered into this inquiry with characteristic energy. He found the custom so firmly established, so much a matter of course, that in only two instances could he find female infants had been preserved amongst them from motives of affection, and one of these was in the household of a professed robber named Hutaji. Col. Walker conversed with Hutaji, and found him a man of superior intelligence, and possessed of strong natural affection.

This affection had led him to preserve the lives of two daughters. They were between six and eight years of age, and both wore turbans, were habited as boys, and appeared ashamed of their own sex, and anxious to be taken for the other.

Col. Walker strongly urged Jehaji, one of the chiefs of the tribe given to female infanticide, to adopt some measures for putting an end to this dreadful practice. It was not until 1807 that his remonstrances and advice bore fruit. From Jehaji, Col. Walker, in 1807, got the following letter: "You have often urged me to adopt some measures for preserving our infant daughters. But our tribe has from very ancient days put an end to the infant females, and it is an article of religion with our women. Of course this is

an abuse. God never commanded them to do this, but corrupt priests have done so to please the men. Now let us understand one another. I am anxious to please you in this matter, for I, too, think it is a disgrace to us. But you must do something for me. You know that Mallia has offended me. If you will reduce Mallia and keep it for the Company, or give the province to me, my present distress will be removed, and I will do all I can to preserve our infant daughters from destruction."

Col. Walker appealed to the mother of Jehaji, a woman of great influence. She would have nothing to do with this "new word." Infant children, when females, had been always destroyed amongst them and should be. It was the command of God. They got their wives from other tribes who preserved their daughters, and God's blessing was with them all. Were they not prosperous? Why introduce new customs, not approved by their forefathers?

But Col. Walker was not a man to be repelled because his task was difficult. He got the chiefs of Nowanuggur and of Goudar to use their influence. Partly to obtain the favour of the Resident, and partly to please the all-powerful Company, at length Jehaji and the other chiefs entered into a formal engagement not to permit female infanticide any more. A proclamation was issued on the subject, and measures taken to enforce obedience. In 1800 it was calculated that five thousand children were annually sacrificed. In 1808 it is stated that only three cases could be proved.

In a subsequent march through that part of the country, Col. Walker, halting at Dherole, had all the neighbouring tribes assembled. He addressed them on the subject, and assured them of the favour of the Company and of his own endeavours to serve them, if they continued to preserve their female infants alive. He well describes his own emotions of pride and gratification, as he beheld the gratitude

of the mothers. They crowded round him, brought their infants to Col. Walker's tent, and called upon him and the gods to bless their daughters, whom he had been the instrument of saving. The practice of female infanticide has ever since been abolished in Guzerat.

Such are amongst the noblest triumphs of British power in India. People talk of no monuments of bricks and stone, of iron or marble, to be left behind us! The abandonment of female infanticide, of Thuggi and of Satti, are nobler monuments than any architectural structures, however great.

It is not in India only that religious fanaticism takes strange forms and indulges in wild excesses.

Joanna Southcott was born about the year 1750. Her parents were poor, and it was not till she had attained the ripe age of forty that she announced herself as the woman mentioned in the twelfth chapter of Revelations. She asserted that having received a divine appointment to be the mother of the Messiah, the visions revealed to St. John would speedily be fulfilled by her agency and that of her son, who was to be miraculously born of her.

Although very illiterate, she contrived to scribble much mystic and unintelligible nonsense as visions and prophecy, and for a time carried on a lucrative trade in the sale of seals, which were, under certain conditions, to secure the salvation of the purchasers. The imposture was strengthened by her becoming subject to a rather rare disorder, which gave her the appearance of pregnancy, after she had passed her grand climacteric.

The faith of her followers now rose to enthusiasm. She purchased, at a fashionable upholsterer's, a cradle of most expensive materials and highly decorated, and made costly preparations to hail the birth of the miraculous babe with joyous acclamations. The delusion spread rapidly and extensively, especially in the neighbourhood of London, and

the number of her converts is said to have amounted to one hundred thousand. Most of them were of the humble classes, but a few, including some clergymen of the Established Church, were men of education and refinement. About the close of 1814, Joanna Southcott herself began to doubt of the truth of her visions, and to declare that she had been the sport of some spirit, good or evil. On the 27th December, 1814, she died, and her followers would not believe in her death till unmistakable signs of decomposition set in, her body having been kept unburied as long as possible. There are said to be some who believe in her still.

Another religious fanatic, equally eccentric in her belief, is Mrs. Girling, the head of the Shaker community. The following is the report of a Christchurch correspondent, as it appeared in the *Standard* of 26th December, 1885:

"Arriving at the encampment at Hordle, a village between Christchurch and Lymington, in Hampshire, at a place known as 'Tiptoe,' the visitor was informed that Mrs. Girling, the 'mother' or leader of the community, was lying ill in bed, and that she had been in bed for upwards of a fortnight. He was ushered into her presence, and found her prostrate, and extremely weak. She had evidently been broken down, and appeared greatly emaciated and much distressed. Her mental faculties were sharp, and seemed as keen as ever they were. There was not the slightest indication of failure. Her physical energy was, however, considerably exhausted. She said she was suffering from no disease, and attributed her condition solely to over-work and anxiety for her children, as she called her followers, and to a lack of the necessaries of life to sustain her in times of such trial. The visitor sat by her bedside, and at her request conversed with her, the conversation turning for the most part upon her hopes and expectations. She stated most distinctly and emphatically that she was not going to die at all, and the

visitor reminded her of the frailty of human life, and asked her if she did not think her illness was an evidence of the dissolution of that which was mortal, and if she did not think that there was a possibility of her dying. She replied that she was not so convinced, and that she was as confident now as she ever was in the days of her strength and vigour. She felt sure that God, her Father, 'would keep her alive until the coming of the Saviour, of whom she was the mother-representative, the living part.' Questioned as to whether she had sought medical relief, she said she had not obtained medical assistance, but had used all the remedies she could obtain herself so far as she was able. She should not object to a medical man seeing her, not for the purpose of attempting to save her life, 'for,' she added in a parenthesis, 'that is sure to me,' but for the purpose of easing and allaying her sufferings. Had she the means, she should not hesitate in seeking medical consultation. The visitor did not attempt to combat the views she entertained, but listened to her story as she herself related it. She complained that she was considerably overcharged regarding her rent, stating that while the adjacent farm-land was only let at from £1 to £1. 10*s*. an acre, she had to pay at the rate of £4. 10*s*. an acre. It was the only piece of ground they could get, and she was obliged to submit under the circumstances. It was certainly preferable to being compelled to live by the road-side, as they once had to live. The point most insisted on in the course of the conversation was that of her being exempted from death; and upon being asked as to whether her body was not really mortal, she equivocated a good deal, but desired to be understood that she was not mortal at all. When asked if she could say why they continued to endure want and privation, she said that as children of God they were to have the best things in the world, and had she the means her tables should be furnished

with all the luxuries which God had given. 'Happiness,' she said, 'is ours; it belongs to us, and us alone.' One of the interrogatories put to her was that, assuming that she should die, had she made any provision for a successor, or considered the future of her followers. 'No,' she replied, with much emphasis, 'I have not; it is absolutely impossible that I should leave them.' She intimated that she might be changed, God might restore her, and she would endure to witness the fulfilment of her belief. Replying as to her reason for withdrawing from the world, she said she would willingly have united with the Baptists, Wesleyans or Congregationalists, had they been ready to receive her as the terrestrial presence of a Celestial Being. But she had been cruelly driven aside by all, and had had to endure intense suffering for upwards of seventeen years. After about half-an-hour's conversation, the visitor desired to leave her on account of her weak state, but she was reluctant to draw the conversation to a close. She had the appearance of a person between fifty and sixty years of age, and was evidently a self-educated woman. She and her followers originally pursued a life of itinerant lecturing, but the life was such an unremunerative one that they decided to follow a life of encampment. Her followers, who now number about forty, appear to be almost entirely under her influence, and she has hallucinations implying some spiritual influence. Her community includes several young women, some not much older than twenty-five years, but there are not many young men among the company. Her chief underling, who discharges the duties of caretaker, is Father Isaacs, a man of about fifty years of age, gifted with remarkable intelligence. They occupy in all six large huts; and though they enjoy close fellowship during the daytime, their nocturnal habits are of an orderly and separate character. One or two tents—including the tents intended

for worship—are unfinished, in consequence of a limited exchequer; and though they have no appointed times for service, they assemble at intervals in one of the rooms to sing songs to a company of visitors who may come to hear them. The inmates of the homes seem, on the whole, to be remarkably cheerful, considering their adverse circumstances. They are very intelligent, respectable and clean. There is a striking absence of anything of a repulsive character. The comforts of the place are of an average kind; but there is no doubt that they have been distressed and afflicted with want and misery. One thing adding to their discomfort is the fact that the canvas has not been painted, and in damp weather the rain penetrates through into the dwellings. The furniture, what there is, is homely and plain, and the room in which Mrs. Girling lives is apparently very comfortable. A large American stove in the centre gives out plenty of heat, and the bed upon which she lies is very clean and well furnished. The garden ground surrounding the tents, comprising about two acres in extent, is neatly kept, and has been made to produce enough to sustain those who require vegetable food. Mrs. Girling, before parting with the visitor, beseeched him to read a copy of a four-page printed letter, written by herself, which she gave him. It was headed, 'The last Message to the Church and World,' and signed, 'Jesus, first and last, Mary Ann Girling.' In the letter she amplifies the views she propounds, claims to be 'the God-mother life,' the 'perfect form of His bride,' asserts that the beginning of creation was a male, the end is a female—not to be crucified, but to be glorified.' She affirms that 'her body contains the celestial life which came out of God from heaven—the same life that once was crucified in the male form.' One passage runs, 'Great has been the mystery surrounding me; yet,' she says, 'it is holy, truthful, loving and divine.'"

CHAPTER V.

UNDER THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.

Mongol burial customs—Urga—Corruption of Buddhism—Spanish and Portuguese dealings with Caribs and Negroes—Hispaniola—Columbus—Efforts to convert the Caribs—Las Casas' account of Ovando—The Albigenses—Tortures of the Inquisition—Donna Maria and her sister.

HORRIBLE things have been done under the cloak of religion. When the Mexican priest tore out the heart of the palpitating human victim, scarcely yet dead, and offered it, all fluttering with muscular action, to his hideous deity, he no doubt thought he was offering an acceptable sacrifice to his god.

Happily, however, that is a thing of the past. But hideous and ghastly things under the name of religion are done still from north-eastern Asia to south-western Africa. Let us visit for a little the northern borders of the desert of Gobi. There is on those borders a large Mongol encampment, called a town. Its name is Urga. The Mongols live in tents surrounded by wooden palisading; but there is a substantial Buddhist temple, a lamisary or Buddhist monastery, and a Russian Consul's house in Urga, all of stone.

The Buddhist faith, as practised in Urga, is full of heresy and error, very different indeed from that pure and simple doctrine taught by Gautama—more different from that taught

by Gautama than the Christianity of fashionable London is from that of Christ, and that is saying much. The whole town of Urga is pervaded by a gloomy and grotesque sense of death, as if the present, and man's life here, were nothing, the future life and death everything. It is well for us sometimes to remember to what absurdities false notions of religion may drive us.

It is considered ill-omened both for the individual himself and all his relatives if he die in a tent. As soon, therefore, as his malady is considered incurable, and death imminent, the patient is removed to the chamber of the dying, a stone building attached to the lamisary or Buddhistic monastery. Here the priests busy themselves at once about his soul. The body is no longer of any importance.

In that chamber of the dying, a number of human beings of various ages and both sexes may be seen stretched on carpets on the floor in all the varying agonies of death. It is a dimly-lighted, noisome chamber, ill ventilated and unclean.

As soon as life has left the frame, the priests are summoned, and the relatives and attendant mourners make their appearance. The body is wrapped in a winding-sheet of blue linen, without any other covering, and is then carried on a bier to the foot of the holy mountain, a mile or so distant. There, whilst the attendant hired mourners fill the air with their shrieks, the corpse is placed upon the ground.

Dogs assemble, big, ugly, down-looking dogs, as if conscious of the horrible nature of their office. There is a hoarse croaking heard overhead, and ravens and vultures collect.

When the corpse has been laid upon the ground, in its winding-sheet of blue linen, the hired mourners hurriedly retire with the bier. The relatives and priests turn their backs on the corpse to depart, and never once look round at it again. Nor is it wonderful they never look round again.

The dogs and the ravens and vultures, with blood-red claws, begin a horrible repast. They tear the corpse to pieces, not without much growling and quarrelling, not without combats over their ghastly banquet. The retiring priests and relatives hear the sounds, but never look round. And no wonder. They know too well the origin of that snarling and growling, those wild croaks of rage and pain and pleasure that attend the banquet.

An hour after the departure of the priests, nothing remains but a few bones, a skull and the winding-sheet. Skulls and shrouds, in fact, abound all round the base of the holy mountain. The wind carries the winding-sheets about, whilst the skulls are knocked hither and thither by laden camels, mules and donkeys. Clouds of dust rise from the ground, and skulls in every stage of crumbling decomposition are everywhere.

They call themselves Buddhists, these Mongols, with their praying-wheels and hideous burial rites, their grand lamas, and their Tchutgours or evil spirits. Hideous and repulsive as the customs of Urga are, worse things have been done under the cloak of religion.

The history of the Portuguese possessions on the coast of Africa, and the Spanish conquests in America, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a history full of cruelty and destruction. This cruelty and destruction were all perpetrated under the name of religion. Unprincipled adventurers were sent out that "they might gain souls, because they (the Negroes and the Caribs) *might* be converted to the true faith."

"O thou heavenly Father," exclaims Azurara in his *Chronicle*, "who with thy powerful hand, without movement of thy divine essence, dost govern all the infinite company of heaven, and who dost draw together all the axles of the upper worlds, divided into nine spheres, appointing the times of longer or shorter periods, as it pleases thee, I

implore thee that my tears may not condemn my conscience, for not its law, but our common humanity, constrains me to lament piteously the sufferings of these poor people. And if the very brute animals, with their bestial instincts, recognize the misfortunes of their like, what must this, my human nature, do, seeing thus before my eyes these wretched people, like myself of the generation of Adam? It was on the 8th of August when, by reason of the heat, the mariners began to bring-to their vessels, and, as they had been commanded, to draw forth the captives. These were all placed upon the sea-shore, and a marvellous sight it was to behold them. They were all naked, some of a reasonable whiteness, well-made and even handsome; others resembling leopards, dark and light; and others of Ethiopian blackness, so ill formed that it seemed to the beholders as if they saw the forms of a lower hemisphere.

"But what heart was that, how hard soever, that was not pierced with sorrow seeing that company? Some had sunken cheeks, and, their faces bathed in tears, regarded each other, groaning dolorously as lost. Some looked anxiously to heaven as if asking succour from the great Father of Nature in their despair. Some struck their faces with their hands, throwing themselves on the earth and grovelling there. Others made their lamentations in a wailing chorus, according to the custom of their country, although we could not understand their language.

"Now came the summit of their grief, for distribution was made, some put apart from the others to equalize the portions. Children were parted from parents, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters. No law was kept. Each fell where the lot took him, friends and relations parted for ever. O powerful fortune, who goest hither and thither with thy wheels, compassing the things of the world as it pleaseth thee!

"Who could make such a partition without great sorrow and difficulty? for whilst they had placed the children in one part, and the parents in another, these would spring forth and embrace each other. The mothers enclosed the children in their arms, throwing themselves on the ground with them, the children clinging perseveringly to the parents, and only to be separated with many wounds and much cruelty. With infinite labour and difficulty the partition was made at last. The Infante himself, on a powerful horse, rode up and down, accompanied by his people, looking out their shares; but indeed the Infante, for his part, appeared not greatly to care for gain, for of the forty-six souls that fell to his lot he speedily made choice, considering more the salvation of their souls, which before were certainly lost, than his own profit. And certainly his thought was not in vain, for, as soon as they had knowledge of our language, they readily became Christians."

Thus Azurara describes the partition of slaves, taken on the coast of Africa by the Portuguese in 1444. The efforts of the Spaniards in the Christianization of the natives of America, and in pursuit of their own advantage, generally ended in the extirpation of those natives off the face of the earth. The whole race of Caribs, one of the most harmless and inoffensive of American people, was thus disposed of.

Let us take the island of Hispaniola as an example. It is now divided into two republics, Hayti and St. Domingo, both governed by the descendants of Negroes, once slaves, the former speaking the French, and the latter the Spanish language, or corruptions of those languages. When Columbus discovered America, this island was inhabited by "a race of Indians, all naked, well made, with very good faces, with hair like horsehair, and they were of a yellow colour, but often painted." In some of the neighbouring islands, San Salvador and others, we are told, "they neither carried

arms, nor understood the use of them, for when they were shown swords they took hold of them by the blade and hurt themselves. Their darts were without iron, but some had a fish's tooth at the end, and were used for fishing." The structure of the houses, as described by the Spaniards, appears to have been very good, "being made like pavilions, very large, without any arrangement of streets, but, within, very clean and well swept, with furniture well arranged." Many statues were found in these houses, with heads "fashioned like masks, very well wrought." Speaking of the Indians of the coast, Columbus says "they are very gentle, without knowing what evil is, neither killing nor stealing." Under pretence of introducing Christianity, the Spaniards soon put an end to this condition of things, teaching them every kind of evil, including killing and stealing.

On the coast of Hispaniola, Columbus was wrecked, and a native prince, Guacanagari by name, did all he could to assist him, sending comforting messages to the Admiral, and putting everything that was saved from the wreck under shelter. Guards, too, were placed over the property thus saved. Columbus was much moved by the kindness of the natives and of their prince. "They are a loving, uncovetous people," he says, "so docile in all things, that I believe in all the world there is not a better people or a better country. They love their neighbours as themselves, and they have the sweetest and gentlest way of talking in the world, and always with a smile." The Spaniards soon changed all that.

The Spanish historian Herrera regards it as providential that the vessel of Columbus should have been lost there, in order that the true faith might be preached in that country. Guacanagari and his subjects might have been excused if they regarded the matter differently. But they have left us no record of their ideas on the subject. They were soon improved off the face of the earth, and this, too, under the

pretence of teaching them Christianity, of converting them to the true faith! The poor "Indians" thought their white visitors had come from heaven. The visitors, on the other hand, contented themselves with showing the poor Indians the way thither, and sending them there as speedily as possible, in order that they themselves might get the gold which the poor Indians evidently did not know how to estimate at its true value.

On the return of Columbus to Spain, he gave an account of his discoveries to their Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. The king and queen fell on their knees and gave thanks to God with many tears, whilst the Pope granted to the princes of Castille and Leon, and to their descendants, the sovereign empire and principality of the Indies, and of the navigation thereof, with high and royal jurisdiction and imperial dignity and lordship over all that hemisphere.

When Columbus returned to La Natividad, the settlement he had made in the territories of Guacanagari, he found all his Spaniards dead, and the settlement destroyed. The Spaniards left there had taken to evil courses, quarrelled amongst themselves, wandered about the country, carrying with them lust and rapine, and had finally been cut off in straggling parties. Columbus thereupon established another fort, and sent to Spain some Indians that they might be taught Castillian, and so serve as interpreters and missionaries amongst their brethren. Thus commenced the slave-trade, which subsequently flourished abundantly.

The gold mines were the great objects of attraction to the Spaniards, and they commenced mining without the necessary knowledge and appliances. Then they took to compelling the natives to work for them, and thus the slave-trade became established. The Indians gradually passed from terror to despair, and soon oppression on the one side, and revenge on the other, led to the direst conse-

quences. In the plains of the Vega Real, the natives collected in large numbers to oppose the Spaniards, but they had nothing except their naked bodies to oppose to the artillery of the invaders. A "horrible carnage" ensued, and all that were taken alive were made slaves. The native chiefs were subsequently captured by force or stratagem. Of their followers, some were killed, some made prisoners and slaves, some fled to the forests and the mountains; and thus the country which had been a few years before smiling, prosperous and peaceful, became a deserted land, in which every native that could be caught was sent off to labour at the mines. Is it any wonder that they thought gold was the god of the Spaniards? They had an extraordinary respect, too, for the metals introduced by the invaders, particularly brass and iron, regarding the bell that summoned the Spaniards to prayers as conversing with them—a *turey*, or heaven-descended thing.

Whilst this scene of devastation was being enacted, a tribute was imposed upon the whole population of Hispaniola. Every native above fourteen years of age was to pay, every three months, a little bell-full of gold, if they lived within the mine provinces; and if not, an *arroba* of cotton. When this tribute was not forthcoming, service was exacted in lieu of it; and thus the system of slavery was firmly established by Spanish law over the entire island.

Unable to protect themselves by force of arms, the miserable islanders fell into the profoundest sadness, and adopted the desparate determination to starve out the invaders by neither sowing nor planting the usual crops. They hoped to find a scanty subsistence for themselves and their families in the forests and on the mountains. The Spaniards suffered severely, but not nearly so severely as the natives themselves; and the end of it was that the latter died in great numbers from hunger, sickness and misery.

Every revolt of the unfortunate natives was a source of joy to the Spaniards, because it furnished them with new slaves.

The blood-hounds, introduced by the Spaniards, became objects of terror to the natives, and from the way in which they were used, began to consider the natives as their lawful prey. A requisition of bread was made upon a part of the island, with which the native chief hastened to comply. With a stick in his hand, he was hurrying forwards the preparations of his followers, some of the Spaniards looking on with their terrible blood-hounds. The dogs were eager to be let loose upon the unarmed natives. "What a thing it would be," exclaimed one of the Spaniards, "if we were to set the dogs at him," pointing to the chief. *Tomola*—"at him"—said another; and the dogs, bursting from their masters, attacked the chief and killed him, tearing him to pieces in the most horrible manner. The natives fled, and "a revolt" was the consequence. There was nothing the Spaniards liked better. The fight soon degenerated into a hunt. Many of the natives had both their hands cut off, and were told to carry back "those letters" to their chiefs, meaning that they should show the mutilation they had suffered, so as to inspire general terror. Nor was it only by twos and threes that they suffered thus. Between six and seven hundred useless prisoners were so treated.

The orders from Spain were that the Indians should be compelled to hear mass, that they should be instructed in the faith, and that they should work for fair wages; but if they avoided having any dealings with the Spaniards, they must be compelled to have such dealings for their souls' welfare!

The fate of Anacaona, queen of Xaragua, a district of Hispaniola, will show how the lessons of Christianity were taught to the simple inhabitants of the island by the pro-

selytizing Spaniards. Anacaona had treated the new-comers well on their first arrival. She is described as having been a woman of great intelligence, of a certain queenly grace, and of pleasant address; whilst the inhabitants of Xaragua were acknowledged to be superior to the other districts of the island in civilization, in cultivation and in refinement.

Some of the lawless Spaniards who roamed about the island, victims of lust, insatiate avarice and idle rapine, had made their way into Xaragua, and conducted themselves so outrageously that the natives slew them in revenge. Two or three of the maurauders escaped to the neighbouring Spanish settlements, and spread the report that the natives of Xaragua had risen "in revolt."

An expedition, consisting of seventy horsemen and three hundred foot soldiers, was fitted out to repress this revolt. The natives were terribly afraid of the horses, never having seen any animals so large before.

Anacaona, with all the fearlessness of innocence, received the Spanish commander with friendly hospitality. She presented him with the best that her territory supplied, and had festivals of singing and dancing in his honour. At the same time she had the circumstances of the lawless outrages and wild revenge explained to him. Ovando, the Spanish general, was disposed to look favourably on the queen and her subjects, but there were those about him who thirsted for rapine. They urged that he had now the means of thoroughly subduing Xaragua, which might not be so easily done in the future, when the natives were better armed and better prepared. Ovando was convinced, and took his measures accordingly.

He ordered a tournament on Sunday, a day the natives never expected any violence, and invited the queen and her caciques to witness the games. They came without suspicion of evil, and, at a signal given by Ovando, the caciques

and their queen were all bound. She alone was led out to Ovando's quarters, and the building in which the caciques had been left bound was set on fire. They all perished in the flames. All that we know of Anacaona's fate is that she was subsequently hanged, and the whole province desolated with fire and sword. Thousands of happy homesteads were destroyed. Women and children were made slaves by hundreds, men were killed or fled to the mountains, and all was rapine and desolation where a few days before all had been peaceful content, enjoyed by a harmless and partially civilized community. The town which Ovando founded in Xaragua subsequently had for its arms an olive-branch, a rainbow and a cross! Las Casas tells us that on one occasion the followers of Ovando hanged up thirteen Indians "in honour and reverence of Christ our Lord and his twelve Apostles," that he saw them hanging, their feet just touching the ground, and that the Spaniards used them as dumb figures on which to try the edge of their swords!

Even this was not the worst cruelty that Las Casas was a witness to. On another occasion he saw some miserable Indians being burnt alive in a sort of wooden cradle. Their cries disturbed the repose of a Spanish captain then taking his siesta in his tent. The captain sent out orders to the Alguazil, who had charge of the execution, to despatch the captives. That officer, however, only gagged the poor sufferers, anxious apparently that no iota of the torture should be lost. "Here I must say for Las Casas," says the historian of the *Spanish Conquest in America*, "that I have not the slightest doubt of the truth of any statement for which he thus vouches."

As early as 1505, the supply of natives in Hispaniola for the mines had begun to fall off, and the importation of Negro slaves from Africa had commenced. Troubles in Spain itself, consequent on the death of Queen Isabella, caused the

West Indies to be neglected, and slaves from other islands were imported into Hispaniola, "in order that they might enjoy the preaching of the true faith and improved polical customs." They died by hundreds annually. A settled gloom and melancholy came over them. They longed for death in order that they might rejoin their fellow-countrymen and their relatives in another world. The Spaniards saw them losing the fear of death with dismay, and, to put a stop to this wasteful destruction of their property, had the heads of the poor natives cut off when they died. This they dreaded; for how should their fellow-countrymen and their relatives recognize them, if they appeared headless amongst them?

When they went to other islands to entrap the unwary natives, the Spaniards represented that they had come from the heaven of their forefathers, and all whom the poor islanders had loved in life were now indulging in the delights of heavenly bliss. They would bring them the Lucayians to join their much-loved ancestors, and even dearer ones than ancestors, who had gone before. The women especially crowded round the ships that were to take them to the regions of the blest. They possessed the virtue of faith in a manner superior to their male relatives. So it has been in all ages. So it is now. Forty thousand were thus entrapped by the Spaniards in five years, of both sexes, and then branded as slaves. When they got to Hispaniola and found out the kind of life to which they were doomed, some lived on in sullen despair, constantly punished for neglecting their work in the mines, some refused sustenance, some fled to mountains and dark caves, and some committed suicide. Who shall tell how many millions of human beings have given themselves up to asceticism, to torture, to a living death, to the violation of all the ties of family and kindred, in order to reach an imaginary heaven by such means,

victims of Buddhism, Mohammedanism and of mistaken Christianity, an imaginary heaven as senseless and as deceptive as that Paradise of the Lucayians in Hispaniola?

When Columbus first landed in Hispaniola in 1492, the island is described as "most populous," the people as quiet, inoffensive, enjoying all the necessaries of life and some of its luxuries, attached to their family relations, and innocent of all cannibalism or human sacrifices. The number of the inhabitants was at that time estimated by Las Casas at twelve hundred thousand. In 1509, Ovando writes to the king of Spain that there are few natives in the island, and the king orders him to bring them from other islands, "as many as may be requisite." And all this devastation and havoc was committed under pretence of bringing the poor natives "into the true Church, as sovereign lady of the world, and under the jurisdiction of the Pope in her name," in order that they might be eternally saved.

When Father Antonio, a Dominican, sent by the humane priests to Spain to plead the cause of the natives, was allowed to plead before the authorities, he mentioned the following fact as one of which he had been a witness:

"Some Spaniards standing beside a river and joking there, looked on whilst one of their number took up a little Indian child, of between one and two years old, and, merely for the amusement of the thing, threw it over the heads of his companions into the water. As the poor little creature rose once or twice to the surface, not an attempt was made to save it, but a bystander exclaimed, 'You boil up, little wretch, do you?'"

Nor was it uncommon for the Spaniards to sell the women, with their unborn infants, the children of those Spaniards themselves, as slaves.

But the earnest pleading of Father Antonio availed little. Most of those surrounding the king were largely interested

in the slave-trade of the West Indies, and the orders sent out sanctioned the slavery and the slave-trade, but provided that there was to be a chapel in every *encomienda* of Indians, in which was to be placed an image of the Virgin Mary and a bell. Prayers were to be read morning and evening, the *Ave Maria*, the *Pater Noster*, the *Credo* and the *Salve Regina.* Thus piously did the authorities of Spain labour for the welfare of the islanders, whilst the Spaniards in the West Indies were perpetrating every cruelty that lust, rapine and covetousness could devise, under the cloak of religion.

When we reflect that the natives of the West Indies, on whom these evils were inflicted, were a harmless, peaceful race, of a prepossessing appearance, a mild expression of countenance, beautiful forms, good complexions, softness of body and gracefulness of carriage, suffering all these miseries for no fault of their own, it naturally rouses our indignation, whilst the pretence of religion as the motive fills us with disgust.

Expeditions to obtain slaves to work the gold mines and to dive for pearls, were subsequently organized on a much larger scale. The north of South America was the favourite hunting-ground. In one of these expeditions, four thousand slaves were collected at an immense sacrifice of human life, and in another, that of Espinosa, a Franciscan monk, Francisco de San Roman by name, assures us that forty thousand human beings perished, either by the sword, by starvation, or by the savage blood-hounds of the Spaniards. Of the number that reached Hispaniola, Francisco does not inform us.

Forty thousand seems almost an incredible number, when the size of the Spanish expedition is considered; but it must be remembered that the Spaniards were armed with weapons irresistible to the poor natives, that the restraints of civi-

lization were thrown off, and the fierce instincts of animal nature were indulged to their uttermost, aided by all the culture and training of arts and appliances far superior to anything witnessed in those territories before. That these atrocities should have been perpetrated under the name of religion renders them all the more infamous.

Benzoni, who gives us an account of the later atrocities of the Spanish conquest of the West Indies, was under the orders of Don Cubagna, the Governor of Hispaniola. He witnessed the horrors he describes. Listen to his account of the slaves torn from the north of South America, when they were landed in Hispaniola to work at the mines: "That miserable band of slaves was indeed a foul and melancholy spectacle to all those who beheld it. Men and women were there, debilitated by hunger and by misery. Their bodies were absolutely naked, and they were lacerated and mutilated by disease and by foul usage. You might see the wretched mother, lost in grief and tears, dragging two or three children after her, or carrying some of them on her neck or shoulders. The whole band was connected together by ropes and by iron chains, round their necks, or arms, or hands. They were exchanged for wine, for corn and other necessaries; nor did these accursed marauders hesitate to make a saleable commodity of that for which a man should be ready to lay down his own life in defence—namely, the child that is about to be born to him." (Benzoni, I. 3.)

The principle on which the Inquisition works is, that the salvation of the spirit may be worked out by the destruction of the flesh, "that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." Thousands of inquisitors have doubtless carried on their diabolical pratices to the bitter end, under the impression that they were working out salvation to some,

and that any amount of torture to the body was a very small matter, an incalculably small matter, in comparison with the salvation of a single immortal soul.

But there is another aspect of the question. Men and women have been tortured to the death that they might be compelled to renounce tenets dearer to the sufferers than life itself, or in the vain attempt to induce them to comply with ceremonies which they regarded as idolatrous.

We regard the recusants as martyrs when thus suffering, and thus enduring to the death, for conscience' sake.

The sufferings of the Albigenses, under Simon de Montfort, were of this character. With an army of cross-bearers—"crusaders"—in A.D. 1260, he took several strong castles, and hanged the miserable defenders and inhabitants on gibbets. He selected from the people of Brom more than a hundred, to make them an example of heresy to the others. He had their eyes torn out and their noses cut off, and then sent them, under escort, to Cabaret, in the neighbourhood, to show to its inhabitants the fate of those who refused to submit and conform. He took Lavaur by storm, hanged Almeric, the governor, and had his sister, Girarda, thrown into the ditch and covered with stones. He afterwards collected all the heretics he could find there, that is, all that were persistent and obstinate in their heresy, and had them burned publicly, with great shouting and rejoicing of his soldiery. At Castrie de Termis, he collected together the wife, sister and daughter of Raymond, the governor, and offered them their lives if they would abjure their heresy and return to the communion of the Church of Rome. They refused to comply, and he had them all burned to death outside the town, with great tumult and shouting amongst his soldiers. These unfortunate victims were martyrs, according to our ideas. They fought to the

death against what they considered to be error and superstition. They were not successful, but their lives were not thrown away.

The wanton barbarities inflicted upon these people produced a storm of indignation in Europe, that materially aided in spreading abroad respect for religious liberty and opposition to the decrees of despotism.

"In hundreds of villages," says Sismondi, "the inhabitants were massacred with a blind fury, the crusaders giving themselves no trouble to ascertain how many of the villagers were heretics. In the course of a single year, we are told, a hundred thousand men were poured into Languedoc, to burn, massacre and destroy, without mercy. No calculation can ascertain, with any degree of precision, the destruction of human life, or the waste of property, caused by this crusade against the Albigenses. Every species of injustice, all kinds of tortures and outrages, persecutions of every description, were heaped upon the heads of the unhappy inhabitants of Languedoc, under the general name of Albigenses."

It is now two hundred years since the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and liberty of conscience denied in France. The history of the Huguenots teaches us the same lesson as that of the Albigenses. The whole tale of the struggle of the reformed religion in France is full of pathos and romance. In no country has persecution been more unscrupulously applied to root out a proscribed religious belief. Yet for a hundred years or more, at unequal intervals, a small minority of Protestants kept up a determined struggle in support of liberty of conscience.

The Reformation in France was not supported by the civil power, as in England and Germany. Its adherents, therefore, were sincere. Their faith was the result of earnest conviction.

The Huguenots, whose name is supposed to be derived from a corruption of the German *eidgenossen*, or confederates, were in direct opposition to the regal power and the Catholic hierarchy. The Edict of Nantes, issued by Henry IV., allowed the Huguenots freedom of worship. Louis XIV., acting under the advice of Madame de Maintenon, revoked it in 1685, and England benefitted incalculably by the flight of thousands of the most skilful artizans of France to her shores.

Men were condemned to the galleys, and women to monastic prisons, simply because they dared to differ in religious opinion from that held by the Court. But fanaticism was not content with the galleys and the monastic prisons. A general massacre of the Reformers was planned. The French populace, the burghers of Paris, "did not like the idea at first," says Brantome, "but, being threatened, they promised they would keep St. Bartholomew right well." Admiral Coligny and a thousand others were brutally murdered in their bed-rooms, and altogether it is said that seventy thousand persons perished throughout France on that terrible night. No wonder that the conscience-stricken king told his physicians afterwards—"It seems to me every moment, waking as well as sleeping, that those massacred corpses keep appearing to me, with their faces all hideous and covered with blood. I wish the helpless and the innocent had not been included in the massacre."

It is by cataclysms of this kind that the moral progress of mankind is worked out in the long run, just as in the material world, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, storms, inundations and avalanches, work out the physical ends of nature.

But to return to the Inquisition. It is well for us, in these days of political and religious liberty, to reflect on the manner in which that liberty was achieved. We have

little to suffer in support of what we conceive to be truth, in comparison with that which those of old suffered to uphold their convictions. The sufferings of the early Christians were scarcely more terrible than those of the heretics of later days. Both surrendered themselves to persecution and death to maintain what they considered to be the truth. In all countries and in all religions there have been such, and it is difficult to estimate their devotion too highly.

If the accused failed to satisfy the inquisitors, he was conducted, in Spain, into a hall, lighted with lamps, at one end of which sat, on a raised platform, the inquisitors, the inspector and the notary. The executioner was clothed in such a way as to inspire the accused with terror. He was covered all over with a black linen garment, down to his feet, his head hidden with a black hood, through which two small holes alone permitted him to see. His hands were similarly covered with black sleeves. Such executioners were chosen only from the race of "ancient Christians," those whose forefathers had been orthodox Christians for many generations!

The accused was then stripped of all raiment except a pair of linen drawers, nor was any favour shown in this respect to the female sex. Cords fastened the hands behind the back, the wrists being bound together, and weights attached to the feet. By a rope passed under the wrists, the unfortunate victim was raised by means of a pulley. The weight of the body and that of the additional weights attached to the feet were kept suspended, causing mortal agony to the sufferer, till all the joints of the frame were stretched to the utmost, and often the bones dislocated.

If the order was issued, "Let the criminal be interrogated by torture," a jerk was given to the rope, which allowed the body to fall suddenly, but without touching the floor. A terrible wrench was thus given to the entire frame, arms

and legs were often disjointed, and the sufferer was put to the most exquisite pain.

Questions were then asked, which, if not satisfactorily answered, caused the miserable criminal, falsely so called, to undergo further and fiercer tortures. "Let the criminal be *severely* tortured," was an order followed by a succession of terrible raisings and sudden falls, enough to dislocate the entire frame. If "very severely" was ordered, additional weights were attached to the feet, and, by means of the pulley above, the sufferer was alternately raised and allowed to drop, till death seemed imminent, and often occurred under the infliction.

Nor was this the only species of torture. With the legs made fast in iron stocks, a pot of red-hot charcoal was brought near to the soles of the feet, which were previously rubbed with oil to make the sufferings more intense, and during this torture questions were asked. If confession and recantation were promised, a board was put between the brazier and the feet till the required confession and recantation were extorted. If the confession and recantation were not considered satisfactory, then the torture was renewed.

Of the rack, as an instrument of torture, there were several varieties in the Inquisition. The commonest was a plank with windlass attached, with pulleys at both ends. The prisoner was stretched on this plank, and iron rings attached to feet and wrists. By means of ropes and the pulleys, these rings were drawn tightly, and the limbs to which they were attached were dragged apart, often till dislocation of all the members ensued, producing extreme agony to the sufferer.

Red-hot irons were often applied to the breasts and to the soles of the feet; cords were twisted round the thumbs so tightly that blood was forced from under the nails;

canes were put between the fingers, and the fingers were then pressed in a vice closely together, so as to dislocate the joints and cause exquisite suffering.

These were some of the inflictions endured by those whose crime was that they had not been brought up to believe exactly the same things as their torturers, or else had honestly forsaken the old belief and conscientiously adopted a different faith. O Religion, what barbarities have been inflicted in thy name!

Let us take one example out of many to show what has been endured on principle for faith's sake, for conscience' sake.

Donna Maria Bohorques was a noble lady of Seville. In 1569 she was twenty-one years of age. She had been carefully educated. Don Juan Gil, Bishop of Tortosa, had taught her Latin and Greek. She had been devout from her earliest youth, and made herself perfectly acquainted with the Gospels and with the usual manuals of faith. The writings of the Reformers had been studied by her, and she believed in a Lutheran sense the doctrines of good works, justification by faith, the sacraments, and the characteristics of the true Church.

Her heresy became known to the ecclesiastics, and she was arrested and thrown into the secret dungeons of the Inquisition. There she avowed the doctrines imputed to her, and defended them with energy and zeal against the arguments of the priests sent to convert her. She had courage as well as energy, and told them that instead of seeking to punish her for her belief, they would show more reverence for the truth if they followed her example.

Donna Maria was put to the torture to make her confess the names of those who had been instrumental in causing her change of faith. But the rack wrung nothing from her

but the assertion that the Bible and the works of the Reformers had been the instruments of her conversion.

Broken in body, but unsubdued in mind, she was conducted or carried back to her cell, and there two Jesuit and two Dominican Fathers successively laboured to bring her back by argument to the Established Church. They were interested by her beauty and her sufferings, and were anxious to save her from the awful fate that awaited her, death by fire, in an *auto da fé*. Donna Maria listened to all of them with civility, although suffering bodily tortures that were enough to have utterly subdued a weaker spirit. To the professions they made of being interested in the welfare of her soul, she answered that they might be sincere, but that they must not suppose she, the party most interested, felt less concern about it than they did. She was ready to suffer to the death rather than renounce what she believed to be the truth. She came to the prisons of the Inquisition, she said, fully satisfied as to the orthodoxy of the creed she professed, and she had been confirmed in that belief by the futility of their arguments.

There was no possible means of saving her. She was condemned to be burnt alive. Clothed in the usual garment appointed for that purpose, with flames of fire pictured on it in every direction, she was led to the stake, whilst an immense concourse attended to see her burnt. Some pitied her youth and beauty. Some regarded the spectacle just as they would a bull-fight or a scene at the opera.

Don Juan Ponce de Leon, one of her friends, who had saved his own life by abjuring the heresies of Lutheranism, was permitted to talk with her as she drew near the stake. He exhorted her to follow his example. She listened to him with contempt, and then told him that the time for controversy was at an end. She wished to occupy the few

minutes which remained to her of life in meditating on the death of her Redeemer, in order to confirm that faith by which alone she could be saved.

The bishop who superintended the *auto da fé* offered her a milder death by strangulation, before being burned, if she would simply repeat the Creed. This she did, but, having finished it, she began immediately to explain her sense of its truths, that is, the sense of the Reformers. Whilst she was thus engaged, at a signal from the bishop, she was seized by the executioner and strangled, her body subsequently being committed to the flames.

Such was the heroism displayed by a young and beautiful woman in support of what she conceived to be the truth. It is by such heroism that the dearest rights of our common humanity have been achieved, and liberty of conscience secured.

I do not particularize the sufferings of the married sister of Donna Maria, Donna Johanna by name, because the bare recital of them would be regarded as horrible and sensational in these days. Suffice it to say that her infant was born in the dungeons of the Inquisition, that eight days afterwards the child was removed from her for ever, that fifteen days afterwards she was broken on the wheel, under which torture she expired.

In the long fight between good and evil, truth and falsehood, the noble and the ignoble, there is no chapter more touching than that which narrates the sufferings of the victims of the Inquisition.

CHAPTER VI.

GREED.

Slavery—Patriarchal—Greek and Roman—Negro slavery—The slave-trade—The horrors of the middle passage—Cannibalism to supply the slaves with food on the Araganti—Mr. Stanley's visit to a slave camp—Emancipation in Brazil—Slavery in Morocco and China.

THE servants of whom we read in the Old Testament were slaves. They were slaves either born in the family or bought with a price. We are told that Abraham had three hundred and eighteen of these in his own household, and we see the wealth and power of the old patriarchs constantly measured by their number. "Both thy bondmen and bondmaids," said Moses, "shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you" (Levit. xxv. 44, 46). So that slavery was a recognized institution amongst the Israelites. And so was it amongst the Chaldæans, the Arabians, the Egyptians and the Greeks. Homer describes the prisoners of war as condemned immediately to slavery, without distinction of rank. In the *Odyssey* we find Ulysses representing himself as having narrowly escaped the Phœnician cruisers who kidnapped unoffending travellers and made slaves of them to supply foreign markets.

Alexander, when he destroyed Thebes, sold all the in-

habitants—men, women and children, into slavery. And yet they were all Greeks! The history of the slaves in Sparta shows us how barbarously these slaves were treated, having been often wounded and butchered for their masters' amusement. The youths of Lacedæmon were often let loose upon them to show their proficiency in stratagem, in sword-exercise, in slaughter. Three thousand slaves thus lost their lives in a single night, to satisfy the blood-thirsty instincts of their masters, not by any violation of the law, but in accordance with it.

In Athens and Rome, slaves were better treated than in Sparta; but in Euripides we find Hecuba complaining that she was chained like a dog at the gate of Agamemnon, when she was a captive and a slave; so that the treatment of slaves, even when princesses, at Mycenæ, must have been cruel in the extreme. Cassandra was better treated by Agamemnon, but Cassandra was young and Hecuba was old.

Nor was the treatment of slaves in Rome either generous or humane, according to our modern ideas. The Romans were a cruel people, cruel in their revenge and in their amusements. A slave was frequently chained at the gate of a great man's house to give admittance to the guests invited to the feast. At certain sacred shows during the early years of the Commonwealth, it was customary to drag through the circus a slave who had been scourged to death, holding in his hand a fork in the form of a gibbet. This was probably a propitiatory religious rite.

Pollio, the friend of Augustus Cæsar, was in the habit of feeding his fishes with human flesh, offending slaves being condemned by him to that use. Augustus found it out by accident. A slave of Pollio broke a crystal cup inadvertently, in the presence of Augustus, and seeing his master frown, he threw himself at the feet of the emperor, and begged

that he might not be condemned to be devoured by fishes. Augustus inquired into the matter, and finding that such was Pollio's barbarous custom, he had all his crystal cups broken and his fish-ponds filled up. The lampreys were no longer allowed to feast on human flesh. But Pollio was not punished further for his cruelty.

Fabius, when he reduced Tarentum, sold thirty thousand of the inhabitants into slavery; and Julius Cæsar, at a later period, sold fifty-three thousand slaves to the highest bidders. What incalculable human misery is implied in these statements of fact! and yet facts of this kind are common in ancient history. All the children of slaves were the property of the masters, who could dispose of them absolutely as they pleased. Neither the parents nor the state could interfere. The history of Rome is full of accounts of torture inflicted on offending slaves, the offence often trivial and the punishment terrible to think of.

The numbers of slaves belonging to the rich patricians was almost incredible. Caius Cecilius Isidorus, who died shortly before the Christian era, left 4116 slaves to his heirs; and if any of these wretched beings made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, they were branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron. Even suspicion of their intention to make such an attempt was sufficient to cause this indignity to be inflicted on them by their cruel overseers.

Domophilus, in Sicily, shut up his slaves at night in close prisons, whence they were led out in droves, like cattle, to work in the fields in the morning. Nor did the humane edicts of Augustus and other benevolent emperors do much to mitigate the sad lot of the slaves, till Christianity became a power in the state, and its mild spirit was felt by the rulers and partially acted upon.

The twenty thousand pairs of fetters found by Agathocles in the camp of Hanno and Bomilcar, after his great victory,

are suggestive of the fate intended for the captives, if his enemies had been successful.

The history of Sicily is full of tyranny, oppression, torture, assassination and every form of human misery, from the expedition of Nicias, four hundred years before Christ, to the celebrated Sicilian Vespers in A.D. 1282.

In Britain, up to the time of Alfred, the purchase of a man, a horse or an ox, was all legally on the same footing. Female slaves were regular articles of barter, their price being regulated by age, appearance and household experience.

It was reserved, however, for modern times to bring the traffic in human beings to its fullest development, a development involving an amount of cruelty and suffering unexampled perhaps in the history of mankind. The kindly and benevolent ecclesiastic, Las Casas, who did his best to protect the innocent Caribs from the rapacity and cruel fanaticism of the Spaniards, proposed to the Court of Spain that Negroes should be brought from Africa to work in the West Indies. This proposition he made to save the natives of the newly-discovered islands and continent from the grinding slavery to which they were reduced by the Spaniards under the pretence of religious zeal. Las Casas appears to have believed the Negroes could endure hardships, and thrive under them, which proved fatal to the milder Caribs, and in this he was right.

From small beginnings the trade in Negroes rapidly grew to importance. Spaniards, Portuguese, French and English engaged in it. The mainland from Virginia to Brazil, and the West-India Islands from Cuba to Trinidad, were liberally supplied with the natives of Africa, who were bought and sold to work the mines, to cultivate the ground, to act as porters, servants, fishermen and artizans. For more than a hundred and fifty years the trade was a recog-

nized one, involving great risk certainly, but yielding also large profits. In 1745, grants of land were made in Jamaica to British subjects, on condition that a certain number of Negro slaves should be settled thereon within stated periods, otherwise the patent was to become void.

In 1786, British vessels took from Africa to the Western continent forty-two thousand slaves; whilst France, Spain, Portugal, Holland and Denmark, were all actively engaged in the same unholy traffic, France alone conveying twenty thousand.

The very next year, 1787, the abuses of the slave-trade were so monstrous and so patent that they were vigorously denounced in the British Parliament, and that virtuous agitation was commenced which ended in the emancipation of the slave in all British possessions, at a money sacrifice which the world wondered at. In 1807, the trade in slaves was virtually abolished, and it was then calculated that three millions and a half of human beings had been shipped from Africa to become slaves in the West-India Islands alone, whilst more than ten millions were calculated to have been used up on the continent. France abolished the slave trade in 1815; and in 1833, England liberated 770,280 human beings, at an expense of twenty millions sterling.

Treaties were made successively with France, Spain, the Netherlands and Brazil, to put a stop to the traffic in slaves. That traffic became illegal; and as greed still led unprincipled men to carry over Negroes from Africa to be sold as slaves in America, all the horrors of the middle passage were enacted. The slaves were crowded together like inferior animals; they were treated with unparalleled barbarity, and thousands lost their lives. But if only one-fourth the number embarked could be safely landed in America, the traffickers in human lives were amply recom-

pensed for their ventures. The other three-fourths would be tossed overboard into the ocean without pity or remorse.

The chiefs in Africa got their cargoes ready for the slavers according to their requirements, attacking and destroying villages in the dead of night, and killing many more of the inhabitants than they were able to capture as slaves. Those taken were chained together and marched towards the coast, the men subjected to blows and torture for the smallest offences, and the women "the victims of the brutal lust of their drivers." In this way thirty per cent. usually perished before they reached the coast. Those who were too weak to continue the march had their ears cut off as tallies, and were then left to die.

In these dreadful marches to the coast, death was to be viewed under every aspect and in all its horrors—the strong man dying as he had fought, conquered but not enslaved; the woman, with her little one, staggering from her hiding-place, and dying in a last effort of maternal tenderness to save her infant; here a poor wretch, mortally wounded, and yet compelled to drag himself along, whilst fastened to others by a rope of hide by day, or with his head in a forked stick, and confined by fetters at night, lies down to die. He has found one friend in the waste, and that friend is death.

The fainting wretches, stumbling along, as they walk painfully, travelling from morn to night, often without a morsel of food, drop on all sides from exhaustion. Men or women, all are treated alike; the cruel whip compels them to make another and yet another effort, till nature can no more; and, regardless of brutal treatment, of unnameable outrages, of torture and barbarity, they lie down to die. Silence and terror reign around. The unhappy females who are the victims of this nefarious traffic, says Buxton, are compelled to drain the cup of misery to the very dregs.

Arrived at the coast, children were worth forty to fifty shillings, girls from fifty to eighty, and able-bodied men from eighty to a hundred. If the vessel were not ready, and the traders found it difficult to feed their captives, the sickly, old and infirm were first weeded out, and slaughtered, as was most convenient, sometimes by drowning in a river, sometimes by having their brains beaten out. Sir Fowell Buxton (p. 119) tells us of an English captain who saw two hundred and fifty of these miserable creatures, chained heavily together by twenties, at Loando, who were picking up bones, garbage from refuse heaps, snails from the fields, frogs from the ditches, sea-weed from the shore—anything, however repulsive, that they thought would prolong their miserable lives.

And who shall tell the horrors endured by those who were shipped off to be sold in America? They suffered but too often from want of water; they were dreadfully crowded in vessels without any appliances for decency or comfort; they suffered from an intolerable heat and thirst in a hold without ventilation, exposed to a tropical sun. And then there was, in addition, the cruelty inseparable from the traffic itself, which made men savage, and taught them to inflict unnecessary cruelty as a part of their trade, priding themselves on their callousness to human suffering.

The effort of the slave-captain was to land as many as he could in America. It was not possible for him to distinguish the healthy from the unhealthy slaves in the barracoons. Consequently, if his vessel could take three hundred slaves when moderately crowded, he would stow away four hundred and fifty, knowing that those not likely to live out the voyage would soon sicken and die. As soon as signs of weakness were exhibited, they were separated if practicable from the others, and as little as possible of the food wasted on them. They died and were thrown overboard.

Those whose constitutions were strong enough to stand the first crowding and rough usage were usually landed alive.

But the packing of the slaves on board was often so terrible that it is wonderful any of them survived. I have already said if one-fourth could be landed the enterprize paid. We are told by Mr. Cliffe that boys and girls were often laid parallel on their sides, so as to occupy as little room as possible. If they did not lie evenly, a plank was put over them, and a sailor stood on it to jam them down, so as to make them fit more compactly. They were often packed in, even the grown-up slaves, on their sides, laid in, heads amongst arms and legs, so that it was difficult, till they became emaciated, for one to get up alone. They could only turn from side to side by all the section turning together. The weak ones died and were thrown out, and then there was more room for the living.

When the slave vessels were pursued by the English cruisers, the captains of the slaves often had their unfortunate captives tied together two and two and thrown into the sea. This, of course, was to avoid the penalty to which they were liable if taken with slaves on board. Instances have been known in which the unfortunate slaves were cooped up in casks, and so thrown overboard, to make detection less likely.

One vessel, the Kentucky, had taken a cargo of slaves on board at Imhaubane. The following day, the Negroes rose upon the officers and crew. A majority of the men got their irons off, broke through the bulk-head, and thus got into the forecastle. Upon this, the captain armed his men with cutlasses, and got all the muskets and pistols he had on board loaded. The crew on deck were firing down upon the insurgent slaves below for half-an-hour or more. "The sailors were chiefly Brazilians, and seemed to enjoy the fun." In a little more than half-an-hour the insurrection

was quelled, and the slaves were brought on deck eight or ten at a time. They were all put in irons again and sent below, except seven or eight who remained on deck. The dead were thrown overboard, and next morning Captain Fonseca held a court-martial. The result of that court-martial was, that forty-six men and one woman were hung or shot, and thrown overboard. Those who were condemned to death were chained two together, and so executed. In one or two instances, a man not condemned to death was already chained to one condemned. A rope was put round the neck of the condemned, and he was drawn up clear of the deck beside the bulwarks. His leg was laid across the rails and chopped off, in order to save the irons and release him from his companion, who was obliged to lift up his leg to allow of the release.

Capt. Milne, in the *Friend of the African* (p. 64), thus describes the venture of the Araganti. It shows what slave-masters were capable of doing, and with his narrative I close this chapter of horrors. "The Araganti left the coast of Africa with a cargo of five hundred slaves. The supply of provisions she carried was only sufficient for her crew. A small amount of rice alone was in excess for the slaves. There was no special reason why the usual supply of food for the slaves should not have been shipped. Supplies of water are oftened delayed till the last moment, but there was every facility for obtaining the usual stores of food long before the Araganti left the coast of Africa.

"The manner in which the slaves on board the Araganti were supplied with food was at once horrible and novel. It rendered the deaths that occurred on board during the voyage no loss. They were so much property utilized. The owners of the Araganti argued that to lay out money on freight, food and risks, and to have some profit at the end of the voyage, the slave must be worth more than the

food he consumes. But this applies to healthy slaves only, to those able to withstand the crowding in the hold, the intense heat, the foul odours, the want of ventilation, and the chains. The sickly slaves, they argued, those who died on the passage, were worth less than nothing. They consumed food which yielded no return, and by overcrowding the vessel endangered the lives of those likely to survive.

"It is hardly possible to imagine anything more fiendish than the conduct of the captain and crew of the Araganti, conduct evidently the result of instructions from the owners.

"The rice was husbanded. The sickly slaves, those not likely to stand the voyage, were chosen out and slaughtered —just as oxen might have been slaughtered—to provide food for those likely to survive. They were cut in pieces, cooked just as any other meat might have been cooked, and were served out, with a little rice, to the miserable captives below.

"How many of them were thus utilized it is impossible to say; but when the Araganti was captured, only three hundred and twenty slaves remained alive on board. Five hundred were originally shipped."

When the miserable victims of cruelty and oppression arrived in America, they had usually to be carried ashore from the vessel, being quite unable to stand or walk. The muscles had lost their power, the eye was void of expression. In some instances, twenty-five per cent. of the slaves died during the passage; in others, fifty. There were instances in which all had perished, but those were of course exceptional.

It may be asked, Why recapitulate these horrors, now happily past? I answer that it is right Englishmen should be reminded what the slave-trade is, because it still exists. It is right that we should remember the cruelties it perpetrates upon mankind, because similar cruelties are still inflicted—

cruelties equal in atrocity, although not connected with shipping and the seas. It is right we should remember how the trade in slaves renders the heart callous to human suffering, and the hands swift to inflict torture for greed.

Africa still occupies a large share in the attention and energy of nations, as it did fifty years ago. In the Congo Valley there is a joint European enterprize on the largest scale; and, in addition to this, all the great nations of Europe are deeply engaged, each on its own account, in opening up that much-neglected continent. The interests of England from Egypt to the Cape forbid it to be idle or apathetic in this grand enterprize.

The Germans, undeterred by the troubles in which African statesmanship has involved other nations, are prosecuting with energy their schemes of colonization on the eastern coast. The German East African Society has laid claim to a large area of the mountainous region of Kilima-Njaro. The Sultan of Zanzibar maintains that these chiefs are his tributaries, and claims priority of sovereignty; and the questions of jurisdiction thus raised are of extreme difficulty and obscurity. It is for the interest of England that civilization should spread, and the more civilized powers are interested in the interior, the more likely will be the downfal of the infamous slave-trade in the interior.

The country which made so noble a sacrifice to put down the Atlantic slave-trade can hardly remain indifferent to that which still thrives in the interior of Africa. General Gordon told us that the slave routes in the Soudan were thickly strewn with the skulls and skeletons of those who died on the terrible march to the coast. He could have collected in many places, he says, piles of skulls, six feet high, within short spaces. Mr. Felkin confirms all that General Gordon writes on the subject, and gives details of the treatment of women and girls too horrible to be detailed.

Livingstone estimated the loss of human life in this slave-catching and slave-driving at half-a-million annually.

The following account given by Mr. Stanley of what he witnessed in Central Africa, shows what the slave-trade is now. It is abridged from his book, *The Congo*, Vol. II. ch. xxx.

An Arab raid for slaves had just been made before his arrival at Yaporo. The whole country round had been laid waste by these stealers of women and children, the men having been murdered and the villages destroyed by fire. The guns of the Arab banditti enabled them to destroy without fear of retaliation. As they drew near to the river banks, the boatmen on the steamer saw the bodies of two women bound together with cord, killed apparently some twelve hours previously. It was a fitting introduction to the horrors subsequently witnessed.

When he visited the camp of the slave-hunters, Mr. Stanley saw lines of naked forms standing or moving about or lying down, naked bodies stretched under miserable sheds, all women and children, chained together by twenties. Youths had iron rings round their necks, through which chains were riven, and smaller children had copper rings on their legs. Their mothers were secured by iron links falling in festoons over their breasts, and there was not one adult male amongst the miserable captives. Scarcely a square foot of ground was to be found that was not littered with something, piles of peelings of the banana and the cassava, paddles and scoops, and baling vessels, and shreds of crockery, gourds, nets, mugs and mallets.

The smell from this miserable mass of suffering humanity was well-nigh intolerable; washing was impossible, and all sanitary arrangements, as well as all decency, were banished. The eyes of the captives gleamed forth in a state of utter and supreme wretchedness.

"I walked about as in a dream," says Mr. Stanley. "I saw through the darkness of the night the stealthy forms of the murderers creeping towards the doomed village, its inmates all asleep, and no sounds issuing from the gloom but the drowsy hum of chirping cicadas and distant frogs—when suddenly flash the light of brandished torches; the sleeping village is involved in flames; volleys of musketry lay low the frightened and astonished people, sending many of them, through a short minute of agony, to that soundless sleep from which there is no waking."

There were 2300 captives in this human fold of misery, and for every one of the captives, Mr. Stanley calculates that six human beings had been murdered. A country was ravaged as large as Ireland, its villages destroyed, its fields laid waste. "How many wounded die in the forest, or droop to death afterwards, through an overwhelming sense of their calamities, we do not know. From a territory with a million of inhabitants, the Arab slave-hunters secured 5000 captives and slaughtered 33,000 human beings."

The means by which food was obtained for these wretched slaves, and the distribution of it, were as terrible as the capture, a daily lingering torture. The old women alone were taken out to forage for food—naked old women, guarded by armed men; and it was their business to dig out the cassava tuber from the ground, or to search for the banana, under the threats, abuse and blows of the escort. Not much food could be obtained in this manner; and when it was brought into camp, it was thrown down before the groups of twenties chained together, who scrambled for it often in a death-struggle. "Many of the poor captives had already been fettered for months, and their bones stood out in bold relief through the attenuated skin, which hung down in thin wrinkles and puckers. The large eyes and sunken cheeks proclaimed their misery."

Every second during which he regarded them, Mr. Stanley heard the clink of fetters and of chains. He saw continually the uplifted hand to ease the collar pressing on the neck, or displaying a manacle that chafed a limb or was cutting into a muscle, from its unfitness as to size.

The wolfish, bloody, ravenous instincts of the Arab slave-hunters were the cause of all this human suffering. The captives were to be bartered profitably away to other Arabs, and their abundance of guns and gunpowder enabled three hundred miscreants to cause all this variety of human suffering, all this waste of human life, all this degradation of helpless and innocent women and children. It is a fearful record of greed, and consequent misery. In the warfare of life, it is one of the most harrowing pictures, and its details are amongst the most abhorrent and repulsive.

England is more interested in Africa than any other of the civilized powers of the world; England has made more sacrifices to put down slavery and the slave-trade than any other power; it is therefore incumbent on England to make an effort to wipe out this great blot from the map of the dark continent. The facts only require to be made known to enlist the sympathies of the English nation, and Mr. Stanley assures us that a few thousand pounds a-year, judiciously expended, will enable him to remove this blot. It is not a matter of great national sacrifice, it is not a matter calling for armed intervention on the part of the Government; it is only a matter of a few thousands a-year diverted from luxury and frivolity to the welfare of humanity. I cannot think that the appeal will be made in vain.

In Brazil, where the slaves have generally been better treated of late years than in most other countries, energetic measures are now being taken for their emancipation.

By a Bill which has recently passed both Houses of the Legislature, all slaves of more than sixty years of age are

to be declared free at once. Those remaining are to be divided into classes, according to age and value. In sixteen years from this year, 1886, the Bill provides that all of them shall be free. As they grow older, after reaching the age of the class of the next lower price, they are to be graded into that class.

The present emancipation fund is to be maintained, and an additional fund is to be created, by a tax of five per cent. on all the public revenues, except those derived from exports. The slave-owners will be indemnified by the payment to them of five-per-cent. policies, equal in amount to one-half the value of each slave. When they become free, they will be obliged to work for three years at their old homes, at fair wages, so as to accustom them to the new conditions of life; and this service is to be taken as compensation for the other half of their value. The great majority of the slaves will thus be free in seven years.

In all this we see the effects of the example of Europe and the spread of enlightened public opinion.

Slavery, in its worst form, appears to exist at the present day equally in Morocco and in China. The owner in both countries has absolute power over the unfortunate slave, male or female, power extending even to the taking of life, if the master so wills, without protection from the law, and without any possible appeal on the part of the slave. Nothing but self-interest restrains the owner.

"The existence of slavery as a recognized institution in Chinese domestic life," says Miss Gordon Cumming, in her *Wanderings in China*, "was to me altogether a new idea. I now learn that it is a most real fact—a system of absolute hereditary slavery, from which there is no possibility of escape for three generations, though the great grandson of the original slave is entitled to purchase his freedom, if he can raise a sum equal to the price at which his master

values him. The slave market is supplied from the families of rebels and of poor persons, who in hard times are driven to sell their sons and daughters. Many also are the children of gamblers, who are sold to pay gambling debts. A large number have been kidnapped from distant homes, and though this offence is criminal, it is constantly practised.

"Under pressure of extreme poverty, girls are sometimes sold at about one pound each; but the average price of both sexes ranges from ten to twenty pounds, according to health, strength, beauty and age. Before a purchase is effected, the slave, male or female, is minutely examined, and made to go through his or her paces, to prove soundness in all respects. Should the result be satisfactory, the purchaser becomes absolute owner of soul and body. He can sell his slave again at any moment and for any purpose; or should he see fit to beat him to death or to drown him, no law can touch him, for the slave is simply his chattel, and possesses no legal rights whatever. Instances have actually come to light in which ladies have thus beaten their female slaves to death, but the action is looked upon as an extravagant waste of saleable property."

So is it also in Morocco, and so was it in India before British occupation put an end to this and other similar abuses, which had been countenanced by the Moslem rulers, and which had flourished under their sovereignty.

CHAPTER VII.

HEROISM.

The enthusiast—Courage and patience—The lessons of the past—Mystery of life and death—False heroism—The law of progress—True heroism—John Howard and Mrs. Fry—Reasons for hope.

THE web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill alternately. We live as much perhaps in the future as in the present. We are constantly thinking of what is to be. Man never is, but always *to be* blest. The past, the present and the future, are the elements of eternity. From the past and present proceeds the future. Induction is the natural course of progress, and all the teaching of philosophy, in these latter years, is in favour of induction. From the time of Bacon to that Darwin, induction has been held up as the only method of progress.

Yet deduction, which is often the daughter of induction, is also an important element of progress, although too much neglected now. Thought gives birth to induction, as emotion gives birth to deduction. In crude and superstitious faiths, awe, fear and love, have often led the ignorant to right living and right acting. The presumptuous and self-confident man, relying on his intellect only, has too often made shipwreck of his faith and thrown off all the restraints of morality. Revelation may be defined as the result of quick,

intuitive insight into truth—truth concealed from the vain and the presumptuous. It is a lifting of the veil, the deductive powers of the mind acting intuitively.

Religious creeds cause these grand natural intuitions, these revelations, to crystallize. Past experiences are idealized. Facts are related by the seers, not as they actually occurred, but as they appeared to enthusiastic disciples. These facts were thus represented to teach certain grand lessons. The volcanic throes and eruptions of the physical world were like the destruction and establishment of creeds in the spiritual. Ruin, death and individual woe, were too often the consequence; but grand results followed. A new country might be opened up in the one case, realms won from the sea, infinite capabilities of corn-cultivation and pasturage. Food-producing and life-sustaining areas were developed. And so, too, was it in the spiritual world. Errors overthrown, old creeds uprooted, cherished faiths forsaken, cause infinite individual suffering; but, in the end, new truths shine forth, illumining the dark and uncertain path of life. Man gets a glimpse of some light ahead that cheers him amid the stunning turmoil of earthly labour, and he treads firmly in assured faith towards a goal that he sees with his mind's eye, all full of light and glory.

If creeds are elastic and able to accommodate themselves to the exigencies of the times, and to reconcile themselves with newly-ascertained truths, they live. Otherwise they die, and misery to thousands is the dire result. New experiences, scientific discoveries, deductions unknown before, are constantly cropping up, and the creed that cannot assimilate them must die. Man is impatient only because he lives in the present. Nature will not be limited in time as to her developments. In the working out of her grand schemes, a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years; but man is restless and flurried. He

wants all done and decided now and at once. He will not wait patiently for the developments of nature. He sits down and embraces pessimism, and will not be comforted.

Courage and patience are the lessons taught us by the past. We must not be restless and flurried. We must give Nature her own time. Our restlessness and impatience will work out no good end. It took probably a hundred thousand years to bring man to his present condition of development. Shall we fret and fume because the pace is too slow? To what purpose? Rather shall we not argue, if so much has already been done, will not more be done? The great struggle is to produce the perfect man. But for this perfect man, perfect knowledge is necessary, and God knows we are far enough from that yet. When that perfect knowledge is attained, inordinate desire will die out, and man will be perfect intellectually.

Existence is now full of things we cannot understand. There are combinations, transformations and surprises, great and small, all around us and about us, which we can by no means comprehend. There is the medusa, a young hydrozoon, first a free germ, like a grain of rice, and then a cup with four lips; then the lips turn into tentacles, and it becomes a hyaline flower; the calyx splits into segments, and it becomes a pine-cone, crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments, such as you may see any day in any of our numerous aquaria. After that, the cone changes into a series of sea-daisies, threaded on the most delicate stalks. Then each of them, one by one, breaks off and floats away, and each one becomes in its turn a perfect little medusa, with purple bell and trailing tentacles.

The whole process is inexplicable to us. And what then? Shall we sit down and cry because we cannot understand it? Shall we not rather nerve ourselves for observation and discovery, consoling ourselves with the

reflection that a thousand things inexplicable to man in times gone by are now plain and clear; that wonderful advances have been made in the knowledge of nature and of nature's ways, and that this too will probably some day be understood?

But there is a grand lesson under all this which the dullest may read in passing, and that is, that all life is imperishable,—life, animal and vegetable, the germ of the mighty monarch of the forest, and the egg of the most insignificant of our birds.

But each stage of this multitudinous and multifarious life requires its own special powers to apprehend it, and none others can. All that we have learned of life and death and human development in the past has been rather guess-work than ascertained fact. Errors have been so mixed up with our earliest convictions on these subjects, that it is almost impossible to see distinctly. We see only through a glass darkly.

Ancestral error and gloom shut us in on every side. We know only the existences and appearances around us and about us, not as they really are, but as they have been taught to us from earliest infancy. Childlike faith has made it all real and truthful to us, and yet it is full of error. We cannot conceive of spiritual existence if we would, because of this erroneous teaching. Death is made gloomy and terrible to us, when it ought to be glorious and exhilarating. It is the casting off of the old earthly slough, and the putting on of the ethereal and spiritual—a glorious change, that we welcome with funereal gloom, and black palls, and weeping.

The ethereal body may be as real as our earthly, but we cannot form any adequate conception of it as we are now. All analogy, however, leads us to the conclusion that the change brought by death will be as noble, as superior, as

that brought by birth, from the dark confinement of the womb, to light, intelligence and progress.

The very physical features of the vicinity of Jerusalem still cause gloom and sadness in thousands of minds. Gehenna, the valley on the south-east of Jerusalem, was full of refuse. That refuse was burned with fire; there "the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." It was an unsophisticated way of getting rid of refuse. And yet thousands, nay millions, have tortured themselves for centuries, in applying this physical feature of Jerusalem to the torture of their own souls?

Death, so far as we know, does not stay the development of the individual, but only our perception of it in another. Sleep does the same, yet we have no fear of sleep.

Influences and forces are all around us in nature, imperceptible to our senses, and yet real and active, such as magnetism, for instance, which, invisible to us, makes the needle turn. We see all around us and about us that there is a continuity of evolution and development; why should that evolution and development be arrested by death?

Why do not the blessed spirits help us in our conflict with evil on earth? you ask. Are you sure they do not? A thousand influences for good and evil are around us and about us that we cannot see.

Nor is that altogether loss and misery which may appear to be such to the vulgar eye. Those who have greatly advanced the cause of humanity and the progress of mankind, have often been martyrs in some sense or other? Are we to deplore them? Were not their lives glorious rather? Happier far, they in their martyrdom, than thousands of others in their self-indulgence. Many a sweet herb and flower yields none of its delicious perfume till it is cut down or crushed.

And so it is often with men's souls. They must toil and

suffer much—aye, and be bruised and crushed too, before they emit their inward and inmost light. To fight valiantly against evil is to be a true soldier of humanity, a hero in the cause of man's progress. Such a hero has often to force his way into the enemy's citadel, and to lose his own life in blowing up the outworks, and to lose it consciously too.

False heroism is common in the history of mankind—the crude attempts of the blind following the blind, and falling into Maelstroms of folly. Juggernauts, and other sacrifices of similar ineptitude, are examples of this false heroism. Hermits and recluses, retiring from the society of man, renouncing the struggle on behalf of humanity, to benefit themselves only, have been common in all ages—miserable self-seekers (but little better than the professed votaries of pleasure), who see their fellow-creatures perishing for lack of knowledge, and renounce the conflict, to pursue their own advantage, under the name of religion. Hinduism and Buddhism and Christianity have had their heroes of this type by thousands; theirs the flagellation and asceticism, the semi-starvation and seclusion; whilst the sybarite, equally bent on his own advantage in a different way, seeks for it in enjoyment, pure and simple, bodily, sensual or intellectual. Ages of religious enthusiasm give us the one phase of selfishness, and society, when religious enthusiasm has grown effete, gives us the other. There is little to choose between them.

The capacity for suffering is most highly developed in those most nobly constituted, and it is precisely those, the true heroes of our race, who have done most and suffered most for the benefit of mankind. They are reviled and laughed at because ignoble minds cannot understand them. But posterity honours them as the true salt of the earth. A Stephen and a Socrates, a Huss and a Bruno, a Latimer

and a Ridley, may do more for humanity by death than a thousand others by a long life's teaching. Such deaths as theirs are more valuable to man than the preservation of ten thousand ordinary lives.

> There is no death ! what seems so is transition ;
>   This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
>   Whose portal we call death.
>
> (Longfellow's *Resignation.*)

True sacrifice is often the noblest of human acts, securing liberty of thought and liberty of action for millions afterwards.

Every one of us can help forward the progress of our race in some way or other, physically, morally or intellectually, by waging war against evil. Is there no evil around and about us, wherever we may live, or under whatsoever conditions? Can we find nothing to do for the good of our fellow-creatures? Is it not possible to dry a tear by sympathy or kindly actions? Can we not prevent some wrong, or remove some misconception, or do something to enlighten the ignorant? It may not be given to us to act on a grand scale, or before a large audience; but the good we may do may be no less beneficial, although confined to a narrow circle, a poor neighbourhood, or a confined household.

To suffer in endeavouring to do good is the highest heroic mission of humanity, even though the attempt be made in doubt and fear, in perplexity and self-abasement. All around may be gloom and darkness; but if the still, small voice within assures us that we are honestly trying to do good, then, O feeble sister or perplexed brother, forward, in the name of God, and let no sneers or taunts, no gibes or ridicule, prevent the attempt being made.

The law of progress is the lesson of the ages past. Forms and ceremonials and rituals change with times and creeds.

Often has the progressive march been obscured. Mighty fogs of prejudice may prevent us seeing it, but the march is still ever onwards. The question for each one of us is—Shall we be found amongst those retarding it or advancing it? Shall we be found fighting on the side of evil against good, or on the side of good against evil? Whatever the gloom around us, we may be assured that this is an eternal verity, that man's progress is ever onward, in the long run, towards justice, truth and right-dealing, however the false and the evil may appear at times to triumph.

The Parsis tell us that in worshipping the sun they do not worship the material centre of the solar system, but the symbol of all good, physical, moral, religious and intellectual. Others have their own symbols for this or that great truth, pretty symbols, attractive symbols, interesting or venerable symbols, and great is the reverence for them. But is it not time for the symbolical to be done away? Are we still in the infancy of our race, when the symbolical was necessary? Can we not point out plainly that certain things are good, and certain things are bad, without any symbolism whatever? Analogy and similitude have had their day. Let us endeavour now to look the truth in the face, to describe it as it is; "to hold, as t'were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

There have been, in the history of England, noble examples of the heroism of which I have spoken. I do not know that a higher compliment has ever been paid to the British character than was paid by the Ghoorkas of Nepaul when we were fighting against them at Kalunga. They showed their perfect trust in British honour by soliciting and obtaining medical aid for their wounded, even when the batteries were playing on both sides. One poor fellow, whose jaw had been shattered by a ball, came into the

British lines waving his hands as a signal that he had something to say. He was received kindly; and it soon appeared that he gave himself up to his enemies, knowing that they would give him medical assistance in his great need, and he was not deceived. It was by moral victories of this kind that the Indian empire was won, rather than by force of arms.

To those ignorant of what hill warfare was in India, it may appear a small thing that our Ghoorka enemies should put such trust in British honour and British humanity. But when we reflect on the poisoned arrows and poisoned wells, the cruelty to captives, the torture and mutilation, common in such warfare amongst the native races, we shall be able to estimate, at its proper value, the confidence of our enemies in our benevolence and kindliness.

Anglo-Saxon literature is fortunately full of examples of individual heroism in the cause of humanity. And these examples are common in the history of the United States and Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape and England.

It was in 1756 that Howard was made a prisoner by a French privateer, when sailing to Lisbon. "Before we reached Brest," says he, "I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having had for above forty hours a drop of water and hardly a morsel of food. In the castle at Brest I lay six nights upon straw, and, observing how cruelly my countrymen were used both there and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, and during the two months I was at Carhaix upon parole, I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix and Dinan. Several of our ship's crew and my own servant were at Dinan. I had sufficient evidence from all of their being treated with such barbarity that several hundreds perished. Thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinan in one day. When I came to England, I made known to the Commissioners for sick and wounded

seamen the sundry particulars, which gained their attention and their thanks. Remonstrance was made to the French court. Our sailors had redress. Those that were in the three prisons mentioned above were brought home in the first cartel-ships.

"What I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people whose care is the subject of my book." (*Our Prisons.*)

"Howard," said Edmund Burke, "was a man who traversed foreign countries, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt, to remember the forsaken, to compare and collate the distresses of all men, and under all climes."

Having been appointed Sheriff of Bedfordshire, Howard personally inspected the jails, where he witnessed such calamities, and such abuses and misery, as filled his benevolent soul with an eager desire to be of some use. He visited the jails in the neighbouring counties, and then the chief jails in England. In 1774, he was examined on the abuses of prison life generally by a Committee of the House of Commons, and received their thanks. With his money and his influence, his speeches and his writings, he did much to ameliorate the condition of the unhappy prisoners, at that time subjected to all sorts of abuses and cruelty.

He then travelled through France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Prussia, Austria, Poland and Russia. He visited Spain and Portugal also. When he was at Vienna, the Emperor Joseph II. gave him an audience, and for

two hours they stood talking together in a room without table or chairs. Howard described the terrible condition in which he found several of the prisoners in Vienna itself, some having been confined in solitary cells for nearly three years without having been brought to trial. Struck with the relation, the benevolent Emperor said, "They shall have instant trial, they shall have justice, they shall have reparation." "It is too late, your Majesty," said Howard; "it is not in your Majesty's power to do them all justice, or to make reparation to some of them. Solitary confinement has weakened their intellects. Their faculties are so lost and deranged as to incapacitate them for making any defence." The prisoners were liberated within twenty-four hours; and thenceforward Joseph II. paid marked attention to the state of the prisons in his empire.

On his return in 1784, Howard made a tour in Scotland and in Ireland, still paying particular attention to the prisons.

The poor cottagers on his estate at Cardington, near Bedford, were not forgotten, although his sympathies were awakened by the inmates of foreign prisons. He encouraged habits of industry amongst them, improved their cottages, visited them in times of distress or sickness, and relieved their necessities. The cottages that fell into disrepair were rebuilt on a more convenient plan, and in a substantial manner; whilst a little garden was added to each in front, and a piece of ground given at the back for the cultivation of potatoes and other culinary vegetables. Mr. Whitbread, who had an estate adjoining, seeing the improvement caused by Mr. Howard's exertions, adopted a similar plan; so that Cardington, which was at one time the abode of poverty and wretchedness, became one of the neatest and happiest villages in the kingdom.

In 1789, Howard set out to visit the prisons of Russia, Turkey and the East. At Kherson, on the Dnieper, he

caught a malignant fever, and died of it. He fell in his benevolent voyage of discovery, "his circumnavigation of charity;" but the benefit of his labours was felt in all the countries he had traversed. He was one of the heroes of humanity, one of whom the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world may well be proud.

But the glory of heroic benevolence is not to be monopolized by one sex.

Mrs. Fry, originally Miss Gurney, of Earlham Hall, Norfolk, was as conspicuous in her way as John Howard. At eighteen years of age, she prevailed on her father to permit one of the apartments in the Hall to be converted into a school-room. Here she collected twenty-four of the poorest children, and taught them herself, her lessons being chiefly derived from the Bible. She renounced all kinds of amusement, and devoted herself to benevolence. She comforted and fed the poor; she supplied them with clothes and with Bibles; she taught, explained, and succoured them, as far as her means would allow. As a married woman, she visited Newgate, where three hundred women were prisoners. "The abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke," she wrote afterwards, "was quite indescribable."

"I soon found," continued Mrs. Fry, "that nothing could be done, or was worth attempting, for the reformation of the women, without constant employment. Those who were idle were confirmed in idleness. Those who were disposed to be industrious lost their good habits." She began with thirty poor children, who were almost naked; they seemed to be pining away for want of air, exercise and proper food. Nothing but their certain ruin could be the result if left unattended and uncared for in this sink of depravity. Mrs. Fry was locked up with the prisoners alone. She asked the parents if they wanted their children ruined. They did not. They knew too well the misery of

crime and sin to wish their children thus brought up. If they would co-operate with her, she told them, she would be probably able to effect some good. They were quite willing. A young woman was appointed as schoolmistress at Mrs. Fry's expense. An empty cell was converted into a school-room. Other ladies became interested in the work. A committee was formed. A matron was appointed to attend the children day and night. Employment was found for the women. The authorities of the prison assured Mrs. Fry at first that it was all in vain; that for a time the novelty of the thing might make it appear to be a success, but that in the end failure was inevitable. But Mrs. Fry was not to be daunted by the words of the authorities. She persevered. The city magistrates heard of the attempt, and were interested in it. They visited the prison, and inspected all the arrangements made. Queen Charlotte expressed a wish to see Mrs. Fry, and the Grand Jury of the city of London marked their approbation by noticing in their report the "habits of religion, order, industry and cleanliness," which she had introduced into the female wards of Newgate. This was in February, 1818.

The reformation introduced by the active benevolence of Mrs. Fry was permanent, and bore abundant fruit in all the female penitentiaries and prisons in the kingdom. Was not this heroism of the highest order? And does not Mrs. Fry deserve to be remembered amongst the noblest benefactors of our race in England?

"Que j'aime la hardiesse Anglaise! que j'aime les gens qui disent ce qu'ils pensent!" said Voltaire. The praise is not always deserved by us as a nation. But there can be no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon race looks to itself for its own advancement in the world, and not to its Government. "The English adventurer has done all, the English Government little or nothing," said General Gordon. "It is this

strong individualism which makes and keeps the Englishman really free, and brings out fully the action of the social body. The energies of the strong form so many living centres of action, round which our individual energies group and cluster themselves; thus the life of all is quickened, and on great occasions a powerful energetic action of the nation is secured." (Smiles, *Self-help*, p. 5.)

Conscience is the higher ruler and guide of the actions of mankind; and in proportion as a nation is ruled by conscience, by a sense of duty, will it be probably successful in the struggle of life. "England expects every man to do his duty." "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." Such sayings, and a thousand others—sayings of heroes, statesmen, merchants, travellers, tradesmen and artizans—have been common in every walk of life. It is not for national glory, for fame, for distinction or for personal advancement, that heroic deeds are done, but in obedience to the dictates of duty. Conscience prescribes that duty; without it, social life would be impossible. Is it any wonder, then, that it has been considered a supernatural gift? Animal life is the crowning centralization of vegetable and material existence, and man of animal life. Conscience is the crown of the moral and intellectual life of man.

No other power belonging to human nature can lead us to the universal good, the reign of order, harmony, peace and justice on earth. The crude germ of life is to the developed animal what the developed animal is to man, and yet without conscience man is but a brute. Heroism of every kind, true heroism, the heroism that seeks and dares all for the welfare of our race, is the offspring of conscience.

A thousand things happen in life that we cannot understand or account for. Useless, or worse than useless, lives

are preserved, when the useful and virtuous, the bread-winners and the benevolent, are removed. We often see vice triumphant, and virtue depressed and in misery. What then? Shall we despair of humanity? Certainly not. We see evidences of progress all around us. We must hope on, hope ever. In the capital of Assyria long ago, in the most civilized country, perhaps, then in the world, the monarch is represented on the walls of his own palace as gouging out the eyes of his captives. A pleasant sight to be before him and his household perpetually!

Would such a sight be possible now? Would either the act itself or the representation of it be tolerated in any civilized city in the world now? Certainly not.

And yet you doubt of progress!

We hear much of the vice of London. But we hear nothing of the heroic life of London. We hear little or nothing of the thousands of maids, young and old, who labour unremittingly for the merest pittance, doing all the good they can to those around them. There are temptations to vice on every side. But those temptations are resisted. There are thousands of wives, labouring honestly and earnestly for the welfare of husbands and of children, of whose good deeds, of whose self-denial, of whose heroism, the world knows nothing. There are thousands of widows, fighting the good fight, in the midst of poverty and temptation, always thinking of their helpless little ones, and finding it a hard struggle to obtain food for them. They attend to the voice of conscience, and it tells them of duty. But down in their deepest hearts' recesses, there is the thought of the future and of heaven. Shall we ruthlessly uproot these hopes? Shall we talk of science and philosophy, and of our agnostic doubts, to them? God forbid. Their simple faith is enough for them. They fight the good fight here, as conscience guides them, and they look for heavenly peace,

an eternity of peace, hereafter. Let them enjoy their bliss-ful anticipations. Life has little else to offer them. Theirs is the life of patient endurance and of heroism.

"Lay on my coffin a sword," said Heine, "for I was a brave soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Decadence of England as reported—Prophecies and their fulfilment—The middle ages, the good old times, the feudal times—Rights of the Baron—Privileges of the people—Monkish profligacy—Cock-fighting—Bear-baiting—Tournaments—Prisons in the good old times—General improvement.

"SHOOTING Niagara, and after?" was but a sample of a thousand prophecies to the effect that the progress of democracy in England was preparing a way for her downfall.

Gloomy and pessimistic prophets have not been wanting in the history of mankind ever since the time of Cassandra.

Such prophets generally end their denunciations with a sunny picture of the good old times, and sighs for their departure. "Never till now, in the history of our earth, which to this hour nowhere refuses to grow corn if you will plough it, or to yield shirts if you will spin and weave in it, did the mere manual two-handed worker (however it might fare with other workers) cry in vain for such wages as are fair, namely, food and warmth." Never till now! Alas, degenerate times!

And again: "It is too clear," says our Cassandra prophet, "it is too clear the nation itself is on the way to suicidal death." Yet it has lasted forty-three years since this was written in *Past and Present.* It is not in England only

that such prophecies are uttered, or about England only. *La France en décadence*, by P. Marteau, was published just before the period of the greatest military glory of France.

"We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction," says the prophet. But of the past he says: "This English land of ours, here and now, is the summary of that which was wisest, best, noblest and most accordant with God's truth, in former generations of Englishmen." And what have we now? The answer is: "There is no longer any God for us. God's laws have become a greatest-happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency. Phantasms, ghosts, in this midnight hour, hold jubilee and screech and jabber. Our poor English existence has become wholly a nightmare, full of mere phantasms."

These are but samples of numerous similar utterances by various authors, in essays and political pamphlets and more pretentious works, in which the decadence of England, in these latter days, is solemnly announced. It is well, then, for us to look back into history, and to see what was really the condition of England in "those good old times," so much belauded and so highly commended by our philosophers. We know what the struggle for life going on around us is now; let us see something of what it was then.

It cannot be denied that feudalism nurtured fidelity and gratitude, and inspired a certain sense of honour amongst the higher classes. In the interior of the old castles, where the knight or baron, during intervals of peace, enjoyed the society of his family, domestic life was cultivated and the condition of women was improved. A lofty and pure affection between the different members of the same family was often inspired, and the soft charities of home spread a civilizing influence all around.

But very different was the condition of the mass of the people. Unhallowed and anti-social habits and principles

were fostered by the outrage and injustice of which they were the victims but too often. The records of the middle ages contain the expression of sentiments, and the history of deeds, of the most revolting and unchristian character. The worst passions of the human mind played round the noblest professions, like lightning round the turrets of the castles.

Edward, the Black Prince, "the mirror of chivalry," whose courtesy to his captive princes after the victory of Poictiers has been so justly commended in history, in works of imagination and in poetry, behaved more like a savage than a Christian knight, when the poor citizens of Limoges besought his mercy for their town, their worldly possessions, their children, their wives and sisters, and for themselves. "It was a melancholy business," says Froissart (IV. 103), "to see all ranks, all ages and both sexes, casting themselves on the ground before the prince, and begging for mercy. But he was too much inflamed with passion and revenge to listen to them. All were put to the sword. The town was wholly given up to the soldiery, to do with it as they pleased. The guilty and the innocent suffered alike." But one band of cavaliers on the walls fought bravely, and the prince saw it and was moved. To that band, and to that alone, he granted life and liberty. It is needless to dilate on all that is implied in this narrative of old Froissart—rapine, outrage and death to the citizens—a fearful scene! In those days it was well to be of gentle birth, for to such only was clemency shown.

"God and the ladies!" was the favourite watchword of the knight. Devotion to both was his characteristic profession. In theory, the first place was given to the Almighty. In practice, the first place was given to the ladies, but only to those of gentle birth. To all others the grossest licence was the rule, a licence often degenerating into brutality.

The injustice, cruelty and licentiousness of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, however, were not altogether the results of chivalry and the feudal system. They were partly the consequences of long ages of misrule, of gross ignorance, social degradation and ecclesiastical corruption. Polite accomplishments were alone valued; whilst the cultivation of the mind was altogether neglected, and the poor and base-born were regarded with contempt.

Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, gives us a vivid picture of the ecclesiastical corruption characteristic of the time. His "Friar" and the "Lymytour," mentioned in the "Sompnor's Tale," are specimens of the class: "Full of daliaunce and fair language"—"easy to give penance"—knowing well "the taverns in every town." Wickliff, in his treatise against the orders of friars, confirms the truthfulness of Chaucer's poetical sketches. Erasmus, too, describes the friars as priding themselves on their ignorance, holding this ignorance as a proof of consummate piety; "and when their asinine voices bray out the psalms in the churches, which they enumerate but cannot understand, then they fancy the saints above are enraptured with their harmony."

The religious plays which the Grey Friars exhibited, to teach the people Scripture stories, were often composed in the lowest style of buffoonery, and ministered to the uproarious mirth of the audience.

St. Bernard had rebuked his brethren for their pride and profligacy, bringing sweeping charges against deans, archdeacons and even bishops. The illiteracy and licentiousness of the clergy were the constant themes of complaint during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and at the same time a spirit of irreverence both in the Church and without it, tended to produce flagrant results, for the teaching of the Church was the only teaching then known. Morality was corrupted at its source.

Legendary superstition was taught as religious truth. At Christmas, during the Feast of Fools, canons and bishops, as well as the inferior clergy, joined in profanities and absurdities almost incredible. An Abbot of Fools was chosen, to whom the prelate of the diocese did homage. Mock sermons, prayers, and other religious services, full of ribaldry, obscenity and profanity, formed principal features of this saturnalia; whilst noise, disorder, folly and impiety, characterized the whole proceeding from beginning to end.

The Feast of Asses, like the Feast of Fools, was a kind of profane drama, scurrilous and irreverent in the highest degree. Balaam, sitting on an ass, was one of the heroes represented. A young woman, clothed only in a drawn sword, represented an angel, and stood before the ass. A dialogue ensued founded upon Scripture narrative. The Deity was also represented, and took part in the performance, which usually ended in a wild orgie full of licence and immorality.

Another absurdity of a similar character was intended to represent the flight into Egypt. A girl richly attired, with a child in her arms, was seated on an ass, and solemnly conducted to the altar, where mass was said, and the priest brayed three times in imitation of his asinine companion. The people followed his example, and amidst laughter, braying and profanity, the wildest licence prevailed.

When such was the teaching of the Church, the professed monitor of morals, what could be expected from the people but depravity? Degradation was the natural result, a degradation beginning with the clergy.

Hallam, in his *History of the Middle Ages*, gives us some examples of the miraculous stories at that time taught to the people as gospel truths. "The veneration paid to the Virgin rose to an almost exclusive idolatry. It is difficult to conceive the stupid absurdity and the disgusting pro-

fanity of these stories, which were invented by the monks to do her reverence" (ch. ix. 603).

There was a man whose occupation was highway robbery. Whenever he set out on any such expedition he always addressed a prayer to the Virgin. Taken at last, he was sentenced to be hanged. When the cord was put round his neck he made his usual prayer. It was not ineffectual. The Virgin supported his feet with her white hands, and thus kept him alive for two days, to the no small surprise of the executioner, who attempted to complete his work with strokes of the sword. But the same invisible hand turned aside the weapon. The executioner was at length obliged to release his victim, acknowledging the miracle. The thief of course retired into a monastery and became a devout man; for such is the usual conclusion of these stories.

At a certain monastery lived a monk who was very dissolute, a terror to husbands and fathers, but devout towards the Apostle Peter. Unluckily, he died suddenly without confession and absolution. The fiends came from the bottomless pit to seize his soul. St. Peter, vexed at the idea of losing so faithful a votary, besought the Almighty to admit the monk into Paradise. His prayer was refused, and although all the saints and angels joined in the prayer, still it was of no avail. In this extremity St. Peter had recourse to the Virgin. "Fair Lady," he began, "my poor monk is lost if you do not intercede for him. Your Son is bound to obey you. Speak the word, and what is impossible to us will be easy to you." The Queen Mother assented, and went towards the Son, attended by all the virgin martyrs. He rose to receive her, and asked her wishes. The monk's soul was saved.

A nun, Faustina by name, had eloped from the convent to join a young man whom she loved. This nun had

always been a devout worshipper of the Virgin. When she had left the convent, the Virgin took her place there. Form, voice, manner, all were the nun's, and her departure was unknown. At length, tired of a libertine life, the nun returned penitent and unsuspected. She lived in the odour of sanctity ever after. But in her worst days she had never forgotten to say an *ave* at the Virgin's shrine.

A gentleman of the name of Martin was in love with a fair widow. The widow did not look with favour upon the suit of Martin, and repelled him. Almost beside himself with love, he went to a sorcerer and asked his assistance. The sorcerer promised his assistance only on condition that Martin should renounce his faith in Christianity. Martin gave up the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, but would not renounce the Blessed Virgin. For this he was rewarded. The Virgin herself changed the heart of the fair widow, so that she fell in love with Martin, and they were married. He was then informed of the miracle, resumed his faith in Christianity, redoubled his devotion to the Virgin, and renounced sorcery altogether.

When such as these were the stories told to the people as religious truths, can we wonder that the teaching of the clergy was pernicious and degrading? But when we add to this the example set them by the monks and friars, as well as by the nuns, we cannot entertain a doubt that the state of society must have been thoroughly corrupt. "In vain new rules of life and discipline were devised," writes Mr. Hallam of the monasteries, "in vain were the old rules corrected by reforms. Many of their worst vices grew so naturally out of their mode of life, that a stricter discipline failed to extirpate them. Such were the frauds which I have already noticed, and the whole scheme of hypocritical austerities. Their extreme licentiousness was hardly con-

cealed by the cowl of sanctity.* I know not by what right we should disbelieve the reports of the visitation under Henry VIII., entering as they do into a multitude of specific charges, both probable in their nature and consonant to the unanimous opinion of the world. Doubtless there were many communities, as well as individuals, to whom none of these reproaches would apply. In the very best view, however, that can be taken of monasteries and nunneries, their existence is deeply injurious to the general morals of a nation."

It must be remembered, too, that no form of expiation for sin amongst the laity was more approved and enforced by the clergy, in those good old times, than pilgrimage. This was a kind of licensed vagrancy naturally productive of dissoluteness of manners. These pilgrimages were undertaken to Jerusalem or Rome, in extreme cases, but more commonly to the shrine of some national saint, as, for instance, St. James of Campostella in Spain, or St. Thomas à Beckett in England. But there were also local shrines, numerous and plentiful, to which pilgrimages could be made; and the capitularies directed against itinerant penitents and the abuse of pilgrimage prove that they fostered the greatest licence and the grossest abuses, as they do still in India.

When morality was thus sapped at its very foundation, that is, in religious observances, religious orders, religious rites and ceremonies and religious penances, what can we

* See Fosbrooke's *British Monasticon*. Clemangis, a French theologian of considerable eminence, speaks of the nunneries in the following terms: "Quid aliud sunt hoc tempore puellarum monasteria, nisi quædam non dico Dei sanctuaria, sed Veneris execranda prostibula, sed lascivorum et impudicorum juvenum ad libidines explendas receptacula? ut idem sit hodie puellam velare, quod et publice ad scortandum exponere."

expect to find in the history of those times but open profligacy and corruption?

Nor must it be forgotten that men's lives and properties were then exposed to gross violence and injustice. The neighbouring baron might swoop down upon any unprotected citizen or husbandman, reputed to be rich, and despoil him of his goods, perhaps also of his life, if resistance were made.

The frequent wars of the barons, the one with the other, brought rapine, outrage and death to the doors of the lower classes as constant visitors. There was no redress, there was no compensation. To suffer and to die, if need be, was the lot of the poorer classes. To oppress and to fight were the daily recreations of the nobler portions of society.

Deliberate imposture was constantly practised by the priests in reference to relics and miracles. Superstition was the very element of their being—of nobles, clergy, devotees and populace alike. Bishops often wore helmet and buckler, and led out their troops to battle; whilst the clergy did battle against Satan and his imps too often by means of lying impostures and unblushing deception.

When the teachers of religion were utterly regardless of justice, truth and purity, it would be unreasonable to look for much virtue amongst the people. A general regard was paid to the outward forms of religion, but there was prevalent everywhere a general disregard of its principles and its spirit. Hallowed rites were associated with immoral practices; deeds of rapine, injustice and cruelty were prefaced by acts of devotion. The vilest characters breathed out their aspirations to the Deity and the Virgin. Multitudes were punctilious in the observance of the ritual of the Church, who were totally ignorant of the first principles of morality, or the elementary teaching or duties of Christianity. The

whole formed a state of society the most fearful to contemplate.

Feudalism was supported by injustice and based on might, on power, just or unjust, on the right of the strong to tyrannize over the weak. The feudal lord not only exacted reliefs, fines, alienation fees and fees for aids, but was further entitled to onerous claims connected with wardship and marriage. The lord of the fief was the guardian of the heir or heiress during minority. He had the custody both of the person of the heir or heiress and of the lands, nor was he obliged to render any account of his treatment of either, or of the disposal of the revenues. In the case of a male, the guardianship continued till the age of twenty-one. In the case of a female, at the age of fourteen she was allowed to marry, but only with consent of the guardian. The husband then did suit and service for her. The guardian could offer her in marriage to whomsoever he pleased of fitting rank, and if she refused the alliance she had to forfeit from her estate just so much as the person to whom she would be given in marriage would have given for the alliance. If, on the other hand, she married without her guardian's consent, a fine equal to double the amount at which her alliance was valued was exacted from the estate.

In addition to all this, the feudal lord extended his authority over the daughters of all his vassals, not allowing any of them to be married without payment of onerous fees. Thus marriages yielded him an abundant harvest of revenue.

And now let us glance at the amusements of the people in those good old times. Cock-fighting and bear-baiting were common, with all their incidents of brutality and depravity. Throwing at cocks was practised at Shrovetide, and nowhere with more energy and regularity than in the grammar-schools. The poor animal was tied to a stake by a short cord. The men and boys who were to throw at it

took their places at a distance of about twenty yards. Twopence were paid for three throws at it, usually with a broomstick. He who killed it got the cock as his reward. Such were the tumult and outrage attending this inhuman sport, that a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says it was dangerous to be near the place where it was practised. What an education for youths in grammar-schools!

Cock-fighting seems to have been also recognized as the sanctioned sport of public schools, the master receiving a small tax from the boys under the name of cock-penny, because he had to supply the birds. The master usually presided at the fights, and received as his perquisite all the runaway cocks. The cock-fight and cock-throwing dues formed an important portion of the schoolmaster's income up to so late a period as the middle of the eighteenth century.

An unhappy ram was provided by the butcher, twice a year, at Eton, to be pursued by the boys and knocked on the head till it was killed. This was sport! But, as riot and injury to property resulted from this educational process, it was stopped, and the poor ram was hamstrung after the speech on Election Saturday, and then clubbed to death.

Robert Laneham thus facetiously describes the bear-baiting in honour of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth Castle. Thirteen bears were provided for the occasion, "all tied up in the inner court," and a great collection of ban-dogs, a species of mastiff. "The bears were brought forth into the court, and the dogs set at them to argue the points face to face. They had learned counsel also of both parts. Very fierce were they both t'one and t'other, and very eager in argument. If the dog in pleading would pluck the bear by the throat, the bear, with traverse, would claw him again by the scalp. Confess an' a list, but avoid

he could not, for he was bound to the bar, and his counsel told him that it could be to him no policy in pleading. Therefore, thus with feuding and fearing, with plucking and tugging, with scratching and biting, by plain tooth and nail, t'one side and t'other, such expense of blood and leather was there between them as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover. It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemy's approach, the nimbleness and agility of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear to avoid his assaults. It he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free! If he were taken once, then what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, tossing and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them, and when he was loose would shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and the slaver about his phisnomy, was a matter of good sport." When such were the refined amusements of the Virgin Queen, what must the relaxations of the rustics have been?

I do not wish to present pictures that would cause disgust, but it would be easy to describe sports and pastimes of the good old times in which all decency was outraged, and which it was impossible modest women could witness without deterioration. Even the very miracle plays, intended to teach Scripture history, were often lessons in vice. In some of them, Adam and Eve appeared on the cathedral stage in the costume of the Garden of Eden.

But to turn to a pleasanter picture. An old chronicler gives an account of a tournament, which I present in modern English. "The breezes of spring are sighing through the oaks of Windsor. It is the 23rd of April. Round the circular tower may be heard the winds whispering together, as if to tell secrets of the coming pageant. The town is full of stir and bustle, whilst the castle towers above it

majestic. Knights with gay bands of retainers, crowd towards the castle gates. Matrons and damsels on their palfreys, attired, many of them, like cavaliers of the rougher sex, with daggers at their girdles, attract and return the looks of the bright-helmed warriors as they pass along. Others are on foot, with their white tippets streaming from their elbows; their gowns, full and skirted, are worn over kirtles, so as to give the appearance of jackets to the parts visible. Their hoods or cowls are twisted into a thousand fantastic shapes, and so secured to the hair by pins, and are of many colours.

"All ranks are thronging now to the scene of action from all sides. Some are dressed in long coats down to their ankles, with hoods covering their heads or thrown over their shoulders. Others wear short coats and hats. The fashionable are lavishly arrayed in coats buttoned all down the front, magnificently embroidered, and many of them of the richest materials. Splendid girdles encircle their middles, and the shoes are long and pointed, red, pink, blue, yellow and black.

"Pressing through the gate, we make our way into the Home Park, under the eastern wall of the castle, where the lists for the tournament are prepared. Here we command a view of the Thames on one side, and of the far-spreading Windsor Forest on the other. A temporary gallery, hung with tapestry, all glittering with the Royal arms, and crowded with high-born dames and beauties of the Court, is seen opposite to us. The lady in the midst, under the golden canopy, is the Queen of Beauty. Squires, pages and yeomen, in rich liveries, are seen standing or moving about in attendance near the Royal box. Other elevated seats are prepared in different parts, where knights and nobles, and other distinguished persons, are filling up their places. From the turrets of the castle the faces of spectators are seen,

looking down with curiosity on the spirit-stirring spectacle. The commonalty, in their holiday dresses, are availing themselves of the accommodation provided for them, and present a gay and animated picture. Heralds and pursuivants are running to and fro, their gorgeous coats sparkling in the sun. There, at each end of the lists, are the knights cased in plate-armour, each with his favourite device emblazoned on his shield.

"The tournament is now to begin. Silence is obtained, and the herald reads the laws. The knights enter the arena. Yonder tall figure in full armour, with a white swan conspicuous on his shield, is the founder of the festival, King Edward III. Near him, clothed in sable armour, is the Black Prince. There, on a richly caparisoned horse, is John of France, and with him are several nobles of the court, who, though prisoners like himself, are allowed by the courtesy of chivalry to enter the lists. Regulating the paces of their horses with knightly dexterity, they move round the arena, and then, dividing into two parties, prepare for the conflict. Ranged against each other, front to front, with their long lances upright, they await the signal for the encounter. It is given. The marshal pronounces the word. The trumpets sound. The combatants engage. The shock is tremendous; the fallen knights and shivered lances attest its violence. The shouts of the people and the sounds of the clarion peal around the castle walls. Other competitors for glory enter the lists, and other conflicts follow. Now one displays his dexterity and prowess, and now another—by some want of skill, or some awkward mishap—is unhorsed and vanquished. The excitement continues, and the whole scene is one of life and feeling."

Such was chivalry at its best. But amusements such as these were reserved for the rich and powerful. The people had no part in them except as spectators.

War, real or mimic, was the pastime of the great. The masses suffered and were neglected. Religion was corrupt, power was abused, the strong hand ruled unjustly, and the people were debased.

Let us turn to another picture.

In the good old times, the rules and administration of prisons depended almost entirely upon the pleasure of the jailer. He was appointed by the proprietor or proprietors of the prison, and his object was to make as much profit as he could out of it. He had the right of claiming certain fees from the prisoners for their maintenance, and for the enjoyment of certain privileges or exemptions. He had a right to detain the prisoners, even after the law courts had ordered their release, in order to obtain his fees, and he could punish them as he pleased.

The keeper of the Duke of Portland's prison paid eighteen guineas a-year for his post, and that prison consisted of one room, with a cellar under it, which Howard found, at the time of his visit, had not been cleaned out for months.

In the time of Charles the Second, one Higgins paid five thousand pounds to Lord Chancellor Clarendon for the post of warder of the Fleet Prison. The warder of the Marshalsea, debtors' prison, made three to four thousand pounds a-year by his office, and the right of presentation was bought up by the Crown, in the reign of George II., for ten thousand five hundred pounds.

It was not till 1774 that jailers' fees were legally abolished. The agitation caused by the investigations of Mr. Howard and Mrs. Fry led to inquiry subsequently, and terrible abuses were found to be commonly practised. Torture was applied to the unfortunate criminals to make them pay up the fees claimed by the jailers, and this torture often led to death. Thirty guineas a-week have been charged for lodging in the Governor's house. In fact, the only limitation to the

demand was the supposed capability of the prisoner to pay. Irons were put upon the prisoners at the pleasure of the jailers. For certain fees, light irons would be substituted for heavy ones. The food was issued in the lump, and was either scrambled for or might be unfairly divided. Tea, coffee, sugar, beer and tobacco, were sold by the wardsmen, who let out knives, forks and spoons for hire. Scenes of drunkenness and the grossest debauchery were common. The women were under the control of male warders only, who could enter their cells at any time. They sang, and gamed, and danced, the looser sort dressing up in men's clothes, so that their ward at Newgate was described as "a hell upon earth."

Howard found, in the Bishop of Ely's jail, prisoners chained down to the floor on their backs, with iron-spiked collars on their necks and a heavy iron bar on their legs. This punishment was inflicted on male and female prisoners alike, at the discretion of the jailer.

The food doled out to the miserable occupants of these jails was bad in quality and insufficient in quantity, unless they could pay for better or more. In Queen Elizabeth's time, a penny or twopence a-day, according to circumstances, were allowed for sustenance. Before that, they depended upon the alms of the charitable. Till quite recently, a pennyworth of bread, boiled in water, was the daily allowance, unless they could pay for more.

The clothing worn by the prisoners was ragged, squalid and filthy, in most cases. Frequently they had no stockings, and no soles to their shoes even in the depth of winter; whilst those who could not, or would not, fee the jailer, were forbidden to pass a chalked line on the floor, so as to deprive them of the comforts of the fire and of warmth. They lay on floors made of stone or oak, with only a couple of ragged rugs to cover them. Eighteen inches in width

was the space allowed to each to sleep in, when the prison was crowded. Frequently the floor was covered completely.

As to cleanliness, it was simply impossible to attend to it under the conditions then existing. A pump in the yard was the only means of washing allowed. Under this pump those prisoners were forced, to be pumped upon, whom their fellow-prisoners found to be intolerably offensive.

The wretched condition of the buildings was such, that discipline or efficient sanitary arrangement was equally impossible. Neither water, air nor light, were provided in sufficient quantities. Poverty, disease and filth, combined to make them detestable. Twelve hundred prisoners were lodged in a space measuring three-fourths of an acre, and a hundred and twenty females in a ward that had been intended for sixty.

But if the physical condition was deplorable, the moral contamination was infinitely worse. The guilty and innocent, the diseased and healthy, were all crowded together. Those who came in knowing little or nothing of vice, were soon made acquainted with its lowest depths.

Not only were crowds of visitors admitted to these sinks of iniquity, but even the families of the debtors were allowed to live with them, and were thus brought up proficients in every kind of vice, adepts in villany, and intimate with every description of impurity.

The jail fever, a form of typhus, was common from the early part of the fifteenth century. At the "Black Assizes" at Oxford, in the year 1577, the Lord Chief Baron, the sheriff, and three hundred prisoners and witnesses, died of jail fever within forty hours. The disease was evidently communicated to the court and city by the prisoners brought up for trial.

The fact was, that in the good old times the sheriffs and justices did not like to do more than inspect the out-

sides of the jails. They were afraid of infection. Thus physical and moral degradation was the lot of the unfortunate prisoners.

It was not till 1824 that Acts of Parliament were passed, providing for rational treatment, the preservation of the health and the moral improvement of the prisoners. Males and females were to be henceforth separated when in prison, and the latter were to be attended by female warders only. Religious services were made obligatory, and instruction ordered to be given to the ignorant; whilst the use of irons was confined to the refractory and violent. Every prisoner was to sleep separately, and when possible in a separate cell. The diet, too, was regulated in accordance with the dictates of common sense, and sanitary measures were enforced. The lessons taught by Mr. Howard and Mrs. Fry were put in practice by Act of Parliament. Judicious employment and hard labour, where necessary, were imposed by these Acts; and to make them places of punishment such as they were intended to be, this was a matter as urgent and necessary as the enforcement of cleanliness and decency.

Not in prison management alone has the improvement been conspicuous in these modern days, when compared with "the good old times," but in education also, in domestic comfort, in security to life and property, and in the well-being of society generally.

CHAPTER IX

PLAGUES

Cardinal Borromeo—The plague in Athens—The plague in Rome—Its effects on religious belief and ceremonials—The plague in Florence—In London—Leprosy in Palestine—The leper islands in the Seychelles and the Sandwich Islands—Small-pox—Cholera.

CARDINAL BORROMEO was a striking example of philanthropy and benevolence. When the plague was at its height in Milan he was invited to dinner by the Archbishop of Sienna. A sumptuous entertainment was provided, and Borromeo, who was not accustomed to luxury or extravagance, ate but little. He contented himself, in fact, with bread and water, which formed his usual daily fare.

At supper again the table was covered with everything that was most rare, exquisite and costly. The Cardinal was displeased, and gave orders for departure. The Archbishop urged him to remain. "My Lord Archbishop," said the Cardinal, "great numbers of the poor might have been sustained by the amounts spent on superfluities for my entertainment. I will not be the cause of further extravagance. Farewell. Remember the poor."

During the plague, when the rich and the authorities were fleeing in dismay from Milan, the Cardinal continued in the town, and went about every day visiting the sick, the bereaved and the afflicted. His zeal knew no bounds. His

noble example stimulated others to acts of beneficence. He spared no expense. In fact, he gave up the whole of his large ecclesiastical revenue to relieve the wants of the poor. He was unwearied in works of relief, of sanitary improvement, in alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted, in administering to their wants. Nor were his labours confined to Milan. He visited the suburbs and neighbouring villages, and did his best everywhere for the benefit of poor suffering humanity. He was severe only towards those who neglected or evaded their duty, particularly those amongst the clergy who ran away from the plague.

If all the saints enumerated in the calendar had as undoubted a right to be regarded as saintly, their influence on the world would have been much greater for good.

Of the origin of the plague we know little or nothing. Its effects mankind has had to deplore in all ages. Dionysius Halicarnassus describes a plague that attacked maids only, and was very deadly and destructive to them. That which raged in the time of Gentilis, an Italian Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, towards the end of the sixteenth century, we are told scarcely attacked women at all, but was particularly deadly amongst lusty men. Boterus, a Swiss author of about the same period, describes a plague prevalent in his time, which was fatal only to young people, and of which very few who had arrived at maturity died. These are examples of partial plagues, confined to particular classes.

Thucydides gives us a fearful account of the plague which broke out in Athens during the fifth century before Christ, when the Spartans were ravaging Attica, and the Athenians were strictly shut up within their walls. The pestilence within was more deadly than the enemy without. It is said that the plague or pestilential fever which raged in Athens had its origin in Ethiopia, and had been felt in Egypt and Asia Minor before it invaded Athens. It began

with heats in the head and inflammation in the eyes. The tongue and throat were bloody and the breath fetid. Sneezing and laborious coughing supervened, hiccups and spasms, with colic and intense pain. The skin became inflamed, of a reddish hue; ulcers broke out here and there; and although the internal fever was such that the patient could not bear any covering, yet the skin was not outwardly hot. Thirst was unquenchable, and sleep was rendered impossible by acute pain.

This dreadful malady usually lasted from seven to nine days. Many who survived it perished subsequently by the ulceration of the bowels, or lost the use of their limbs. Some were totally deprived of memory, and recovered only to be perfectly oblivious of their past history, and unable to recognize wife or child, friend or enemy. It is said that birds and beasts of prey would not feed on the bodies of those who perished by the plague, or if they did they too lost their lives with similar symptoms.

No remedy was found for the disease. Its virulence was dreadfully increased by the uniform despondency of those who were attacked. They seemed to resign themselves voluntarily to despair, afflicted with a lethargy, a deadly apathy, which nothing could rouse and no remedy could remove. Thousands died utterly untended. Those who ministered to the sufferers usually caught the disease. Only those who had been attacked and had survived could attend the sick without fear. Of those there were but a few.

The evil was increased a thousand-fold by the crowded state of the city. The public fountains were thronged by sufferers anxious to assuage their burning thirst. The temples were filled with corpses. Means were wanting for the sufficient burial of the dead.

Nor were the worst effects of this terrible visitation physical only. Its moral results were still more lamentable.

Men said in their hearts, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Riot and debauchery were the consequences, and this riot and debauchery doubtless rendered the victims more liable to the plague. Rich houses were made desolate. Poor men, suddenly enriched, abused their wealth by flagrant and shameless dissipation. Men's affections were blunted and their natures brutalized by tumultuous revelry. All seemed to be perishing around them. Their riches were derived from the recent deaths of relatives, friends or neighbours. Immediate pleasure was what they sought, irrespective of all consequences. The restraints of society and of civilization were cast off, and crimes of violence were common. The gods, they thought, made no distinction between the pious and the irreligious; all were alike struck down. They saw no reason why they should deny themselves any possible present gratification.

The laws themselves became impotent, because none believed that they would live to suffer the punishments inflicted by the laws.

Of the numbers who perished in this fearful visitation, historians give us no definite idea. They content themselves with saying that five thousand soldiers lost their lives by this plague, and of the common people "a number not to be reckoned."

In the reign of Marcus Antoninus Aurelius, the philosopher and Stoic Emperor of Rome (A.D. 161 to 180), his victorious army brought from the East a dreadful pestilence, which soon spread over the whole of Italy. It seems to have accompanied the Imperial troops from Persia to Syria, to Asia Minor, to Byzantium and to Rome. It was, however, two years after its first appearance before it broke out with virulence. But when public disquietude and alarm prevailed, particularly in the closing years of the reign of Aurelius, the people turned in their despair to

strange gods and strange rituals. From Persia and from Egypt, from Mauritania and Syria, these new rites were imported. Those who had lost confidence in their own deities sought to inspire themselves with trust in foreign gods.

In religion, as in other things, the lower classes generally desire change and novelty; a taste for movement, for revolution, is inherent in cities and wherever men most do congregate. It has ever been in the most populous quarters that religious changes have begun. Sudden and overpowering terror fostered this desire for change. Women of birth and fashion found something in the new ritual to please them, and so they patronized it. The unknown is always wonderful. Thus in times of terror and disquietude comes about a blending of religions, a mixing up of strange rituals with the ordinary and time-hallowed observances.

Even the triumphal processions from the East were the means of spreading abroad the plague. Verus entered the city in triumph, and the populace took it into their heads that Apollo was angry because his shrine at Seleucia had been defiled by the soldiers of Verus. They had sacrilegiously laid their hands on a golden coffer dedicated to Apollo, and the plague had escaped from it. Such was the story the priests told, and many believed it to be true. "The suddenness with which the plague broke out, here and there, amongst soldiers and citizens, in the wake of the victorious army, was inexplicable, except Apollo had interfered to punish sacrilege. It seemed to pervade the whole empire all at once. Angry Apollo was the cause. It seemed doubtful to many historians if the pestilence ever left the Roman empire afterwards. In Rome alone unnumbered thousands died. In the country, whole hamlets and villages were depopulated. Farms relapsed into wilderness." The strange gods would not or could not avert the anger

of Apollo. Some of the people relapsed into riot and dissipation, and others sank into gloomy misanthropy, forsaking home and kindred.

We must not suppose that popular games were suspended in consequence. No; the Romans must have their shows and combats, their cruel delights of mimic fights and real deaths; nay, they wanted them ever crueller and more bloody.

The useless suffering and death of the inferior animals was one of the chief attractions of the citizens of the later empire. The people watched their destruction, batch after batch. It was mere slaughter; but the animals themselves by fantastic accidents of agony amused the people. Diana, as the deity of slaughter, the Taurian goddess who requires the sacrifice of shipwrecked sailors, the cruel moon-struck huntress who brings sudden death and madness in her train, was supposed to preside over these butcheries.

The animals were artificially stimulated and maddened to attack each other. Nay more, Diana was the special deity of new-born animals, and therefore the cruel caterers of these cruel amusements for cruel spectators so arranged it that the young during these combats should be torn from the bowels of their mothers. As many pregnant animals as possible were engaged for combat. A famous courtezan would personate Diana. Dædalus was there too, represented by a criminal condemned to death. His wings would fail him as he was launched from the upper balconies of the circus, and he would fall into the pit amongst a crowd of hungry bears.

Sated with slaughter, the people went from the circus to scenes of plague, pestilence and death in their own homes. The streets were encumbered with the dead and the dying. The waggons sent round by the municipality could not remove the dead rapidly enough. Further to aggravate the horrors of those years, a famine prevailed at the same

time all along the western shores of Italy, and great was the mortality in consequence.

But far more terrible was the plague in the time of Justinian (A.D. 527 to 565). Procopius studied it both as a physician and a historian, and has left us as interesting an account of its progress and symptoms as Thucydides has left us of the plague of Athens. Sometimes the mind was first affected. The visions of a distempered fancy seemed to overpower the intellect. Excessive fear was the result, and fear led to despair. But the majority of the sufferers were first attacked by a fever, so slight that nothing connected with the malady seemed to portend death or danger. But soon the swelling of the glands, in the groin, under the arm-pits and beneath the ears, became serious. Tumours were formed, within which a hard black substance was found of the size of a lentil. If the swelling ripened into suppuration, the patient was saved by the natural discharge of the venom. But if the tumours continued to be hard and dry, mortification set in, and the fifth day of the malady was usually that of death.

The fever was sometimes accompanied by a dull lethargy, in which the patient only asked to be left alone, and not to be tortured by remedies of any kind—medicines, operations, or even the attentions of a nurse. In this condition, death came noiselessly, and apparently without pain. But more frequently delirium accompanied the fever, the ravings of frenzy, the wailings of despair, or the violent outbursts of passion. Vomiting of blood frequently followed, and death was the result not long after.

In all cases, the bodies of those who died of the plague were covered with black pustules or carbuncles. When these appeared on the body of the patient before death, all hope was given up, and despair took possession of the sufferer.

The female sex was less susceptible to the plague than

the male, and youth suffered more than age. Pregnant women hardly ever escaped, if attacked, although instances are recorded of women giving birth to infected infants, who died immediately, whilst the mothers recovered. More frequently the women died before confinement, but some instances are recorded of their having perished by the plague, whilst the infants were preserved.

There was no security in wealth. Rich and poor were attacked alike; every rank and profession fell victims to this terrible pestilence; whilst of those who recovered, some lost the use of speech, and others lost their sight and hearing.

The physicians of Constantinople were celebrated throughout the entire Roman empire for their knowledge and skill. But this plague completely baffled them. The same remedies were often productive of the most contrary effects, and it was utterly impossible for the most experienced and the most learned of the medical men of the time to say what would be the result of this or that method of treatment.

Those who died without friends or relations or servants to attend them, lay unburied in the streets or in their own desolate homes. A magistrate was appointed to collect the promiscuous heaps of dead bodies, to transport them by land or water, and to inter them in deep pits beyond the precincts of the cities. The order of funerals and the rites of sepulture were all confounded. Such were the numbers who perished, that it was only by strict discipline and unwearied exertions the magistrates preserved any order at all. Despair, and its attendant indifference to all the ordinary requirements of civilization, seemed to seize hold of the minds of the vast majority of the population. Ordinary habits of life, ordinary occupations, were intermitted. Idleness and despondency occasioned a general scarcity in the capital and its neighbourhood, and this led of course to the more general and fatal spread of the pestilence.

The impression seems to have prevailed at the time that this plague in the reign of Justinian, one of the most terrible recorded in history, was not contagious. This conviction appeared to many to be the means of its more general diffusion, whilst it certainly caused friends and relations to be more assiduous in their attentions to the sick.

No restraints were imposed on the intercourse of province with province. From Persia to France there was unrestricted intercommunication of travellers and of merchandize. Extraordinary sanitary measures, the result of modern experience and civilization, were then unknown, nor had medicine in the time of Justinian made that progress which has enabled it in later times to suggest prevention as well as remedies.

Procopius informs us that this terrible pestilence spread from the sea-coast to the interior. The most sequestered islands and mountain districts were successively invaded by it, and many places which had escaped entirely at the period of its first dance of death through the provinces, were only spared for a later and more terrible visitation of it afterwards.

The air appeared to have become vitiated by the dreadful mortality. Nor was the pestilence either checked or alleviated by the succession of the seasons. It raged on from year to year, more or less virulently, for more than a generation. It is said that its fatal effects were not wholly obliterated till it had ravaged the earth for two-and-fifty years, and the estimated number of its victims was one hundred millions of human beings,—"a number not wholly inadmissible," says Gibbon.

In 1348, a plague broke out in Florence of so terrible and so deadly a character, that it has been celebrated alike in history, in poetry, in romance and in painting. The Decameron of Boccaccio owes its origin to this dreadful scourge. In this respect, the plague of 1348 was peculiar.

I cannot find that any of the other pestilences, ancient or modern, has given rise to a standard work of such world-wide repute as the Decameron of Boccaccio.

Why this particular plague should have been so deadly in Florence, evidently very much exercised the philosophers, the poets and the historians of the time. Various remedies were tried without effect. "Florence was not more wicked than Naples or Rome," argues Boccaccio. It might of course have been the planets; but why should the planets be malign to Florence only? It was evidently a great mystery, and has remained so ever since. The streets were kept clean, all suspected persons were removed and prevented from entering the city gates; yet all to no purpose. The wisest of the people consulted together as to what should be done. One thing was tried after another but all in vain.

Tumours in the groin or under the arm-pits were the certain sign of its attack. These tumours varied in size from that of a medium-sized apple to that of a hazel-nut. Purple spots also made their appearance on the body, and terror seized hold on all who found themselves afflicted either with tumours or with spots.

"Whether it was that the disease was in its own nature mortal and deadly, or that the physicians could not form any just idea of its cause or remedies—whichever way it was, few escaped." The sufferers generally died on the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms. Communicated as it was from the sick to those in health, it seemed daily to increase in virulence and in deadliness. "If I had not seen it with my own eyes," says the honest Boccaccio, "and were there not many other witnesses to attest the facts, I should never venture to relate the horrors of this dreadful sickness." The pestilential influence, we are told, not only passed from man to man, but even to the

inferior animals who were touched by infected hands or clothes. Boccaccio relates how he saw the clothes that had been worn by a man who died of the plague thrown on to the bank of the river, but not into the stream. Two hogs rooted amongst them for some time, and "in less than an hour turned round and died on the spot."

It is hardly wonderful that, amidst scenes of sickness so terrible and of deaths so sudden and so certain, the bonds of society appeared to be let loose. Many of the sick were abandoned altogether by their friends and relatives. Some, as yet untouched by the sickness, isolated themselves altogether from the rest of the world, and combined together to live apart from general society. Others took it into their heads that a blind fatalism ruled all things. They ate, they drank, they satisfied every impulse and every appetite without restraint, for "it would be all the same in the long-run."

The officers of justice had either fled from the city or were sick or dead, so that there was no one to put the laws in force, and every one did exactly as he pleased. All who could do so, appear to have forsaken the doomed city; whilst religious processions, funeral rites, and the exhortations of the preaching friars, all tended to increase the prevailing terror, and to diminish the chances of escape to those who remained.

"All was silent in the enchanting valley of the Arno, on the road leading to Florence. There was none of the usual activity and mirth and animation of Tuscan life. All was silent, void and hushed. Even in the light of heaven there seemed to be a sicklied and ghastly glow. Most of the cottages by the road-side were shut up and deserted; some were open, but seemingly tenantless. The plough stood still. The distaff plied not. Horse and man had a dreary holiday. There was a darker curse upon the land than the

curse of Cain. Now and then a single figure, usually clad in the gloomy habit of a friar, would cross the road, lifting towards the unknown traveller a livid and amazed stare. Then he would hurry on and disappear beneath the roof of some cottage, from which would issue a faint and dying moan—a moan which, but for the exceeding stillness of all around, would scarcely have been audible beyond the threshold.

"Near the city, the scene was less solitary, but more dread. Carts and litters might be seen, with thick awnings wrapped closely around them. They contained those who sought safety in flight, forgetting that the plague was everywhere in Tuscany. Hard by the gate a waggon passed, and a man with a black mask on his face threw out its contents into a green slimy pool bordering the road-side. These were rags and robes and garments of all kinds—the embroidered mantle of the gallant, the hood and veil of the lady, and the grimy dress of the peasant.

"The market-place was empty as the desert. The gloomy and barricaded streets, in which the counter cries of Guelf and Ghibelline had so often cheered on the chivalry of Florence, were deserted. Huddled together in vault and pit, lay Guelf and Ghibelline, cured of their enmity by the plague. Knightly spurs and beggar's crutch were all huddled together now." (*Rienzi*, vi. 2.)

"Divided as they all were," says Boccaccio, "neither did all die nor did all escape. They who first set the example of forsaking others, often perished themselves, alone and unpitied. Terror was so rampant in the city, that brother fled from brother, wife from husband, parent from child. What between the scarcity of servants and the violence of the distemper, such numbers were continually dying as made it terrible to bear as well as to behold. The old customs of the town were altogether changed by the pres-

sure of necessity—the burial customs particularly. The funeral rites were hurried over in the churches, and the corpses were interred in the cemeteries wherever they could find room."

Such were the numbers destroyed by the pestilence, that at last the custom prevailed for the dead to be laid out at the doors in the streets early in the morning, so that the officers appointed for the purpose might remove them on coming their usual rounds. Sometimes wife and husband, father and son, mother and daughter, would thus be laid out and carried off together. "Things came to that pass," says the historian, "that men's lives were no more regarded than the lives of beasts." Common calamity made the people bear those losses with equanimity—losses which at another time would have made them beside themselves with despair. Resignation or despair was taught by the continual loss of friends, acquaintances, neighbours and relatives.

The consecrated grounds, whether cemeteries or churchyards, were no longer able to accommodate the numbers continually brought thither for sepulture. In consequence, trenches had to be dug, in which the corpses were laid in rows; and it was difficult to find priests enough to perform the funeral service.

Nor was it in Florence alone that the plague prevailed. All over Tuscany the sufferers were to be seen on the highways and in the fields, dying rather like cattle than human beings.

Between March and August, the estimates of the numbers who perished by the plague vary from seventy to a hundred thousand. What magnificent dwellings, what noble palaces were depopulated! What families cut off! What riches and possessions left without an heir to succeed to them! What numbers destroyed in the prime of life! What various

misery! What alternations of riot, of reckless indulgence and of woe! "Such," exclaims Boccaccio, somewhat profanely, "such was the cruelty of Heaven."

We have had nothing so terrible in England as the plague in Florence.

But still, dreadful was the mortality, and awful were the scenes, in London, when the plague visited it in 1665 and 1666. It was the most violent of any visitation of the kind ever known in England. The whole summer of 1665 had been remarkably still and warm. The narrow streets were suffocating even to people in perfect health. In August and September the pestilence burst forth, doubtless finding congenial harbingers in the lull and heat of the preceding months.

The plague seems to have come from Holland, where it had raged in 1663 and 1664; and although merchandize from Holland was prohibited, and although strict quarantine regulations were enforced, yet it crept in and ran its fatal course unchecked. It appeared first in Westminster, whence it was imported into the city.

A cold, frosty winter checked its ravages, but it burst forth anew, and with increased virulence, in the spring. At first it took off one and another, without any certain proof that there had been communication or infection. Houses were shut up to prevent its spreading. But it was too late. The infection grasped its victims on all sides. The shutting up of houses was a useless precaution. The malady was concealed by all families as much as possible, till death clutched them, lest their houses should be shut up. All means of stopping the spread of the pestilence proved ineffectual. Thousands fled from the city. Merchants engaged in foreign trade took off their families by sea. But still the deaths increased in number. Wallcott thus describes the state of things in the city: "Not here alone

was the abode of death and misery. The rude pallet, with its ghastly burden, the tainted atmosphere, the despairing sobs, the frenzied shrieks of the sick and dying, were everywhere. The destroying angel held on his course through the forlorn streets and deserted lanes. Large fires burned to purify the air, and the heavy smoke-wreaths, unable to rise, formed a sable pall over the doomed city. The noisome contagion would not be stayed.

"At the closely guarded door, marked with the foot-long cross of blue and the penitential verse of despair above it, 'Lord, have mercy on us!' stood the gloomy watchman. Ever and anon the intolerable profound hush, as of a charnel-house, was broken by the tolling of the funeral bell. Vigilant searchers, officers of the law, passed to and fro, armed with red wands, to find out the infected houses. Through the long night the death-cart, deeply laden, rolled heavily by towards the plague-pit, which was surfeited with hideous corruption, and the doleful cry of the driver resounded through the silent streets, 'Bring out your dead.'"

The ravages of the plague were most severely felt in the parishes of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Many of the corpses were buried in the fields now covered by the houses in Golden Square and its neighbourhood. In 1854, the attack of cholera was worst in that locality, a fact attributed to the opening of drains communicating with the trenches dug for the dead who died of the plague in 1665 and 1666. Others were buried in Tothill Fields, a locality in which necromancers were punished at an earlier period.

The weekly number of burials increased from 2010 in July to 8000 in September. The poor were reduced to extreme distress by the almost total cessation of trade and commerce, whilst the rich gave liberally of their superfluity to alleviate the distresses of the poor. The King contributed

a thousand pounds weekly, and in all seventeen thousand pounds were distributed in alms in the parish of Cripplegate alone.

Nor was this all. Government took measures to try and prevent the enhancement of the price of provisions, so that during the entire period of the plague wholesome food might be sold at very moderate rates.

During the winter of 1665, the inhabitants who had fled began to return to the city, and soon London appeared to be as populous as ever. It was calculated that a hundred thousand human beings were carried off by that dreadful visitation. At that time London was at least twice as populous as Florence was in the fourteenth century.

Leprosy has been another scourge of humanity, as fatal perhaps, and more loathsome than the plague.

Who shall describe it? It is Protean in its hideous varieties. Sometimes it makes its appearance in the form of red pimples or pustules, or collections of pustules, on the limbs and body. Sometimes, in the dark races, it shows itself in white blotches spreading over the skin, loathsome, fearful, terrible. The pimples, pustules or blotches gradually enlarge their borders and spread in an orbicular form. Not of one kind or of one form are these dreadful eruptions, but various in character, sometimes horny, sometimes scaly, sometimes brownish and pulpy on white skins, and whitish and pulpy on brown skins. Then may come swellings of the legs and arms, wasting away of the flesh, a hideous wasting away, accompanied with unpleasant discharge of matter and unpleasant smells, loathsome and horrible. I have seen hands like the paws of bears, all the fingers wasted away, and faces that reminded one of death's heads, the skin all eaten off.

I was riding with a party through the valley on the south-east of Jerusalem, the valley in which the refuse of

the city was burned up in olden times—Gehenna. A number of lepers from a neighbouring leper village were collected in the valley to ask for alms from us.

One woman was amongst the lepers of exquisite mould of form, a statuesque beauty. She knew her own perfection of form, and displayed it to advantage. Her eyes were black and lustrous, with that deep attractive swimming lustre in them that one so seldom sees in temperate climes. Below her eyes hung a white cloth, covering nose and mouth and chin.

Our guide was Mr. Abraham Mordecai, an excellent dragoman. "What is the matter with that woman?" more than one of us asked. "Why is she amongst the lepers?"

Mr. Mordecai spoke to one of the other lepers who stood near the woman. The cloth that concealed nose, mouth and chin was lifted, and never did we behold a more repulsive sight. The eyes were still there—large, lustrous and beautiful—but beneath them all was bone as of a death's head—no nose, no lips, no cheeks, no chin—all bone, hideous and death-like. The leprosy had eaten all the flesh away.

And these people live in their own villages under Turkish rule, and propagate their kind. Troops of children accompany them to beg—children doomed, every one of them, to be lepers sooner or later.

There are villages in many other Eastern countries set apart for lepers, and there is an island set apart for them in the Seychelles, and another amongst the Sandwich Islands.

The Seychelles are a group of about thirty islands, nearly a thousand miles north of Mauritius, and about five degrees south of the Equator. The island set apart for lepers in this group is called *Ile Curieuse.* All found to be afflicted with this terrible disease are sent to the Ile Curieuse by the Government of Mauritius. There the patients are well

tended, have medical advice, and every comfort available under the circumstances. The sexes are kept apart.

Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Mauritius, thus describes his visit to this island in 1856: "Our Praslin guide and the catechist Philippi accompanied us. We landed on a beautiful beach of white coral sand, washed by waves of the clearest crystal. The palms touched the high-water mark, and with other trees formed a beautiful grove along the plain, which was terminated by a steep hill." What a contrast between the beauty of nature and the misery of man in this island!

"The first we came to," proceeds the Bishop, "was a man whose hands and feet were nearly gone, through the effect of the leprosy. He did not seem so thoroughly broken down as some whom we saw afterwards. His commodious hut was clean, plenty of provisions were around him, with materials for fishing-rods, and a little garden outside. But the appearance of the man was sad to look upon. A frequent rolling of the eye-balls was a symptom which I observed in him and others frequently. Prosper, the next we visited, bore deep marks of the disease all over him. He is the dresser of the wounds of the patients, and we were all struck with his own tidiness and the neatness of his little garden. The next was a woman who had been fourteen years in bed. The sight was dreadful. The hands were so crampt together by the disease, that in one of them there was what looked like the thumb bent down and forced out between the little finger and the next, and having the nail on it, whilst all the rest was a mass of flesh. The coffin, which is kept ready-made in every cabin, seemed peculiarly, though sadly, appropriate in hers. It was a very, very solemn scene. Poor thing! she responded softly but mournfully, yet confidently, to all that I said about the presence of the Saviour, the benefits of prayer and the joys of heaven."

The Bishop and his party seem to have been much touched by their visit. "What an impressive lesson of thankfulness for health! What an illustration of sin!" he exclaims; but he gives us no statistics, no idea of the numbers on this leper island.

Turn we now to the Hawaiian Archipelago, the Sandwich Islands, in the Northern Pacific. Amongst these, Molokai is devoted to lepers. It is about the same latitude as Calcutta, not far from the tropic, is about forty miles long, and six to eight miles broad on an average. A range of mountains runs through it from east to west. It forms part of the kingdom of King Kalakana, of which Hawaii is the principal island and Honolulu the capital. It was on Hawaii, misnamed Owhyhee, that Capt. Cooke was killed a hundred years ago.

Molokai takes its name from its precipitous sides, the name meaning the island of precipices.

In 1865 the attention of the Hawaiian Legislature was called to the subject of leprosy, and it was determined to give up an island for the reception of the lepers. To that island every one is compulsorily banished who has the slightest taint of the disease. Even Queen Emma's cousin, a man of wealth and importance, was banished to the island of Molokai when it was clearly proved that he was attacked by this frightful disease. Queen Emma visited England about twenty years ago, and was received with distinction by the Queen and the Royal Family of England. Queen Emma was the widow of the last ruling sovereign, and had great influence in the government at the time.

So careless are the Hawaiians, that they will wear the clothes of lepers, smoke their pipes, and sleep on the same mats. Perfect isolation, banishment to Molokai, is the only means of stamping out this scourge.

There are between eight hundred and a thousand lepers

resident on Molokai, chiefly collected in the village of Kalawai. One man only who is not a leper lives on the island, and that man is the Roman Catholic missionary. He has devoted himself to the poor lepers, honestly believing that they have souls to be saved, and that he can help in saving them.

All honour then to Father Damiens, the priest in question; a missionary indeed! a missionary distinguished by zeal, devotion and honest enthusiasm; a living martyr, for he has given up his life to the outcasts!

The lepers who are well off at Molokai have wooden houses, replete with every comfort, but all the servants are lepers. The Hon. P. Y. Kaeo, cousin of Queen Emma, has an excellent library in his house, chiefly of English books, and he takes an active and intelligent interest in the government of the island. An island steamer visits Molokai every month, and brings newpapers and periodicals. The *Illustrated* and the *Graphic*, the *Times* and the *New York Herald*, may be seen on the tables in Mr. Kaeo's drawing-room at Molokai. The widow of a member of the Hawaiian Legislature is also a resident on the island; also a governor, a superintendent of stores, a postmaster and two schoolmasters, all lepers. There are two Roman Catholic chapels, one Protestant church, and two school-houses; but priests, clergymen and teachers are all lepers, except Father Damiens.

Nor is this all. There is a band, a brass band, on the island, that discourses excellent music, and a drum, fife and two flutes. The sprightly airs played by them grate harshly on the feelings of visitors to the island, but not on those of the residents. "Oh the repulsive and sickening libels and distorted caricatures of the human face divine upon which we gazed that day!" exclaims an American traveller who visited the island and heard the band play.

The small-pox, a disease only a little less loathsome than

leprosy, has probably carried off a greater number of human beings, particularly amongst savages and the semi-civilized—in proportion to the time it has been known to afflict humanity.

Leprosy has been known since the dawn of history. Some profane historians will have it that the Jews were driven out of Egypt originally because they were afflicted with leprosy. The tradition is a sufficient proof of the antiquity of the disease. Small-pox, on the other hand, was unknown till the middle of the seventeenth century, when it is said to have made its appearance first in Saxony.

Vaccination has done so much to diminish its fatality, that its ravages in these later years are terrible only amongst the savages of Africa and Australia, the red men of America, the semi-civilized tribes of India and the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific.

I take an example of its destructive ravages from that interesting record of Capt. W. F. Butler's travels in North America, published under the title of *The Great Lone Land.*

"The summer which had just passed had witnessed one of the deadliest attacks of this disease (small-pox). It had swept from the Missouri through the Blackfeet tribes and had run the whole length of the North Saskatchewan, attacking indiscriminately Crees, half-breeds and Hudson Bay employés. The latest news received from the Saskatchewan was one long record of death. Carlton House, a fort of the Hudson Bay Company, 600 miles north-west from Red River, had been attacked in August. Late in September the disease still raged among its inhabitants.

"In its most aggravated form the disease had passed from tribe to tribe, leaving in its tracks depopulated wigwams and vacant council lodges. Thousands (and there are not many thousands of them all told) had perished on the great sandy plains that lie between the Saskatchewan and the

Missouri. Why this terrible disease should prey with especial fury on the poor red man of America has never been accounted for by medical authorities, but that it does prey upon him with a virulence to be found nowhere else is an undoubted fact. Of all the fatal methods of destroying the Indians which his white brother has introduced into the West, this plague of small-pox is the most deadly. The history of its annihilating progress is written in two legible characters on the desolate expanses of untenanted wilds, where the Indian graves are the sole traces of the red man's former dominion. Beneath this awful scourge whole tribes have disappeared; the bravest and the best have vanished, because their bravery forbade that they should flee from the terrible infection.

"Previously they knew nothing of this terrible disease. It had come from the white man and the trader. Its speed had distanced the race for gold. The Missouri Valley had been swept by the epidemic before the men who carried the fire-water had crossed the Mississippi. For eighty years, at intervals, these vast regions had been devastated by this plague, and its history was ever the same—its track was marked with the unburied bodies and the bleaching bones of the wild warriors of the West.

"Fort Pitt itself was free from small-pox, but it had gone through a fearful ordeal. More than a hundred Crees had perished close around its stockades. The unburied dead lay for days by the road-side, till the wolves, growing bold with the impunity which death amongst the hunters ever gives to the hunted, approached and fought over the decaying bodies. From a spot many marches to the south, the Indians had come to the fort in midsummer, leaving behind them a long track of dead and dying. Give us help, they cried, give us help! Our medicine-men can do nothing against this plague. From the white man we got it, and it

is only the white man who can take it away from us. But there was no help to be given. Day by day the wretched band grew less numerous. Then came another idea into the red man's brain—If we can only give this disease to the white men and the traders in the fort, we shall get rid of it. So they came into the houses, dying and disfigured as they were, horrible beyond description to look at, and sat down at the entrances of the wooden houses, and stretched themselves on the floors, and spat upon the door-handles. But it was no use. The fell disease held them in a grasp from which there was no escape."

There is no disease of which the villagers in India are more afraid than small-pox. They have cholera almost always in their vicinity, if not amongst them. But small-pox comes only occasionally, and then with destructive fury. The Hindus of the provinces of Bengal and the North-west account for its appearance in the following legend :—

In the golden age, when all men spoke the truth, there lived a very beautiful woman, named Mati. She had a daughter just bursting into womanhood, as beautiful as herself, and of whom Mati took especial care. One night they were asleep together on the roof of their house. It was during the hot weather, and the roof was cooler than the rooms beneath. By accident their faces were uncovered, and a peri and his son, floating through the air in his chariot, beheld them. Descending on the roof, they lifted up the mother and daughter so gently as not to awake them, and went off with them in their chariot. As they were winging their way to the distant shades of the peris, father and son drew lots to decide which should marry the mother and which the daughter.

It so happened that the mother fell to the lot of the son, and the daughter to the father peri. In that golden age

the beauty of women did not fade as it does in our degenerate days. Both were contented. Before the sleeping beauties had awaked, they were united to father and son respectively by the peri ceremonial of marriage.

The palace of the peris was new and strange to mother and daughter when they awoke. And still more amazed were they when the mother found she was her own daughter's daughter-in-law, and the daughter that she was her own mother's mother-in-law. Nor was this all that troubled them. Mati had left a loving husband, and her daughter had left a kind and indulgent father, on earth—as well as a betrothed lover. She had seen her lover three times stealthily, without herself having been seen, and she was passionately attached to him and considered herself engaged.

For a time in the peri palace all went smoothly. Mati and her daughter were oppressed with a pleasing melancholy, but did not allow this melancholy to make them unhappy. But unfortunately Mati had been accustomed on earth to have things her own way, and her daughter, too, was wilful and petulant.

"You shall never return to earth. I will not allow it," said the young peri to Mati one day. Before that she had been resigned to her fate. From that time she began to look about her for some means of escaping from the peri palace and returning to earth. She consulted with her daughter, now her mother-in-law, and found her tired of her peri husband, and anxious to return to earth to wed her betrothed lover.

"Let us pray to Bhugwan" (God), said the daughter; "he will hear us."

They made poojah and prayed, and Bhugwan heard them.

"You will regret it if you go back to earth," said Bhugwan.

"We shall not," said Mati.

"Well then, go, wilful ones," said Bhugwan, and he gave orders accordingly.

They descended to earth. But lo! the golden age had passed away. Men no longer spoke only the truth.

"Where is my husband?" asked Mati.

"Dead; dead long ago," was the answer. "He died of grief, because his wife and child ran away from him."

"Where is my betrothed lover?" asked the daughter.

"Dead; dead long ago. Your father killed him, because he thought he knew something of your flight and would not tell."

"There is no chance of getting back to peridom," said Mati; "come, my daughter, we will be revenged on mankind."

"Let us be revenged on mankind, O my mother!" answered the daughter.

Now there is a mighty bird with the face of a man, Guroor by name, the brother of Indra, and son of Kushyup, father of the gods. Guroor is a bird of marvellous size and equally marvellous appetite. Each leg of Guroor is four bamboos in lengh. His beak is as long as a palm-tree, his eyes like great doorways, his feathers like clouds, and his belly like a mountain. He likes to pick up men as quails pick up ants. He dares not eat Brahmans, but generally his delight is to do harm to mankind.

To Guroor, therefore, Mati and her daughter made poojah incessantly. At last he heard them, and asked what they wanted. With one voice they said they wanted to be revenged on mankind.

Guroor was not displeased at the request. He told them to go to Mulyagin Hill, south of the Nerbudda, and there a black snake would give them something that would enable them to be revenged on man.

They went. They found the black snake. They collected some of his venom, and were shown how to use it. The moment they touched it, they became ever after invisible to human eyes. This venom is the deadly venom of small-pox. It is well known, however, if Mati comes alone into a household, she will not destroy life. She is not so implacable now as she once was. But if she and her daughter come together, no amount of poojah-making, no skill of medicine, can save life.

With tales like these the luxuriant imagination of the East regales itself even on the ghastliest of subjects.

Cholera has been, in these latter days, what the plague was to our forefathers in Europe. But its proper home is said to be in the East Indies. In 1831 we first hear of it in Europe, and then as a scourge without remedy, a thing to be shunned and dreaded, a terror and a destroyer, like the pestilence of old.

It is not so long ago since the most learned and acute of our medical practitioners taught that cholera was actually born in the Delta of the Ganges—the Sundabunds—some fifty years since. But more accurate inquiry has established the fact that it was known in India from the earliest period, that Lower Bengal is its nursing mother, and that heat, moisture and decay are its fertilizing sources.

Human intercourse appears to have little or nothing to do with the spread of the disease. Nay, even contact with the sick is almost immaterial, for attendants on the sick have not suffered more than others.

It is satisfactory to know that although quarantine and cordons have utterly failed to afford protection or to prevent the spread of the cholera, yet sanitary improvements are the best safeguards against its spread and re-appearance. If an outbreak does threaten a station or a regiment in India, removal from the infected locality has been found one of

the best preventives. The sanitary improvements indicated embrace every measure that Government can take to promote cleanliness—an abundant supply of good pure water, the removal of all refuse, all decayed animal or vegetable matter, and the establishment of efficient sewerage.

With regard to countries outside of India, it is to be noted that those which have been in most direct communication with it have not suffered more than others, nor does there appear to be any relation between the facilities of communication and the progress of the epidemic. Quarantine and medical inspection, and even disinfecting processes, appear to have been of no use whatever in stopping the progress of the malady or preventing its spread. On the contrary, an unreasoning dread, very injurious to public health and welfare, is engendered thereby, trade is paralyzed, and sanitary improvements are often neglected.

Dr. Koch's cholera bacillus theory does not appear to have done much to enable medical men to vanquish the virus of the malady. The English Cholera Commission, which investigated the disease carefully both at Calcutta and Bombay, came to the conclusion that the comma-shaped bacillus of Dr. Koch is not peculiar to cholera alone, but is known and found commonly in many other cases not choleraic. This bacillus has been found in tanks which supplied large numbers of the population with water, and yet not a case of cholera appeared amongst them. The bacillus described by Dr. Koch is therefore not an organism peculiar to cholera, and is neither the cause of the disease originally nor of its subsequent spread.

The result of the entire investigation is, that pure air, pure water, healthy soil, good and sufficient food, proper clothing, and suitable healthy employment both for mind and body, are the best preservatives, not only against cholera, but against every other variety of plague and pestilence.

CHAPTER X.

FASHION.

The Bishop of Clermont—Philip III. of Spain—Martyrs to fashion—Dandyism: Alcibiades to Beaconsfield—Legal fashions—Feudal fashions—Modern art—Naked models—Mr. Horsley and Professor Gräf—The Kyrle Society—Theatrical morality—Commercialism in art—Spectacular enormities—Popular education in art—Progress.

IN Brazil, the young ladies of colour will spend hours in the endeavour to take the curl out of their hair and to make it lie flat. In Europe, the young ladies without colour will spend hours in the endeavour to make their hair curl.

Fashion is a capricious mistress, and her teaching leads sometimes to tragic, but more generally to comic results.

Guillaume Duprat was Bishop of Clermont in the middle of the sixteenth century. He had attended the Council of Trent and built the College of the Jesuits in Paris, so that he was evidently a man of some distinction. He had a long beard, remarkable for the fineness of its texture. It was soft, glossy and silky, and Bishop Duprat was proud of it.

But the canons and other officials of the Cathedral of Clermont did not approve of their bishop having a beard at all, because it was not the fashion, and they determined,

therefore, to cut it off. They passed a resolution to this effect—dean, canons, prévôt and chantre, in chapter assembled.

Accordingly, the next time Bishop Duprat came to the choir, the dean himself and some of the canons approached with scissors, razor, soap, basin and warm water. The bishop saw at once what they intended to do, and took to his heels. The dean and canons were no match for the right reverend father at a race, and the bishop escaped, taking refuge in his castle of Beauregard, two leagues from Clermont.

Here he was safe from violence; but although he took a vow never to set foot in Clermont again, and kept that vow, yet the worry he experienced from his dean and chapter on this subject of his beard was such that he sickened. He would not part with his beard, however. Nay, he was ready to part with his life rather. When he found that his sickness was likely to end in death, he revenged himself upon his adversaries by getting the nephew of the Pope, Leo X.—Cardinal Salviati, a youth without a hair on his face—appointed as his successor. The dean and canons could not oppose the Pope. It was a rich bishopric, and Cardinal Salviati was duly nominated and succeeded him. Thus was Bishop Duprat avenged, and so ended the tragicomedy of the bishop and his beard.

Philip III. of Spain was another martyr to fashion and etiquette. He was not a wise monarch. If he had been, he would not have been a martyr at all. He was not wise, for he drove all the Moors out of Grenada, and the Moors were the most prosperous and industrious of his subjects. But this expulsion of the Moors may have been the act of his favourite Minister, the Duke of Lerma. Philip was a pious fool, and no doubt thought he was pleasing God by driving out the Moors.

It was in 1621. Philip was at the Escurial, which had

been built by his father. He was seated by a chimney, and in the fire-place the Court stoker had kindled so large a pile of wood that his Catholic Majesty had like to have been roasted to death. It was contrary to etiquette for him to rise and remove on such an occasion. Nay, it was hardly consistent with his dignity and his grandeur to call out for help. Here was a dreadful situation truly—his Majesty roasting slowly, and no help! The great officers of the Court were not there, and no domestic would venture into the sacred presence without their orders. And in the mean time Majesty was freely perspiring and slowly roasting!

At length the Marquess de Pobat appeared, and the King, calling to him, ordered him to diminish the heat of the fire. The Marquess was ready to lick the King's boots if he was told, but could do nothing contrary to etiquette. There was not a Court in Christendom which was more punctilious in that respect than the Court of Spain in the seventeenth century.

The Marquess de Pobat hastened from the apartment to call the proper officer—whilst Majesty was freely perspiring and slowly roasting the while! The proper officer, as the fates would have it, was not to be found, for the Duke d'Usseda, whose province it was to give the necessary orders, was out riding, and so the fire burned away, and his Majesty bore his martyrdom like a hero—still freely perspiring! He could not derogate from his dignity, and to rise and remove would have been beneath his dignity, and a violation of the laws of etiquette. The fire gradually burnt low, whilst his Majesty's blood was so heated that next day erysipelas broke out in his head. His physicians said it was the consequence of the broiling his Majesty had endured so heroically the previous day. Of that erysipelas his Majesty died. Did I not rightly say that Philip III. of Spain was not a wise monarch?

The foppery of great men would form a pleasant theme for some discursive essays. Julius Cæsar set the fashion of wearing ear-rings, which before that had been confined to women and slaves. This custom prevailed at Rome till the time of Alexander Severus, who sternly forbade it as a mark of effeminacy. The curled and scented ringlets of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, were often laughed at by his political friends. He is said to have worn green velvet pantaloons in his youth. His familiar letters, lately published, prove that he could laugh at his own foibles, and at the effect they produced on others. To the last he remained a man of peculiar taste in dress. His light winter overcoat would have been remarked even on the shoulders of a youth. The great Duke of Marlborough was a confirmed dandy when young, but forsook the eccentricities of dandyism when he had attained middle age. As an institution, dandyism is as old and as peculiar as duelling.

Yet both dandyism and duelling are found amongst the lower animals, chiefly at pairing time. The wanton lapwing then decks himself with a brighter crest, and is ready to do battle for his mate. The peacock then struts proudly along, displaying as fully as possible the wonders of his gorgeous tail. The grouse cock dances before his admiring mates, "high and disposedly," as Queen Elizabeth did before the ambassadors. From the lion to the cock sparrow, they will do battle courageously for their harems.

The male savage, like the peacock, is the more elaborately decorated of the pair. The females are the dowdies. Civilization tries to reverse the rule, but still in the spring-tide of life the youth will array himself in many-coloured costume to please his belle, and military heroes, all the world over, dazzle by display.

Alcibiades was one of the earliest dandies of whom history informs us, and Beau Nash and George Brummell

were amongst the latest. There are examples to be found of votaries of fashion in all classes—philosophers, divines, poets, historians, warriors, statesmen and buffoons. It is in extremes that such tastes are reprehensible, lead to evil, and become despicable.

We might suppose that there was some connection between dandyism and effeminacy. Doubtless it is often so. But during the last century, in England, the patrons of the prize-ring, brutal bullies and foul—truculent, ferocious brawlers—were frequently dandies as well. Mr. S. C. Hall, in his *Retrospect of a long Life*, describes a dinner given to Molyneux, the black boxer, after one of his brutal fights, at which a nobleman noted for excessive care in the matter of dress presided. "Up rose the ruffian," says Mr. Hall, "his arm in a sling, his broken jaw covered by a silk handkerchief, and strips of plaister on his lower lip, and returned thanks as best he could."

In those days the fashion was to execute people for petty larcenies. The law was as cruel and unfeeling as the cock-fighters, the bull-baiters and the patrons "of the noble science of self-defence." Sir James Mackintosh, on the 2nd March, 1819, described the execution of seventeen miserable wretches at Newgate, most of them for petty larcenies. He made a powerful speech in the House of Commons against the barbarity of our code of laws then, but it was with difficulty that he could get the House to pay any attention to the subject, although he was aided by the eloquence and ability of Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir Fowell Buxton.

"Kill your father or a rabbit, and the penalty is the same —death," exclaimed Sir Fowell Buxton. "Steal a pocket-handkerchief or forge a will, and the penalty is the same—death. Keep company with a gipsy or kill him, and the penalty is the same—death." Seventy years ago, the

husband of Mary Jones, a Cornish woman, was pressed and sent to sea. She walked, with her infant in her arms, all the way from Cornwall to London, in the hope of obtaining some assistance. She got none. In fear of starvation for her infant and herself, she stole a piece of cloth worth eight shillings, and was hanged for it!

It was the legal fashion of the time. There was no reasonable basis in morality for this excessive severity. But all history assures us that whatever the fashion of the time may be, however absurd, however pernicious, men and women will eagerly follow it, and in too many instances uphold it as reasonable and perhaps useful.

We have but to take a cursory survey of what prevails amongst us now, to find examples of injustice as gross, evils as pernicious, and prejudices as absurd, as those which prevailed amongst our forefathers. Whatever difference of opinion may exist in society relative to the details of vice in London which have lately been published and scattered broadcast over the country, there can be no difference of opinion as to the necessity for rooting out these evils from amongst us, if it can be done. The recent fearful revelations of wrong done to children are but proofs of the moral anarchy which prevails in our large towns. The present system of society has no satisfactory moral basis.

We have reason for congratulating ourselves that the rowdyism and ruffianism of past generations in high places has been well-nigh rooted out, and that the dreadful severity of the criminal code, a severity at once cruel and demoralizing, has been abolished. But recent revelations prove how much has yet to be done before we can congratulate ourselves on our social condition.

The wealthy too often prey on their poorer fellow-countrymen, who must serve their pleasure and do their bidding. Man's freedom, woman's honour, and the innocence of the

child, are but too often at the mercy of wealth. This is the influence of that barbarous system of morals bequeathed to us by the feudal system.

When honest men and women cannot be sure of earning a living for themselves and their children; when the most flagrant immorality does not prevent rich men from holding high positions in the State and exercising vast influence; when such evils exist—and we all know that they do exist—can any one say that our social system is satisfactory?

Panegyrists of the chivalry of former times speak in terms of praise of feudalism. The law was made by the wealthy and the powerful in favour of their own classes exclusively. It acted as the procuress of virgins for princes, nobles and gentlemen. The rights of the lords of the manor —*les droits du Seigneur*—were directly in opposition to maiden modesty and virtue. No special establishments for the encouragement of vice were then needed; every castle had its dungeon for the imprisonment and torture of the refractory. There were ample means at hand for the disposal of victims.

Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* give a softened and veiled picture of the wrongs then inflicted on the poor:

"In Scotland they had a shameful institution of maiden rights; and Malcolm the Third only abolished it by ordering that they might be redeemed by a quit-rent. The truth of this circumstance Dalrymple has attempted, with excusable patriotism, to render doubtful. There seems, however, to be no doubt of the existence of this custom; since it also spread through Germany and various parts of Europe; and the French barons extended their domestic tyranny to three nights of involuntary prostitution. . . . Others, to preserve this privilege when they could not enjoy it in all its extent, thrust their leg, booted, into the bed of the new-married couple. This was called the *droit*

de cuisse. When the bride was in bed, the esquire or lord performed this ceremony, and stood there, his thigh in the bed, with a lance in his hands: in this ridiculous attitude he remained till he was tired, and the bridegroom was not suffered to enter the chamber till his lordship had retired. Such indecent privileges must have originated in the worst of intentions; and when afterwards they advanced a step in more humane manners, the ceremonial was preserved from avaricious motives. Others have compelled their subjects to pass the first night at the top of a tree, and there to consummate their marriage; to pass the bridal hours in a river; or to be bound naked to a cart, and to trace some furrows as they were dragged; or to leap, with their feet tied, over the horns of stags.

"Sometimes their caprice commanded the bridegroom to appear in drawers at their castle and plunge into a ditch of mud, and sometimes they were compelled to beat the waters of the ponds to hinder the frogs from disturbing the lord!"

The barons had their dungeons, too, as I have said, in which they were allowed by law to confine "handhaving and backbearing thieves before their execution." Can there be any doubt that these were often made places of torture for disobedient bridegrooms?

Nor must it be forgotten that the worst features of this miserable despotism were not only permitted but sanctioned by the law. These privileges the law no longer tolerates or allows, but the feudal spirit is in many respects rampant amongst us. In our large towns is collected a population, equalling that of all England six centuries ago, whose condition is miserable, whose homes are squalid, and whose lives are often destitute of hope.

It is no longer the right of the feudal lord to tyrannize over these poor people; society does so instead. Vast im-

provements have been brought about by the advance of public opinion, superior enlightenment amongst the masses, and freedom of thought, word and action, to a certain extent; but much more remains to be done before the condition of the most numerous and the most industrious portion of the population can be considered to be satisfactory.

It is no longer the fashion for women to be flogged at the cart-tail for trivial offences; but it is by no means creditable to our boasted civilization that there are still to be found in it colliery establishments in which women are employed in severe mining work in the same way as men.

At the last census it was officially ascertained that more than 2500 women were so employed. Nor has the discreditable practice diminished since that census was taken. On the contrary, one of our medical journals states that 4450 women and girls are so employed now (1886). It was one of the noblest works of the late Lord Shaftesbury to secure the passing of an Act by which the employment of female labour in a coal-pit was prohibited. But this law is frequently evaded, and a number of women and girls in the guise of male attire, and not easily distinguishable from men and boys, continue to escape detection. The prohibition of the Act is limited to the coal-pit itself, and there is no law to prohibit the employment of women and girls on the bank. Here daily numbers of females may be seen at work, in conjunction with labourers of the other sex, employed in the rudest and roughest description of employment, and under conditions by no means favourable to the development of womanly qualities.

These "pit-girls" include many mothers of families—some of them married, but too many, alas! unmarried—who would, I maintain, be far better employed in caring for their offspring and in fulfilling more womanly duties than following this degrading employment on the pit-banks.

In colliery districts where females are not allowed to work at the pits, the men themselves are of a superior type. Their homes are made attractive, and their children well trained. But wherever women and girls are permitted or compelled to engage in this laborious, dirty and unwomanly work, there you will find the greatest amount of brutality, obscenity, squalor, wretchedness and vice.

To the credit of the miners it must be added, that they have protested against this state of things. Profits are low and female labour is cheap. Under such circumstances the struggle for existence maintains an abuse degrading and demoralizing in its tendency.

It will not be out of place here to make a note of another form of female degradation—artists' models—brought before the late Church Congress by Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A.

"I note the curious unanimity," said Mr. Horsley, "with which the various writers ignore the use of the good old English word 'naked,' and adopt various words of French origin—'nude,' 'undraped,' and such-like euphemistic verbiage—evidently intended to clothe partially the naked facts."

His subject was art models and drawing from naked men and women in our art-schools. Last century, Bishop Porteous drew attention to the subject and denounced its abuse, but the practice has become much more common since his time. "Commendable anxiety," said Mr. Horsley, "has often been shown for the morals of artists, and the avoidance of offence to frequenters of art exhibitions; but the same sympathy is not shown to the unfortunate artist's model, through whose degradation these representations of female nakedness are alone possible. Their natural modesty must be ignored, their sense of true shame destroyed, before they can thus expose themselves naked before men, thus destroying all that is pure and lovely in womanhood."

"Artists imbued with the exigencies of art," proceeds Mr. Horsley, "simply shrug their shoulders when these considerations are presented to them, passing the question by on the other side. Others argue that if fallen women are thus employed, a little additional degradation to them does not matter."

"To such," continued the lecturer, "I commend the laying to heart the following story, related to me in my youth by an eye-witness of the incident observed, and from the hearing of which I date my own deep convictions on the subject I am dealing with. A wretched woman on the London streets, hearing that money was to be obtained by going to a Life Academy, but without the slightest notion of what would be required of her, presented herself at the school, and was told to sit down till she could be seen by the master. On his requiring her to take off her clothes, she at first absolutely refused, but was bribed into consent with money. She was told to draw a curtain at the end of the room and step on to the model's stage. On doing so, and finding herself suddenly under the glare of gaslight, naked, before forty or fifty students, the poor frightened creature threw up her arms, and with a wild shriek fell fainting on the floor. On recovering, she, uttering fearful language, dashed the money on the ground, huddled on her garments, and rushed from the place in a storm of passion, the outcome of the few remains of modesty she still possessed. If those who talk and write so glibly as to the desirability of artists devoting themselves to the representation of the naked human form, only knew a tithe of the degradation enacted before the model is sufficiently hardened to her shameful calling, they would for ever hold their tongues and pens in supporting the practice. May I not, in all reverence, say that clothedness is a distinct type and feature of our Christian faith; for we worship One

who himself enforced the duty of clothing the naked, and who permitted the record of that touching evidence of returning sanity to the demoniac of the tombs in that he sat at His feet 'clothed and in his right mind'? But those who ride on the crest of that great wave of infidelity already referred to, proclaiming themselves unbelievers or agnostics, and scoffing at all we hold most dear, would calmly tell you, as they have told me, that existence is now to be relieved from the incubus of absurd and worn-out prejudices, and confidently assert, in respect to the art question under consideration, that all sorts and conditions of women will ere long as soon sit to artists naked as they now do clothed. This shocking prophecy has been partially fulfilled. I know of a young lady art-student calling upon an amateur artist whom she had met only once in society, and, under the influence of the madness I have spoken of, offering to sit to him naked, and did so. I know of a young sculptress who required a male model to sit to her day after day absolutely naked whilst she modelled a figure from him. And were I to speak of these as isolated cases of the dementia now afflicting some female students I should be jeered at. As showing the unholy effect on character consequent on unwarrantable forms of study, I may mention the fact of a young lady, induced to draw from naked models, who said that she found the pursuit a most fascinating one, but becoming aware of its demoralizing influence upon her own feminine nature, she gave up the work commenced and never resumed it."

Speaking of art-schools, Mr. Horsley described the Slade School in London as the place where these pernicious modes of study first took their origin. At this school mere boys are allowed to draw from naked women. When he told the late Professor Hubner, of Dresden, that he had seen young men and maidens drawing from the same male

model naked, save for a mere wrap of clothing, the Professor thanked God that it was impossible to witness such a sight anywhere in Germany. Mr. Horsley further said, that when he was officially connected with South Kensington, not a shilling was expended on naked female models, it being understood that there was an official minute forbidding such expenditure. This, however, was in reference to male students only, no one at the time ever dreaming of such means of study for female students. "But," he continued, "now all is changed! At the South Kensington Exhibition this year, of student work selected for awards from the various Government schools, there were only three studies of naked women, but all done by female students, thus trained at the public expense to assist in the degradation of their sex. The mode in which such studies are corrected at South Kensington is as follows: A male and female teacher sit together, with the naked model before them from whom the drawings to be supervised have been made. He criticises, and she subsequently conveys his remarks to the students. At an art-school in one of the chief provincial cities this arrangement sinks to a still lower depth of debasement, for there the 'middle woman' is dispensed with, and a master directly instructs a class of female students, drawing and painting from a naked female model. The result of all this miserable work is, to female students, useless from a professional point of view; for even if they gained any increase of skill from such study, it is quite inapplicable to forms of art-work within the compass of their powers to execute successfully."

By way of contrast to the foregoing, Mr. Horsley spoke approvingly of the work done by Miss Mayor at Rome, by Miss Bennett at the Wimbledon Art College for Ladies, and by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Princess of Wales—the former by her liberality, the latter by her

interest—in the Home for Female Students now under erection at South Kensington through the munificence of Mr. Cooke. As to the Royal Academy, Mr. Horsley said: "I am proud to say that at the Royal Academy applications, thrice repeated, by some of the female students there to have models supplied for their use, as at South Kensington, have been peremptorily refused, and each time with increased sternness. The question as applied to male students at the Academy must be considered with the forbearance due to ancient custom, for models have been employed there since the foundation of the institution in 1768. A few years since an earnest endeavour was made by several Academicians to abolish this custom, but the pleadings for what are erroneously termed the exigencies of art prevailed. I should not venture to say 'erroneously' were I not supported in this view, as far as student work is concerned, by eminent English and foreign artists. One of the former, writing to me on the general question, says: 'Never since I became a member of the Royal Academy have I done an act which seems to be so wanting in manliness and common propriety as to ask a girl to sit before me naked, and now that I have over-passed my half-century of life, I am not likely to change my practice.' He adds: 'The male figure is, or ought to be, the staple of the student's study. I consider the drawing of the female figure but poor practice.' In the Academies of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Munich, &c., no naked female model is ever employed—not for reasons which all here would rejoice to find assigned, but that the eminent artists who direct these institutions entertain precisely the same views of students' work as those I have just quoted from my colleague's letter." The conclusion arrived at by the author of the paper was, that for educational reasons, combined with others of far higher consideration, employment of naked

models should be abandoned in all art-schools. Again, he insisted that this deplorable mania is far removed from the noble traditions of art, and needless for the progress of modern painting or sculpture; and finally he called upon ministers of religion, parents and guardians, and men of public position, to use their utmost influence against it. The paper was loudly applauded throughout, and doubly so at its close, whilst subsequent speakers thanked Mr. Horsley for the good he had rendered in bringing it under the notice of a Church Congress.

Without going so far as Mr. Horsley in his unqualified condemnation of naked models, I think it may fairly be urged that they should be confined to those likely to achieve eminence in art, that their indiscriminate use leads to great abuses, and that every one at all acquainted with the subject knows that the naked female model is but a step from prostitution. Hence the absolute necessity for surrounding this practice with efficient safeguards, and for limiting its use to the higher branches of the profession, and putting it only into the hands of those who can use without abusing it. When so utilized, the evils now patent to all will be minimized, if not altogether removed.

The Gräf trial at Berlin, as reported in the *Times*, shows how liable this system of exposure is to abuse, although Herr Gräf himself may be exonerated from blame criminally.

"At the Central Criminal Court here this morning, shortly after midnight, there was concluded a trial which has riveted the attention of the capital for the last nine days. Before sending off my telegram last night, I went to the Palace of Justice at Moabit to hear what was the result of the case, and found the lobbies of the Court crammed with a crowd of all classes, eager to know the upshot of the case, which must always hold a place as a

cause célèbre in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Berlin society. But though the Court had met at nine in the morning, I was told that it would probably still have to sit till far after midnight, the presiding judge being determined that—the failing physical powers of counsel and jury notwithstanding—not another day should be wasted on an investigation which had already engaged their attention far too long. The concluding speech of the Public Prosecutor yesterday lasted five hours, while the counsel for the defence held forth as amply and as long—their labours being finally rewarded by the acquittal of all their clients.

"Of these, the chief was a man in whom centred all the interest attaching to the trial—Professor Gräf, member of the Royal Academy of Arts, one of the most distinguished historical and portrait painters in the capital. Several of his masterpieces—among which may be mentioned the 'Reconciliation of Wittekind with Charlemange,' and a series of Theseus themes—adorn the museums and picture galleries here, and it is understood that the style of his art procured him the special patronage of one of the highest ladies in the land. Professor Gräf is a venerable, handsome and noble-looking man of sixty-five; and when it is further told that he is the head of a grown-up family of sons and daughters, who have always lived in the sunshine of the social and professional reputation in which their father basked, it will be readily understood that his arraignment on charges of repeated acts of perjury and incitement to perjury, as well as criminal offences against morality, created a deep and painful sensation in this self-satisfied city.

"Public interest in the fate of Professor Gräf was intensified by the fact that, in accordance with a not too humane Prussian law, he has been languishing in prison for the last six months, pending the ferreting out of evidence against him by the Public Prosecutor; and this evidence was of such a

nature as to make it likely that the public would have to be debarred from listening to its production; but at the last moment the Court decided that of two evils, privacy and publicity, the latter on the whole was the less; and so for nine days back the newspaper readers of Berlin have been treated to a flood of moral filth, very similar to that which lately inundated the leading thoroughfares of London. It added to the ugliness of this stream of moral impurity that it seemed to flow from the fountain-head of artistic beauty —an artist's studio. Painters and their models—such is the subject that has been discussed and illustrated for a week and a half, from every point of view, in the Central Criminal Court here.

"The case had its origin in the fact that more than a year ago a woman of the name of Hammermann was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for attempting to extort money by threats from Professor Gräf, while a similar but less severe punishment was inflicted on a man—not her husband—who had abetted her in the effort. The pretext for this attempt at extortion was the charge that Professor Gräf had taken improper liberties with Frau Hammermann's daughter, a girl under fourteen, who had stood as model to the painter; and not only did he swear that this accusation was false, but he also denied on oath the assertion of the counsel for Hammermann that another girl, Bertha Rother by name, was related to him in the double capacity of model and mistress. Both Bertha Rother and her sister Anne emphatically gainsaid this accusation, but the Public Prosecutor held that there was evidence to show that all had sworn falsely. Therefore, both sisters were bracketed with the Professor on separate and double counts of perjury and instigation to perjury, while their mother sat beside them at the bar on the charge of having acted as procuress to her own offspring.

"The main issue of the trial hinged on the question whether in reality Professor Gräf had kept up what the Germans call a *verhältniss*, or liaison, with Bertha Rother—a young woman whose singular grace and beauty seemed to mark her out for a better career than that which had repeatedly brought her into conflict with the *police des mœurs*.

"Professor Gräf did not seek to deny that he had parted with very large sums of money to her and her family, and that he had also made other social sacrifices on her behalf; but contended that all this was done from purely platonic motives, and from the desire to secure the artistic services of so suitable and inestimable a model. His professional honour, he argued, was concerned in the success of a picture called 'The Märchen,' showing a full-length nude female figure of exquisite and fairy-like beauty, on which he had been labouring for the last six years (and even during his late incarceration), without being wholly able to realize his ideal. And it was on this account, he said, that he had been obliged to bind Bertha Rother to him by methods of fascination which, though naturally calculated to excite the suspicion of the world, were altogether harmless and honourable.

"Among his papers the police had found poems addressed to his model in the style of Mr. Swinburne's most sensuous effusions, though their author contended that these were nothing but the exaggerated expression of innocent attachment to the being who inspired his art; while in his testamentary address to his sons, which was likewise produced by the same merciless inquisitors, he solemnly avowed that he had made great sacrifices on behalf of his model for the sake of his beloved art, but that he had none the less been faithful to their mother. Such, in brief, was the character of a trial of which it is difficult to convey the essential

features without marshalling details that would only create disgust."

The whole of the circumstances of the case conclusively prove that there is more truth in Mr. Horsley's denunciations than artists will admit.

Why should not art become to our teeming population what it once was to the Greeks—a great reality, a part of their daily life, at once evoking the highest aspirations and affecting the smallest needs of daily and domestic life? Many in England regard art as a thing altogether apart from ordinary existence, as if the productions of art were only intended to be stowed away in museums, or other repositories of the curious, the useless or the antiquated.

The conditions of our modern life have been favourable to the adequate expression of the highest intellectual culture in various directions, but not in art. Goethe said, "See to the beautiful: the useful will look after itself." The impulse of the Greeks led them to develope to the highest their athletic games. This was the development of the physical side of their character, but besides this there was a strong national artistic development, resulting from their intellectual superiority. Why should we not have the same national artistic development in England?

It is the duty of popular governments to foster and cultivate this power amongst the people, and this they can do by patronizing the democratic pleasures of art. It must not be supposed that sculpture, painting and architecture alone come under this definition of art. It comprises every kind of intellectual play productive of moral edification. Public feasts and festivals, music, the drama, museums, libraries, reading-rooms, popular lectures, all come under the definition of art, as understood in its widest sense, and as applicable to popular culture.

Domestic art is growing every day, and, whether Govern-

ment patronizes or neglects it, will continue to grow. The monumental art, which is beyond the power of the individual, and is naturally State property, depends chiefly upon Government for its encouragement and support. The periods of history in which this art was most appreciated and most universally popular, have been those when intelligence was most generally diffused, and enlightenment and prosperity went hand-in-hand.

The Kyrle Society of England, called after "the Man of Ross," has been instituted to diffuse, if possible, grace and beauty amongst the people—democratic art in its noblest developments. Decorations of artistic merit, superior music, the light and gladness of flowers, and the general improvement of the homes of the people in all that renders them more attractive, are sought to be diffused and made common property by this Society. Anything that will prevent the glare and glitter of the public-house from being such an attraction to the poor as to cause home to be forsaken, must be a worthy object of effort to all patriotic men and women.

The following are the objects of the Kyrle Society:

"1. To decorate, by fresco-painting, pictures and mottos, workmen's club-rooms, school-rooms, mission-halls (not used exclusively for religious services), parish-rooms, hospital-wards, and any other places frequented by the working classes.

"2. To organize a volunteer choir to give oratorios and other concerts gratuitously in churches and other public places.

"3. To assist in the movement to preserve open spaces, and particularly in securing and laying out gardens in towns.

"4. To form an agency for the receipt and distribution in hospitals and in the dwellings of the poor of cut flowers, bulbs and plants."

To these forms of work has recently been added a fifth, viz.:

"5. The receipt and distribution in hospitals, workmen's clubs and other institutions, of books of periodical literature."

Turning to another branch of art, the drama, the Bishop of London, in his answer to the Church and Stage Guild, has very truly and forcibly characterized an abuse which it is the fashion of the present day to patronize.

The following is his Lordship's letter on the subject of the ballet.

"Fulham Palace, July 22, 1885.

"My dear Sir,—I have no objection to your bringing before the Church and Stage Guild the opinion that I have expressed concerning its aim and operation. The aim, as I understand it, is (1) to procure from the Christian Church a recognition of what is good in the stage, and a recognition of the greatness of that good; and (2) at the same time to remove from the stage what is evil. The operation of the Guild appears to me to lay very much stress on the first of these two aims, and very little on the second. And in consequence of the neglect of the due proportion between these two, there is a strong tendency to deny the existence of the evil. Now I believe the evil to be very great. I believe there is much on the stage, and in particular in the ballet, which does grave mischief to many young men, possibly to many young women. The ballet does suggest what had better not be suggested. And I doubt if those who deny this are quite as decisive as they should be in condemning, not merely impure acts, but impure emotions and thoughts. My own personal experience of young men is very considerable, and I have no doubt whatever that a very large number of spectators of the ballet, even if they are quite able to prevent impurity from going into act, are

nevertheless led into most disastrous sins of imagination. Nor, further, have I any doubt that the result is to encourage in young men the general opinion that a low standard of purity is natural and permissible in the male sex. I acquit the dancers from all share of the evil which affects the spectators. The dancers begin young, and are as it were protected by long usage. They grow up, thinking no harm, and they know no harm. Of course there are evil-minded among them; but I have no reason to believe that the evil-minded are numerous. The innocence of the dancers, however, does not prevent the mischief to the spectators, and that, I repeat, is very grave, whatever the Guild may say.

Yours faithfully,

"F. LONDIN."

Every one must admit the truth of the Bishop's remarks, but it is the fashion to patronize the ballet, and its evils are consequently ignored.

"Let the players be well used," said Hamlet, "for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time." The end of playing, as he puts it, is "to hold, as t'were, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

During the last four centuries, there has hardly been any period in England during which numbers of men and women who were good actors might not be found, worthy expounders of the best of our English dramas. Nor must it be forgotten that men and women of this rare ability have been generally persons of cultivation, accepted by society, and of moral character as good as that of others in society.

Some managers of theatres at the present day are well-educated men. A few may lay claim to the character of scholars and gentlemen. But the majority are wholly

illiterate, sprung from the dregs of society, and altogether indifferent as to the morals of their male or female actors. If the example set by the manager himself is a bad one, those whom he employs will but too frequently follow that example. The practice of allowing friends behind the scenes was one that led to a great deal of immorality. Young men of fashion, and of no principle, felt proud of having the right of entry, and would engage in conversation with any of the actresses as they pleased, even when they were dressing for their various parts.

But this custom has now been abolished in all but a few theatres. All the more respectable establishments have quite given it up. Where it is still permitted, dissipated aristocrats or rich young men are to be seen behind the scenes, making the theatre a rendezvous, and paying freely to gaze at, and converse with, the actresses, as they emerge from their dressing-rooms, sometimes before.

Many a poor girl has fallen a victim to these idle prowlers, and many an unscrupulous manager has made this system a source of considerable profit.

As a rule, managers of theatres do not trouble themselves much about the morals of their ballet-girls; and until some system has been devised by which morality shall be enforced as a preliminary to entering the profession, I do not see how the existing system is to be reformed. Those who have the interests of the stage at heart will not refuse to assist in this good work.

Those theatres in which gross abuses exist at present, in England, are happily few, when compared with the number of those in which the interests of morality are attended to. Not only is especial care taken, in all our best theatres, to have every character adequately represented, in the interest of histrionic art, but strict discipline is also enforced behind the scenes. Drunkenness, wilful carelessness and unseemly

levity are sternly repressed. It is hardly necessary to mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Irving, Mr. Harris, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. John Coleman, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Henry and Mr. George Loveday, and Miss A. Cavendish, who are ornaments of the profession, and of whom England generally, and the stage in particular, have every reason to be proud.

Commercialism in art is equally injurious to the stage, painting, sculpture and music. The caprices of wealth, fashion and luxury entail a heavy loss upon us as a community. Bad taste has a large command of resources, and finds fitting ministers to carry out its behests. Flowers cut off from their natural stems soon languish away and die in fantastic travesties of their original bloom and beauty. And so it is with art. The division of labour rendered necessary by the requirements of modern civilization, and production for profit, strangle true art.

This division of labour, and production for profit only, crushes men into certain grooves from which it is all but impossible for them to emerge. One man is a tragic actor, another devotes himself to "genteel comedy," another to "low comedy," and so on. One painter produces portraits only; another, landscapes; a third, *genre* pictures; a fourth, historical; and they work for exhibitions, those grand developments of the shop and of fashion.

The popular actor and the popular painter are overwhelmed with work, whilst others, hardly inferior, are wholly neglected—a shivering crowd, unfortunate, obscure and struggling apparently in vain.

At both ends of the scale the influence of this excessive division of labour and this commercialism in art is deteriorating in its effects. Powers of art-production which, properly directed, might elevate the tone of society in the

provinces, and adorn our great towns, our lecture-halls and railway-stations, are now wasted on spectacular displays, or swallowed up in the tasteless contention of exhibitions.

Fashion makes us contented with disfigurements of all kinds, disfigurements of the human form divine, as well as disfigurements on the stage, in our streets and public places. We become so inured to them that we cease to feel their enormity. Advertising and bill-sticking are necessary concomitants of this cry for profit, and accustom us to the hideous. But the struggle for life must be fought out somehow, and fashion has much to do with it.

I have heard that one of our greatest artists, Mr. George Frederick Watts, offered to decorate the hall of Euston Square station with frescoes, that might have been a joy and a source of cultivation to generations. He offered to do this gratuitously, if the Railway Company would only bear the cost of the materials, and his offer was refused.

We prefer to be amused with a constant succession of spectacular enormities, or the trivialities of commonplace and passing sensations, rather than witness the highest efforts of genius represented on the stage, or to see noble thoughts embodied in enduring and admirable works of art. And why? Simply because it is the fashion. And those who set the fashion are partly responsible for the result. The pretentious luxury of the Second Empire in France has left its mark on our age in this way. It is time for us to free ourselves from its trammels, its art furniture, oil colours, its strange travesties and tortured misapplications of ill-digested ornament.

Even in the East the influence of the bad taste of fashion has been disastrous. Wherever European influence is in the ascendant, the results are injurious to the arts, the very sources of ornamental design being sullied and despoiled by the sharp practices of Western commerce.

Freedom of thought, freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of writing, freedom of labour and freedom of trade, are the watchwords of social and political progress. The State is to interfere as little as possible with the exercise of individual liberty, always providing that the liberty so exercised did not infringe on the liberties of others. In the long-run it is found that the world fares better when people are left to manage their own affairs, and to do the best they can for themselves. To remove monopolies, to do away with unjust privileges, to throw open employments to all, to make neither creed nor birth nor station a barrier to success, to provide for all men a chance of rising in the world by their own exertions, are the true aims of Government, and these are best carried out by interfering as little as possible with the grand principle of individual liberty.

We cannot make men equal by legislative enactments. Health, strength, intellectual ability, industry, thrift, are all unequally distributed amongst us, as well as wealth. We cannot equalize these things. We know if we were to equalize wealth on the 1st of January, it would all be unequally distributed again before the end of December. All we can do is to sweep away the artificial hindrances which stand in the way of individual effort. The survival of the fittest is the law of nature, and legislation must recognize that law.

The theory that legislation can with advantage supply the place of open competition and free individual action, is in opposition to all the teaching of history. The result of every such attempt hitherto has been to degrade, not to improve. We cannot promote the well-being of intelligent human beings by taking the management of their affairs out of their own control. All the history of the past is a proof that such attempts end in disastrous failure, and as it has been in the past so will it be in the future.

In this matter of fashion and taste, it is for the cultivated classes to set a good example to their poorer fellow-citizens —an example of simplicity, appreciation of the good and true, irrespective of the taste of millionaires or princes—an example of steady perseverance in endeavouring to root out prejudices, false judgments, bad taste and irrational fashions.

The condition of our overgrown towns is sufficient to fill any reflecting mind with anxiety. But this is certain, that whether the ever-increasing population of England remains in the country or goes across the seas, the best service that can be rendered to it is to influence the rising generation for good, to raise their ideals, to educate them judiciously, to teach them self-respect and self-control, to help them to be manly, self-reliant, honest and true.

In trying to do this we must expect failures and disappointments; but there is enough of success to show that earnest work is not without its reward. There is philanthropic occupation in London alone for thousands of educated men and women who are willing to combat demoralizing fashions.

Why should we live in total ignorance of the wants of those around and about us? It is no answer to say that those whom we desire to benefit will sometimes be rough and rude. Be it so. We cannot gain any good ends without some difficulties, and the prospect of doing good to our fellow-creatures and to our country ought to be a sufficient inducement to face absolute danger, if necessary—how much more, then, a few rough, uncivil or rude words?

CHAPTER XI.

WAR.

The instinct of slaughter—War with wild beasts—Human sacrifices—Slaughter in the Jewish wars—Attila, Zingis Khan and Tamerlane—The Suliotes and Ali Pasha.

WHENCE comes the instinct of slaughter in the human breast? We find it all over the world. The North American Indian glories in his scalps and the Dyak of Borneo in his skulls. "When the Englishman is tired of doing nothing," says a Frenchman, "he calls out to his friend, Let us go and kill something."

There evidently is an instinct of slaughter in man, or else why should he offer human victims to his gods? Jephthah's daughter amongst the Jews, Iphigenia amongst the Greeks, the hearts of their victims presented by the Mexican priests to Huitzilopochtli, in accordance with the religious rites of the ferocious Aztecs, the human sacrifices to Kali and Bhowani in India, the hecatombs of African chiefs and kings, all prove the instinct of slaughter and the impression prevalent amongst all early and rude nations that human blood, or human life, was an acceptable sacrifice to the gods.

Whence, then, comes this instinct of slaughter? It is probably a survival of the time when the "noble savage" had to support himself by destroying his enemies and feeding on the results of his hunting expeditions. His

enemies were the wild animals around, who would certainly kill and devour him if he did not kill them.

Civilized man hunts too, and often kills uselessly and brutally. Exercise and agreeable excitement are all he seeks in his hunting expeditions. He shoots birds to show his dexterity in shooting, and for want of something better to do.

But it must not be supposed that man has it all his own way in this warfare between himself and the inferior animals. It will probably surprise many to be told that a hundred thousand human beings, at least, are annually killed by snakes, lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, wolves and other beasts of prey.

In 1884, 22,905 men, women and children, in India alone, were killed by wild animals and snakes. Of these, the deaths of nearly twenty thousand were due to snakes. When we consider the tropical parts of Asia beyond India, the islands of the south-eastern Archipelago, Australasia, Central America, and the tropical regions of South America, the West Indies and Africa, it will at once be conceded that a hundred thousand lives annually sacrificed by venomous snakes and wild beasts is a low estimate.

About four hundred thousand snakes are every year killed in British India, and the fees paid as rewards annually for the destruction of beasts of prey and venomous snakes by the Government of India amount to about twenty-five thousand pounds.

Nor is it human life only that is sacrificed in this warfare with wild beasts. Of animals useful to man, his partners in the tilling of the soil, and often his only means of support, fifty thousand annually perish in India from the ravages of venomous snakes and beasts of prey. I should think, therefore, that at least two hundred and fifty thousand cattle and sheep are thus destroyed in tropical countries

every year, chiefly by tigers, lions, leopards and wolves. Only one in fifty are killed by snakes.

But it is not with wild animals only that man fights. The instinct of slaughter that possesses him, induces him to wage war upon his fellow-man, often on the smallest provocations.

As a savage, doubtless the worst feelings of our nature were often excited—hatred, cupidity and lust—by the successes or possessions of other neighbouring savages. Success in war meant the possession of all that belonged to the vanquished—ease, wealth, luxury and the service of slaves to the conqueror—to say nothing of gratified pride and vanity, fame, and the applause of friends and neighbours.

What a record of slaughter and the waste of human life is presented to us in the Old Testament, from the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host to the taking of Babylon by Cyrus and the destruction of Belshazzar and his ministers!

When Jephthah conquered the Beni Ammi, defeating them with great slaughter, the people of Ephraim were angry because they had not been called to share in the enterprize, and of them two-and-forty thousand fell in the civil war which ensued in consequence. When the Philistines overthrew the Israelites under Hophni and Phineas, the sons of Eli, thirty thousand of the latter were slain. At a later period, in the wars with the Philistines, the Hebrew women trooped forth to meet the conquerors, "singing and dancing, with joy, and with instruments of music," adding to their shouts of victory, "Saul hath slain his thousands;" to which the chorus replied, "And David his ten thousands."

When the kingdom was divided into Israel on the north and Judah on the south, the tale of slaughter is continued. Abijah, the son of Rehoboam, brought into the field against Jeroboam four hundred thousand chosen warriors, and Jeroboam opposed him with eight hundred thousand. Israel

was defeated. The slaughter was terrible. "There fell down slain of Israel five hundred thousand chosen men" (2 Chron. xiii. 17), and this too in a country not much larger than Wales!

Nor was the slaughter less terrible of the Moabites and the Ammonites, with the people of Mount Seir, in the reign of Jehoshaphat, king of Judah. Confused by the ambuscades they had set for the men of Judah, the Moabites and the Ammonites fell upon each other, having first cut to pieces the inhabitants of Mount Seir. When the men of Judah approached, and their scouts looked out from the watch-towers over the wilderness, the whole face of the ground was covered with dead bodies.

In the reign of Ahab, the Syrians, under Benhadad, were defeated with the loss of a hundred thousand men; and twenty-seven thousand more of them were killed by the fall of a wall at Aphek, a town near the Sea of Galilee, in which they had apparently taken refuge.

Amaziah, the ninth king of Judah, collected three hundred thousand warriors of twenty years old and upwards, in order to make war upon Edom, and at the south of the Dead Sea defeated his enemies with a loss of ten thousand men, whilst ten thousand more were dashed to pieces from the rocks of Sela, probably Petra, the Idumean capital.

In the reign of Ahaz, twelfth king of Judah (B.C. 740), the kings of Damascus and of Israel invaded Judah and slaughtered one hundred and twenty thousand men in a great battle. On their retreat, the victors carried off two hundred thousand women and children. What a variety of woe, what an intensity of misery, what an awful amount of human wretchedness, is implied in this statement!

It is not necessary to pursue the record further, with its melancholy accounts of Chaldean invasions and Jewish captivity—slaughter, slavery and destruction—struggles for

life truly, involving terrible scenes of bloodshed, rapine and outrage. In proportion to the importance of the kingdoms and the amount of population, I know of no history more terrible in its appalling loss of human life than that of the wars between Israel and Judah—when the narrow limits of the country are taken into consideration.

In later years we have similarly terrible records of slaughter in the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, and the destruction of the Jews by the Crusaders. Four years before Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, ten thousand Jews were murdered at Damascus. When the capital was taken and the Temple was on fire, Josephus says that the blood which was shed by the massacre of the inhabitants seemed sufficient to extinguish the flames. The number of the slain appeared everywhere much greater than that of the slaughtering Romans, so prodigious were the heaps of dead that everywhere covered the ground. When the victorious soldiery entered the abodes of the conquered Jews in search of plunder, they retreated with horror from the spectacle of rooms full of the corpses of those who had miserably perished by famine.

Josephus calculated that eleven hundred thousand human beings perished in that awful siege.

Nor was the lot of this devoted people much less dreadful during the first Crusade. In the trading cities of the Moselle and the Rhine, their colonies were rich and numerous. At Verdun, Trèves, Mentz, Spire and Worms, many thousands of them were pillaged and massacred. All over Europe they were subjected to incredible outrages, usually ending in slaughter.

When at length Jerusalem was taken by Godfrey of Bouillon, seventy thousand Moslems were butchered by the Christian conquerors, and for three days a promiscuous massacre of Jews and Moslems produced such an accumu-

lation of dead bodies, that an epidemic disease broke out amongst the slaughterers.

The entire history of the Jews from their departure out of Egypt to the fanatical persecutions of our own day, in central Europe, is one continued series of rapine, injustice, slaughter and robbery. Their enemies have been the great ones of the earth, princes, kings and emperors, who thought they did God service by tyrannizing over and oppressing "God's own people."

Attila, Zingis Khan and Tamerlane, were all scourges of the human race, ruthless destroyers of mankind, with whom bloodshed was a pastime, and the slaughter of humanity an agreeable diversion. Yet even in the history of these scourges of mankind it is doubtful if we find anything more terrible than the sufferings imposed upon the unfortunate Jews by fanaticism and superstition.

The Huns who were led by Attila were as ferocious and bloodthirsty as the Moguls and Tartars led by Zingis Khan and by Tamerlane. Attila thought of exterminating the Romans, and the Moguls seriously proposed, not in the hour of triumph and amid the excitement and tumult of victory, but in calm and deliberate council, to exterminate the Chinese, one of the most populous of people, simply in order that the land thus rendered vacant might be devoted to the pasture of cattle. A Chinese mandarin explained to the barbarous chief how much more profitable for himself a rich and populous country was, when subject to him, than the same country would be if deprived of its inhabitants, and thus China was saved.

But in the cities of Asia which yielded to the Moguls, the rights of the conquerors were exercised with an unscrupulous rigour which it makes one shudder even to think of. The inhabitants were compelled to vacate their houses and to assemble on some plain or open space in the vicinity.

There a three-fold division of them was made, with brutal disregard of ties of blood or of the dictates of humanity. The first class consisted of the soldiers of the garrison and of the young men capable of bearing arms. They had their choice, to enlist in the Mogul army and to fight for the chief of it, or to be massacred at once. Nor was this last an empty threat. It was carried into effect at once. All who refused to join the standard of the conqueror were slaughtered without mercy or delay.

The second class consisted of the young women, as well as artificers of every kind, workers in gold and silver especially, who might be useful to the conquerors. Wealthy citizens, from whom large sums of money by way of ransom might be expected, were included in this class. This second class was distributed amongst the conquerors by lot.

The third class consisted of the old and useless, whose life or death was equally a matter of indifference to the conquerors. They were usually permitted to return to the city, which in the mean time had been stripped of all that was valuable. A tax was even then imposed upon these miserable people, who might have seen their sons fatally stabbed with spears, cut down with swords, or shot to death with arrows, and their daughters dragged off to slavery with every mark of degradation. A tax was imposed upon them for the privilege of breathing their native air.

But all this was only the settlement made when no special cause existed for fury or revenge. The most casual provocation, the slightest motive of caprice or convenience, was sufficient to involve the whole population in indiscriminate slaughter. The army stood round with pointed spears, unsheathed swords and bended bows, to slay the unhappy captives without mercy when the signal was given. As to the female captives, brutality and unbridled lust were let loose amongst them when the slaughter was complete—

fearful pictures these of the miseries inflicted by war, pictures of misery and destruction to the captives, and of moral degradation and degeneracy to the victors.

The ruin of a flourishing city was often executed with such unrelenting perseverance, that, according to their own expression, horses might be ridden without stumbling over the ground on which the proud city had stood.

Thus it was that the three great capitals of Khorasan—Maru, Neisabour and Herat—were destroyed by Zingis Khan and his hosts. The numbers of the slain who perished in his wars were estimated at 4,347,000 human beings!

When, towards the end of the fourteenth century, Timour or Tamerlane proposed to himself the conquest of India, he was moved thereto partly by ambition, partly by love of plunder, and partly by religious fanaticism. When he had taken Delhi he resolved to purify his soldiers in the blood of the idolatrous Gentoos, and for this purpose marched a hundred miles to the north-east of Delhi, slaughtering as he went. It will never be known, probably, how many human beings lost their lives in this expedition.

But troubles in Western Asia soon compelled him to turn his forces towards Ispahan and Samarcand. In his camp before Delhi he had massacred a hundred thousand unbelievers. At Ispahan and Bagdad his soldiers made mounds of sculls, variously estimated at seventy and at ninety thousand each.

In writing to Bajazet, the Ottoman Emperor, Timour concludes his letter thus: "Be wise in time; reflect, repent, and avert the thunder of our vengeance, which is yet suspended over thy head. Thou art no more than a pismire. Why wilt thou seek to provoke the elephants? Alas! they will trample thee under their feet."

To this haughty and imperious epistle Bajazet sent a

reply equally haughty and imperious. At Aleppo, Timour met and overthrew the Syrian troops and chiefs, and then pleased himself with subtleties of theological and philosophical disputation, whilst his troops were sacking the city. "The streets of Aleppo streamed with blood. They re-echoed with the cries of mothers and of children, as well as with the shrieks of violated virgins. The rich plunder abandoned to the Mogul soldiers might stimulate their avarice, but their cruelty was enforced by the peremptory command to produce an adequate number of human heads, which according to the horrid custom of Timour were curiously piled in columns and in pyramids." (*Gibbon*, chap. lxv. p. 188.)

His marches to Damascus and through Syria were marked by the same cruelty and devastation. Everywhere there were slaughter and rapine, everywhere bloodshed and misery followed his march. At length Bajazet, the Ottoman Emperor, had completed his preparations to meet Timour in the field. The Mogul chief had a force of eight hundred thousand men under his command. The army of Bajazet is variously estimated at from four hundred thousand to upwards of a million. They met in the plain adjoining the city of Angora, a town and district celebrated for their long-haired goats, and in which there is now an English consul, about two hundred and twenty miles east-south-east of Constantinople.

There the army of Bajazet was overthrown with tremendous slaughter, and almost all the Ottoman possessions in Asia soon after submitted to the conqueror. Bajazet was taken prisoner, and there have been various statements as to the way in which he was treated by Timour. Whether confined in an iron cage, as some say, or treated with distinction and respect by his conqueror, as others affirm, there is no doubt that he died in captivity, about nine months

after the great battle that overthrew his empire. What were the numbers slaughtered in Asiatic Turkey by the orders of the Mogul Emperor we shall probably never know with any certainty, but they have been estimated at seven hundred and fifty thousand.

Timour next turned his arms against China, taking Samarcand on his way. At Samarcand he received the ambassadors of Egypt, Arabia, India, Tartary, Russia and Spain, and spent two happy months in enjoying masquerades and illuminations. Six of his grandsons were married during this short interval of peace. Whole forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens. The plain was spread with pyramids of meat and vases of every kind of liquor, whilst thousands of guests were freely invited to partake of this hospitality. The nations of the earth and the various orders of the State were marshalled at the royal banquets. Nor were the representatives of Europe forgotten.

A general indulgence was proclaimed after the marriage ceremonies were completed. Every law was relaxed, every pleasure was allowed. The people were free to do as they pleased, and the monarch indulged in idleness. Fifty years he had devoted to the acquisition of empire, wading through seas of blood to attain to it, and two months of enjoyment of it were all that were allotted to him.

These two months ended, he set forth to invade China, and died on the way. His designs were lost, his armies disbanded; China was saved, and his children sent embassies of friendship and commerce to Pekin.

When we sum up the fearful slaughter of humanity perpetrated by the orders of Zingis Khan and Tamerlane, we shall probably find the totals greater than those attending the progress to power of any other conquerors. Scourges of humanity they might well be called, supreme in the bad pre-eminence of causing more destruction of human beings,

and more human misery, than any other of the scourges of humanity, ancient or modern, eastern or western, of whom history celebrates the achievements.

It would be equally useless and unprofitable to follow similarly the footsteps of other conquerors, and to note the carnage caused by their ambition and lust of power. They have had their reward in songs of triumph, in titles, honours, wealth and power, whilst millions have mourned.

We often hear of the noble qualities brought into play by war—the enthusiasm, generosity, self-devotion and chivalry for which warriors are distinguished. When they are contending for the liberty of their country, or fighting against wrong and oppression, we must necessarily admire these qualities. But in modern warfare how seldom is this the case!

I will take an example from the Greek struggle against the Turks, preparatory to the heroic War of Independence, the noblest struggle of our century.

When Ali Pasha, the Albanian chief, one of the most daring, ferocious and successful of the Turkish commanders, had established his influence on a firm footing in Constantinople, at the beginning of the present century, he determined on the extermination of the Suliotes, a Greek clan few in numbers indeed, but formidable in consequence of their enthusiastic love of liberty, their daring, and their warlike spirit. Men and women were alike brave. They had a chosen band of a thousand palikars, citizens of their four chief towns, and they had fifteen hundred other warriors embodied from colonies and other dependencies of theirs. The women attended heroically upon the soldiers to carry provisions and ammunition to them, to assist the wounded, and if necessary even to engage in battle.

To subdue a people like this by open warfare was no part of the plan of Ali Pasha. He had recourse to stratagem,

and in stratagem he was a master, because he scrupled at no falsehood.

At the Pass of Klissura the Turks were met with so heavy a fire from the fortress of Tichos, that Ali made the most liberal promises to any of his commanders who should take it. But Klissura was defended, as Thermopylæ was of old, by men who had no fear of death. Even the women and children helped the brave Suliotes by hurling down rocks and stones upon the invaders. Such was the carnage that the dead bodies of the slain choked up the Pass and formed a wall between the combatants.

At length the ammunition of the Suliotes began to fail; their fire slackened; fresh bodies of the Albanians pushed forwards, and the Suliotes were obliged to retire towards Kiaffa. The forces of Ali pushed on, leaving Tichos untaken in their rear.

Kiaffa was not a town that it was possible to defend. It had no fortifications. The Suliotes therefore took all the inhabitants into the recesses of the mountains and abandoned Kiaffa. Kako-Suli was the capital of the Suliotes, and thither the patriot forces retreated. But the invading Turks were close at their rear, and Kako-Suli would have been lost if it had not been for the heroism of the women. Under the leadership of Mosca, who issued at their head, sword in hand, the invading force was arrested in its onward charge, and the Suliotes, breathless with the steep ascent, had time to recover and turn upon their pursuers. The tide of war was turned by the heroism of Mosca and her brave phalanx, and the Suliotes, charging from their advantageous position, put the invaders to flight. Again did the women and children roll down rocks and stones upon the discomfited host of Moslems as they fled in confusion through the narrow defile of Klissura. The mountain torrent of the

Acheron was almost dammed up with the dead bodies of the slain.

At the fortress of Tichos, Mosca found her nephew, one of the leaders of the Suliotes, mortally wounded. He was dying. "Since I have not arrived in time to save thee, my beloved nephew," said Mosca, "I will surely avenge thy death."

So saying, she called on the Suliotes to follow her to the attack of the position held by the Pasha at the head of the valley. Ali and his body-guards fled before the Suliotes. Baggage, ammunition, provisions and a host of prisoners fell into the hands of the Suliotes, whose pursuit ended, only from physical exhaustion, within seven hours' march of Janina, Ali's capital. Ali himself killed two horses in his precipitate flight; and when he arrived at his capital, enraged and savage as a wild beast at his defeat, he shut himself up for seven days in his harem, inaccessible to all, the victim of rage and despair.

The peace which he made with the Suliotes was honourable to them, but humiliating to him. He soon roused himself, however, from his lethargy. He was in possession of large revenues and a well-stocked treasury. With these he began to open negociations with several Suliote chiefs separately. He had been assured they were not inaccessible to bribes. Their country was poor, their mountains barren and inhospitable. Botzari, one of the Suliote chiefs, was bought over to his interest. Again the Pasha began to prepare for war.

The Albanians feared the prowess of the Suliotes, but desired greatly to make their women slaves. Religious fanaticism was roused to the utmost. The Agas and Beys were assembled. The Koran was read. The Imams exhorted them to unsheath the sword against the unbelievers. Para-

ise was promised to all who fell—no distant reward, but
nmediate fruition.

"Come then, Albanian chiefs," said Ali, rising from his
ırone, "as many as are true and faithful followers of the
rophet, let us swear a solemn oath, invoking the sacred
ame of Mohammed, that nothing but death shall prevent us
om conquering and extirpating the unbelieving Suliotes."

The oath was sworn, and an army of eighteen thousand
ıen was collected. The Suliote army consisted of three
ıousand. Foto Tzavelli was the young and able leader of
ıe Suliotes, in which capacity he succeeded his father. In
ıe first encounter, the army of Ali Pasha was driven back
y the indomitable bravery of the Suliotes. The Pasha
ıereupon determined to blockade the Suliote strongholds,
nd to reduce them by means of famine. He therefore
ccupied the principal defiles into the passes, and erected
ırts and redoubts at each. The consequence was a severe
ngagement at a hill called Curilla, in which Foto Tzavelli
efeated the Albanians after three hours' hard fighting.
'he invaders were driven headlong down the heights. In
ıe eagerness of pursuit, Foto outstripped his followers.
)ne of the fugitives perceiving this, hid himself behind a
ɔck, and when Foto had passed him shot him down. The
ılbanians rallied at this, and returned to carry off the
oung Suliote chief. But the Suliotes rushed fiercely on
ıem to recover the body of their chief.

Foto was not killed, but seriously wounded. He besought
is followers to kill him, to prevent his falling into the
ands of the cruel Albanians, for they had sworn to flay
im alive if he fell into their hands, and to stuff his skin.

A hand-to-hand encounter now took place round the
ody of Foto, somewhat like that which Homer describes
ɔund the body of Patrocles. The Suliotes were successful.
'hey beat off the Albanians. Foto was restored to his

friends, and youth and a strong constitution enabled him to regain his health and strength in time to resume his position as leader in defence of Suliote liberty.

The blockade lasted a year, and notwithstanding heroic acts of bravery and self-denial on the part of the Suliotes, their condition became lamentable for want of provisions. They were obliged to live on acorns, herbs and roots, and even to grind up the bark of trees mixed with flour and meal, to eke out their small resources.

In this extremity, every expedient was resorted to in order to obtain supplies, but the idea of surrender was not even mentioned amongst them. At one time four hundred of their bravest warriors, with Mosca and her indomitable Amazons in their midst, sallied out during a dark night through the defile of Glyky, to get supplies at Parga. They were joyfully received, fed bounteously for four days, and on the fifth departed, every man laden with supplies, as much as he could carry. The Albanians, to the number of a thousand, were prepared to prevent their return, and lay in wait for them. But Mosca and her female phalanx formed a sufficient escort for the laden soldiers, and beat off the Albanians, so that with very little loss they brought their supplies safely into Suli, to the great joy of the starving inhabitants.

On another occasion, Gianni Strivinioti, one of the Suliote chiefs, a brother-in-law of Foto, heard that a large supply of cattle was being brought into the Turkish camp, and resolved to intercept it. He dressed himself, therefore, in his white capote and camise, and during a dark night made his way unseen, sheltered by rocks and brushwood, into the midst of the herd. Here, crouching on all fours amongst the cattle, he was driven with them into an enclosure as the darkness increased. In the dead of the night, he arose silently, opened the enclosure, and drove

the sheep and oxen before him towards a party of his friends whom he had left in ambush in the neighbourhood. The Albanians heard the noise, but were so alarmed, from fear of an ambuscade, that they lay still, hoping to collect the cattle again in the morning.

But all these were only temporary expedients to relieve the keen distress of the Suliotes. They were hemmed in. They had no hope from breaking through their assailants. Their mountains were sterile and inaccessible. The prospect before them was one of extreme misery, if the blockade were maintained. Ali invited Foto Tzavelli to visit him and enter into negociation relative to the breaking up of the blockade.

Foto went to the conference secretly, for the Suliotes knew too well the unscrupulous character of Ali to trust his word or oath. But Botzari, the suborned Suliote chief, persuaded Foto to go. No sooner had he reached the Albanian head-quarters than he was thrown into prison. The rage of the Suliotes was extreme when they found their youthful chief was betrayed. Nor was Botzari's perfidy made known till long afterwards, although Botzari himself pretended that he shared the captivity of his friend.

The Albanians had built a large square tower at Villa, cutting off the Suliotes from all communication with a rich valley beyond, whence they might draw supplies. This fortress had a square tower at each corner, and its central court held the principal magazine of ammunition for the Pasha's army.

The Suliotes resolved to attack this tower. During a dark and windy night, two hundred of them drew near it; whilst one of their number, Metococcales by name, with spade and pick-axe, so took advantage of the darkness and the noisy wind as to dig unperceived a deep hole at the very foundation of one of the corner towers. In this he

deposited a barrel of gunpowder, lighted a slow match and withdrew. The Suliotes immediately set up a tremendous shout, and fired at the same corner tower. To this point of the fortress the Albanians naturally swarmed, and in a short time the barrel of gunpowder exploded, burying many of them under the ruins of that angle of the fortress.

The Suliotes rushed like a torrent through the breach, and soon in the confusion became masters of the stores of ammunition in the central court; whilst the three remaining corner towers were still held by their enemies.

In the morning the Albanians were summoned to surrender. This they said they would do rather than have the whole fortress blown up. They were told to throw down their arms first. They pretended to do so, but whilst the Suliotes were gathering them up, fired upon them, and considerable numbers were killed. The Suliotes then collected brush-wood and inflammable materials round the angle towers, and set fire to them. The Albanians attempting to escape were shot down without mercy, whilst the others perished in the flames. So desperate, so implacable was the struggle, that to ask for or to give quarter was equally undreamt of on either side.

But at length the numbers and commissariat of the invaders prevailed. The supplies received by the Suliotes were fitful and irregular. Their principal leader was a prisoner in the hands of the Turks. Their warriors were becoming enfeebled by want. Europe looked on without sympathy. The Suliotes had no hope.

Negociations were once more opened up, and at length a capitulation was arranged. This was in December, 1803. The Suliotes were to give up their hills, their inaccessible defiles, their barren mountain-tops, and to go south amongst their co-religionists in Greece, there to shift for themselves as best they might; but their lives were to be spared, and

they were to take with them their women and children, and all the property they could carry away.

The men, women and children, gathered together, were separated into two bodies, the larger to travel towards Parga, and the smaller body to Prevesa, in order to embark for Santa Maura.

Both parties were attacked by the troops of the faithless Pasha. The first formed a hollow square, and, putting the women and children and property into the middle, they gallantly beat off their assailants, and made their way to Parga. The other party was not so fortunate. Overtaken by their pursuers at the monastery of Zalongo, they endeavoured to defend themselves in it; but the gates were soon forced, and an indiscriminate massacre of the unfortunate Suliotes began. Those that succeeded in escaping made their way to Arta; but a party of a hundred women and children, cut off from the main body, fled rapidly to a steep precipice at a little distance from the convent. There they threw the children over to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Then the women joined hands, and, singing patriotic songs, whirled round and round in a wild dance until they approached the edge of the precipice. With one long triumphant shout they threw themselves over, one and all, preferring death in liberty to becoming the slaves of the Turks.

Nor was their death wholly unavenged. A monk of the Suliotes, Samuel by name, had remained behind at their chief fortress at Kunghi to deliver over to the conquerors an inventory of the military stores, to the commissioners appointed by Vely Pasha, son of Ali, for that purpose. Samuel had heard of the treachery of which Ali had been guilty in the matter of the capitulation.

When the commissioners and their troops were in the fortress taking over the stores, Samuel descended into a

subterranean vault in which gunpowder was stored. He had a lighted torch in his hand. A minute afterwards there was a terrible explosion, the fortress was destroyed, the Albanian commissioners and their troops were blown to pieces, and the heroic Samuel perished with them. He had avenged the massacre of the Suliotes.

> "The gallant caloyer was there,
> And he laughed as he lighted the train;
> Oh, he laughed as he soar'd in the air
> To escape from the conqueror's chain."

Of the fate of Foto Tzavelli we have no information. History is silent.

Such is war, and so terrible, even when a state is endeavouring to maintain its liberty, and its sons are fighting for their homes, the honour of their female relatives, and the freedom of their children! If anything can justify war, surely it is justifiable under such conditions.

CHAPTER XII.

EXTINCTION OF RACES.

Gradual disappearance of the American Indians—Spanish zeal—English settlements in Tasmania and Australia—Strong drink—Gradual decline of native population—Bushrangers—Cruelty to the natives —The South Sea Islanders—Capt. Butler's account of the North American Indians in his *Great Lone Land*—Ravages of small-pox —Influence of Christianity on native races.

A CACIQUE in America spoke of his people melting away like snow before the sun when the white faces made their appearance. But the snow melts and disappears gradually, whilst the aborigines are often not suffered to pass off and disappear quietly before advancing civilization, but with violence, the sword and liquid poison.

It has been customary to speak of the Spanish extermination of the original inhabitants of the West Indies as if it were analogous to the gradual extinction of the Australians and Tasmanians before the English in the far East. But in truth there are few parallels and many contrasts in the two cases. It was under the name of Religion that the Spaniards rooted out the Caribs. The conquest of the country, already settled and partially civilized, was necessary before the Spaniards could make it available for their own purposes. In Australia and Tasmania, the paucity of the inhabitants presented no such barrier. They were in

the lowest stage of savagery, and there was no political hostility to overcome. The mild and gentle race that originally inhabited Cuba, Hispaniola, and the other West Indian islands, endeavoured vainly to extricate themselves from the grasp of their conquerors, the violators of their homes, the desecrators of their altars, the murderers of their kindred, by futile insurrections and weak revolts. The Spaniard was armed with a double weapon. Cupidity made him the master of the body of the Carib, his muscles, his gold, his corn, his household, his women and his children; whilst religion invested him with authority over his soul. He had a right to compel him to live as he, the Spaniard, willed, for his eternal welfare. But the wanderers in the gum-tree forests of Australia and Tasmania were exterminated, not because of their political hostility, not because they rose in insurrection against the Colonial Government, but simply because they attacked solitary shepherds from cupidity or revenge; they drove off their flocks into the scrub, applied the lighted match to their huts, and hurled the spear at them in their difficulties.

There was no pretence of improving the natives in the establishment of the colonies in Australasia. The convenience of the Government of England in getting rid of a social curse, or the cupidity of men of enterprize, was the only motive. The Spanish conquest was loudly proclaimed to be one of Christian feeling and benevolence. The priest and the warrior went side-by-side. The cross and the sword advanced together. The incense of the censer and the smoke of ruined cities mingled in the air, and the hymns of the choirs rose in strange discord with the shrieks of murdered victims.

Both England and Spain recognized certain rights on the part of the aborigines. But with Spain the professed object of invasion was the conversion of the heathen. Reli-

gious worship consecrated every expedition. The sanction and blessing of the Pope were obtained. The hearts of the faithful were excited by pious enthusiasm; and tearful eyes, full of religious emotion, were directed towards Heaven; whilst hearts, swelling with religious fervour, implored blessings on the Christian warriors. Pizarro was required officially to convey in each vessel a certain number of ecclesiastics in proportion to the number of warriors. In his contract with Almagro and Father Lugne, he was quite pathetic in his expression of conviction relative to the love of the Holy Virgin for Indian souls. The conversion of the Indians, again and again reiterated by the Spanish Government, in writing to the colonial authorities, was the primary aim of all their expeditions. And what was the result? The slaughter of the natives by thousands, their mutilation and torture, the burning of their villages, the carrying off of their supplies of food, the garotte of Atahualpa, and the fiery bed of Montezuma.

The honest zeal of Las Casas, the Christian fanes in the forest wilds of South America, the Indian worshippers and Christian scholars, were all redeeming features of the Spanish conquest that must not be forgotten. But the fact remains that millions of inoffensive people were exterminated under a ghastly pretence of religion; that regions, once the seat of a happy peasantry, inoffensive and kindly disposed, were changed into deserts, and that thousands were ready to sacrifice their lives in order to escape the slavery to which they had been reduced by their cruel taskmasters.

There was no pretence of religion in the settlement of Australia and Tasmania. There were convicts to be disposed of, colonization to be carried out, commerce to be established; and all this was done with some faltering expressions of respect for the rights of the natives, but

really these rights were practically ignored. The land was not occupied by the natives, in our sense of the term. A few wandering tribes traversed it at intervals more or less remote. They knew nothing of its value, as civilization made it valuable, and they were always ready to part with their rights in it for ornaments, trinkets, knives, hatchets or guns. The tribes wandering through one part of the country could not understand the language of those that inhabited another part of it. Even in Tasmania the inhabitants of the south and east could not converse with those of the north and west. There was no political cohesion, no natural or national union. All was chaos.

Under such circumstances the European settler, who paid Government for his land, naturally regarded the natives as intruders. As long as they would let him alone, he would let them alone. But they interfered with him. They could not be got to respect the rights of property, and then he shot them down without mercy.

Wherever the races of the South Pacific come into close relationship with the pale faces, the result is the same. The darker race fades away, and half-castes and the descendants of the white man take the place of the aborigines. This is also the case in America. The Negro race alone seems to have in it an inherent vitality that resists the contact. Physically strong, prolific, and able to accommodate itself to changes of climate and condition, the Negro race of Africa, like the Chinese race in Asia, seems to be able to hold its own, in numbers and in stamina, when brought into close contact with Europeans. But it is not so with the inhabitants of Polynesia and Australasia.

Captain Cook estimated the population of Tahiti in his day at two hundred thousand. It is now little more than a tenth of that number. Fifty years ago the population of Hawaii (Sandwich Islands), was a hundred and fifty

thousand, and learned natives assert that it was once four times that number. It is now about forty thousand, and of these one-fifth more males than females. There are also about forty thousand foreigners. "It is my belief," wrote Mr. Wylie of the Foreign Office, "that unless some means can be adopted for rendering the Hawaiian females more pure and chaste in early life, it will be impossible to preserve the Hawaiian nation from extinction." And yet they are the most civilized of the Pacific Islanders. The same tale is told of the Maoris in New Zealand. There are now probably not fifty thousand of them left, and, as in Tahiti, the males greatly preponderate in number. "As clover killed the fern, and the European dog the Maori dog—as the Maori rat was destroyed by the European rat—so will our people be annihilated and exterminated by the Europeans." Such is the poetical language of despair amongst the aborigines of New Zealand.

Strong drink has been the greatest enemy of all these native races. The liquid fire of the white man has been more fatal than his fire-arms. It is amongst the women that this craving for spirituous liquors has been most baneful. It has led them into vice and disease, and has raised the murderous arms of their male relatives against them when they were prostrate with drunkenness.

Bishop Selwyn spoke feelingly of the responsibility of England in this matter. "This sin of intoxication," said he, "was not a sin of native growth. It was an imported, an exotic sin. The people of New Zealand stood against it for a time, but, as their faith failed, they gave way to the temptations forced upon them by their English brethren. They had heard it said, and they were fearful words, that it was a law of nature that the coloured races should melt away before the advance of civilization. He would tell them where that law was registered, and who were its

agents. It was registered in hell, and its agents were those whom Satan made two-fold more the children of hell than himself." This is very strong language on the part of the Bishop, and as plain as it is strong.

"If the Australians and Tasmanians had any affinity to the African Negro, we might entertain some hope of ultimately civilizing them," said Count Strzelecki. The Count was a man of not less warm sensibilities than Bishop Selwyn, but he regarded all attempts to civilize the Australasians as absolutely futile. It would be easier, he argues, to bring down the whites to the level of the natives than to raise the natives to the level of the whites. Many of the whites, it may be replied, have already sunk to the level of the black fellows, by their own unaided efforts in descent, without proving anything one way or the other.

"At one time," said Waubuno, chief of the Munsee or Wolf tribe of North American Indians, "at one time the red men flourished and found happiness in their own homes." The white man came amongst them with high professions and pretensions. He was to introduce civilization and pure religion. The red man was then prosperous and numerous. What was he now? "In the time of my own youth," said Waubuno, an old man now, addressing an English audience in London, and in the English language—"in the time of my own youth I listened to stories told by my mother and other aged females, of the prosperity of our tribe in olden times, before the white man came, when they dwelt on the banks of Lake Ontario. The red men were as numerous then as the trees of the forest, and their warriors stately and erect like those trees. The invigorating war-whoop echoed from mountain-path to mountain-path. There was warfare amongst them, but no degradation. Now it was all degradation. Drunkenness, and starvation, and want, and squalor, and misery, were everywhere. Long

life was common then amongst our race. It is rare now. There was no such thing as want then either for man or the animals of the forest. God made everything beautiful. There were still beautiful lakes, beautiful rivers, beautiful forests, hills and mountains. But the plenty was gone. The white man had changed everything. The wild animals were scarce. The fish were driven away by steamers. The white man had given the red man no civilization, no pure religion, but spirituous liquors instead; and want, squalor, degradation and drunkenness were the results."

There is truth in Waubuno's lament. The white man has demoralized the red man, and, without giving him any compensation, has destroyed the virtues he possessed.

Let us take Tasmania, from which the native race has altogether disappeared, as a sample of the white man's dealings with the coloured races—an illustration of that struggle for life which is going on around us now, as it has been ever since man made his appearance upon earth.

Abel Jansen Tasman commanded two small Dutch vessels which, in December 1642, touched at the island now called after him Tasmania, an island till then unknown to Europeans. Tasman saw none of the natives. Du Fresne, a French navigator, called at the island in 1772 and killed one of the natives, whilst several were wounded because they threw stones at the new-comers. In 1773, Captain Cook first landed on the island, but did not make the acquaintance of the natives until 1777, when he again visited it. He found the Tasmanians "mild and cheerful, without reserve or jealousy of strangers." Both sexes went naked, he says, the women sometimes having a kangaroo or opossum skin on their shoulders, in which they carried their little ones. He speaks of the superior virtue of the Tasmanian women, as compared with the more polished Polynesians. "Where the women are easy of

access," he says, "the men are the first to offer them to strangers. Where this is not the case, the safety of all and the lives of many are endangered in pursuit of a gratification which they have no probability of obtaining." It is evident the French visitors, under Du Fresne and Admiral Baudin, excited the enmity of the natives by offers of gallantry. Although they were naked, the women were chaste, and the men appeared to resent keenly any insult offered to them. M. Labillardière thus describes his purchase of a kangaroo skin:

"I had given them (the natives) several things without requiring anything in return. I wished to get a kangaroo skin. A young girl, of sixteen or seventeen years of age, was the only one who possessed one of these skins. She had it over her shoulders. I proposed to give her in exchange a pair of pantaloons. Of course it was all by signs; we could not converse. She ran away, but the other natives called her back and appeared to advise her laughingly to comply with my request. She complied. We showed her the manner of wearing the pantaloons, but it was necessary for us to help her to put them on. To this she yielded, resting her hands on our shoulders as she lifted first one leg and then the other to put on the new garment. It seemed quite a joke to the others, and we conducted ourselves with all the gravity we could on the occasion."

It is sad to think that an intimacy commenced so pleasantly should have ended in bloodshed and loss of life. The want of an interpreter had perhaps much to do with this. Misapprehensions and groundless fears, on either side, could not be explained.

The houses of the native Tasmanians are described by the early voyagers as "miserable wigwams, in which there were nothing but some kangaroo skins and a basket or two made of rushes." Captain Cook particularly remarks on

the want of surprise and curiosity amongst the natives, which he regarded as a proof of their inferiority mentally even to the natives of Terra del Fuego; whilst their want of all provision of clothing, although frosts were common and severe during the winter mornings, appeared to him to prove their savagery. Yet they were evidently kindly disposed, and had no enmity to the new-comers. Polygamy was an established institution amongst the Tasmanians; and as the wives collected all the food from the sea, rivers or forests, polygamy does not seem to have been attended with additional expense on the part of the husband, all clothing being dispensed with.

Unfortunately, the first European settlers, both in Tasmania and Australia, belonged to a class driven out from the mother country for their crimes. They were not likely, therefore, to be either conscientious or courteous in their dealings with the aborigines.

Near the Derwent, at some distance from Hobart, in May 1804, there was a settlers' dwelling called "Burke's hut." There had been a friendly parley with a native tribe in the vicinity of this hut only a few days before. On the 3rd May, early in the morning, the natives were seen advancing with shouts, and in some numbers. Whether they were hunting, or intended an attack, is uncertain. As they had women and children with them, it is not probable that they intended to attack the white settlers. However that may be, it so happened that there was a company of soldiers in the neighbourhood of "Burke's hut" at the time, and the officer in command ordered the men to fire upon the advancing natives. At least fifty of the miserable Tasmanians fell, we are told, either killed outright or mortally wounded.

One of the witnesses subsequently examined by the Governor relative to this matter, William Clark, stated that

the natives did not attack the soldiers, but came rushing down the hill-side towards Burke's hut, with much shouting, when the soldiers were ordered to fire.

The friendly disposition of the natives was completely altered by this unwarranted attack and the consequent loss of life. Animosity and revenge were engendered by this atrocious act of barbarity, and the result was a series of petty encounters in the future, in which of course the natives were constantly defeated, many of them losing their lives. Captain Moore, of the New South Wales Corps, afterwards the 102nd, was the officer who gave the command to fire. "The whole affair," says Mr. Gregson, "was a half-drunken spree, and the firing appears to have been ordered in order to see the niggers run.". No defence was made by the natives. They fled, terrified at the execution done by the volley, stupefied by the noise of the fire-arms, but bearing away with them a deep-rooted hatred of the white faces which never subsequently died out.

The specific instructions given by the Foreign Office in London, then under Lord Glenelg, to the local authorities in Australia and Tasmania, were dictated by humanity and benevolence. "You are to endeavour, by every means in your power, to open an intercourse with the natives, and to conciliate their good-will, enjoining all parties under your Government to live in amity and kindness with them. If any person shall exercise any acts of violence against them, or shall wantonly give them any interruption in the exercise of their several occupations, you are to cause such offender to be brought to punishment, according to the degree of the offence."

But it is a long way from Downing Street to Tasmania, and was much farther in those days than it is now, in point of time.

Captain Moore was never brought to justice, although he

richly deserved penal servitude for life. Nor was the effect of his barbarous act ever obliterated from the minds of the natives.

An Aborigines' Committee, however, was nominated soon afterwards, the object of which was to defend and maintain the rights of the native Tasmanians, and to prevent their oppression or injury.

But, notwithstanding the benevolent intentions of the Home Government and the exertions of the Aborigines' Committee, the native distrust of Europeans was increased and strengthened by the conduct of the convicts. These men stole the children of the natives, to bring them up as slaves, and they outraged the native women whenever they had an opportunity of so doing with safety.

Governor Macquarie in 1814 wrote strongly against the brutality of the settlers. Having made a tour through the island, he was convinced of the fact that "the first personal attacks were made on the part of the settlers and their servants." He laboured earnestly and nobly for the benefit of the natives, but without much success. Offences against the natives could not be substantiated in the courts for want of witnesses. The only witnesses there were the white men who committed the outrages.

"I'd as leave shoot them black fellows as so many sparrows," said one of the convicts settled in the interior, and this appeared to be the feeling common amongst the early settlers. The infamous treatment of the poor black women by the convict settlers was one of the chief causes of the enmity existing between the two races. It was not alone that these unfortunate females were the objects of unbridled lust, but also of barbarity. If a woman was decoyed to a shepherd's hut, no gentleness of usage was employed to win her regard and to secure her stay. Threatening language, the lash, and even chains, were resorted to. Dr. Ross, de-

scribing his voyage up the Shannon, in Tasmania, in 1823, writes: "We met a convict shepherd, one of Mr. Lord's men, sitting on the stump of a tree, chained to it and nearly starved to death. He told us that, three days before, a black woman, whom he had caught, had been chained by the leg with a bullock-chain to a fallen tree, in hopes, he said, to tame her. He had given her a linen shirt, the only one he possessed. She had contrived to slip the chain off and run away. The natives had returned in force, and chained him up as he had chained the woman, and left him there." This gentle lover was hanged six months afterwards for the murder of a white companion. We hear of another settler, who, having caught an unhappy native girl, sought to relieve her fears, win her affection, or "cure her sulks," as he expressed it, by flogging her in the morning with a bullock-whip, and then fastening her to a tree near his hut till his return in the evening. Is it any wonder that this man was afterwards found speared to death in his own hut?

One of the bushrangers—Mr. Melville relates the story—having come unexpectedly upon a native man and his wife, killed the man, and then cutting off the head, tied it round the poor woman's neck. Her he drove thus ornamented to his hut. Others amused themselves by emasculating all the native men they could seize, during their residence in the interior, and it was a subject of mutual boasting as to the numbers they had thus treated, when they held convivial feasts together. Two of the convict bushrangers boasted of having shot thirty natives during one week, capturing eleven of them. Quamby's Bluff, an eastern spur of the great central highlands of the island, was so called from a poor hunted wretch, one of the aborigines, falling on his knees at its base, when he saw his companions murdered around him, and shouting, "Quamby, quamby!"—mercy, mercy!

A shepherd was murdered by the blacks near the Macquarie river. No one knows what provocation he had given the natives. A company of soldiers went in pursuit of the supposed murderers. They fell in with a tribe round their night-fires, and shot them down indiscriminately. Eight of the natives were slain and several wounded more or less severely. The soldiers then went up to the fires, from which the natives had fled. They found there several waddies and spears, and one helpless infant sprawling on the ground. The waddies and spears they carried off, and the miserable infant they threw into the nearest fire, where it was consumed in the flames!

Such were the amenities by which the early settlers sought to conciliate the kindly feelings of the savages! "Such a race," says a colonial writer, Mr. Gilbert Robertson, in the *Hobart Town Press*, April 1831—"such a race merits little compassion, unless it can be argued that the greatest degree of sin is entitled to the highest degree of compassion." But happily few of the educated or the enlightened sought thus to palliate or condone the cruelties of the early settlers. Well might Dr. Nixon, Bishop of Tasmania, exclaim, with reference to these cruelties, "They make us blush for humanity when we read of these atrocities. They forbid us to wonder that the maddened savages' indiscriminate fury should not only have refused to recognize the distinction between friend and foe, but have taught him to regard every white man as an intruding enemy, who must be got rid of at any cost."

Mr. Shoebridge, a Tasmanian colonist, relates that two white settlers went out one day shooting birds in the interior. Some natives, seeing them approach, fled hastily. One poor woman, far advanced in pregnancy, unable to run like the rest, climbed up a tree, and broke down some of the neighbouring branches around to conceal herself. She

had been observed by the sportsmen. One of them proposed to shoot her. The other objected. The first, however, dropped behind, and fired at the unfortunate creature. A fearful scream was heard, and then a new-born infant fell from the tree upon the ground. It was killed by the fall. As to what became of the mother, the inhuman sportsmen did not wait to see. "One cannot deny," says the historian of the visit of the *Marion* to Tasmania, "that the unfortunate natives were hunted like wild beasts. The wounded were often brained by the musket or the club, the infants thrown into the flames, and the social fires, round which the savages gathered to slumber, were often their funeral pyre. Is it wonderful that they sought every means of avenging themselves?"

Last year (1884) it was reported from the Argentine Republic, that the policy of the Government there was simply a war of extermination against the natives. No lands, it was said, were reserved for them, and the consequence was that they were rapidly disappearing. Oxen take the place of the native Indians.

From Western Australia the same journal reports a most deplorable state of things in reference to the Rottnest Penal Establishment on an island opposite Freemantle and about twelve miles distant from it. I give the report on the authority and in the words of the *Aborigines' Friend* for December, 1884.

"We are informed that about 700 natives are usually confined here for sheep-stealing and other offences of this class, and that they are employed in making salt for the colony and in cultivating the gardens of the superintendent and warders. It is said that when an inquiry was recently made into the condition of the prison, it was found to be a horrible pest-hole, the mortality sometimes varying from ten to twenty per week, and the wretched inmates being

dependent for medical attendance upon the weekly visits of a surgeon. At a meeting of the Legislative Council held in September last, Mr. Carey described the prison as a grave-yard, which was being filled 'pretty quickly.' The Surveyor-General, speaking on the same occasion, said that 'at Rottnest the natives had a certain amount of liberty—which was necessary for them—as on Sundays they were allowed to go out hunting and fishing; but if they worked them on the mainland, they (the authorities) would have to treat them as they are treated at Roebourne, where on a Sunday they are cooped up in a small room, with a chain round their necks.' It would thus appear that a prison exists in Western Australia in which things are even in a worse state than at Rottnest. It is worthy of remark, that although a certain amount of freedom is allowed on Sunday to the prisoners at Rottnest, they are not supplied with rations on that day, so that, if unsuccessful in their hunting and fishing, they would have to go without food for twenty-four hours. Nor are these the only scandals which are alleged to exist in Western Australia. A correspondent, who professes to speak from personal knowledge, assures us that a system of slavery exists in some of the pearl and shell fisheries, and that not unfrequently aboriginal men and boys are torn from their homes to labour in this trade, and are even sold from one owner to another."

That white labour cannot be utilized for the sugar cultivation in the north of Queensland is generally admitted. Hence the agitation for a division of the colony into two, the interests of the squatters in the south and of the sugar-planters in the north being opposed to each other. Wherever white labour can be utilized, of course it is better that it should be. The question is, can free labour be obtained from those dark races capable of withstanding the climate? I think it can. Both India and China have

millions of coolies ready to try and improve their lot by emigrating to British colonies. Without a separation, this coolie emigration will never be admitted into Queensland. The only question is, is it advisable to make northern Queensland a Crown colony on the West Indian system? There cannot be any great difficulty as to a Crown Australian colony co-operating with the other Australian colonies, particularly in a federated Australasia. The one government would act as reasonably as the other.

I do not think the aborigines of the island would be worse treated in northern Queensland as a Crown colony than they are at present—perhaps better.

Mr. Finch Hatton, in his excellent work, *Advance Australia*, gives the following description of the way in which the natives of that continental island are sometimes, though happily rarely, treated at the present day: "Whether the blacks deserve any mercy at the hands of the pioneering squatters, is an open question, but that they get none is certain. They are a doomed race, and before many years they will be completely wiped out of the land.

"A gentleman, who shall be nameless, but who once resided at a place well known as the Long Lagoon, in the interior of Queensland, is still famous for the tremendous haul of blacks which he made in one day. They had been giving him a great deal of trouble, and had lately killed four of his shepherds in succession. This was past a joke, and he decided that the niggers required something really startling to keep them quiet. He hit upon the following device, which every one must admit was sufficiently startling. One day, when he knew that a large mob of blacks were watching his movements, he packed a large dray with rations, and set off with it from the head station, as if he was going the rounds of the shepherds' huts. When he got opposite to the Long Lagoon, one of the wheels came off the

dray, and down it went with a crash. This appeared to annoy him considerably. After looking pensively at it for some time, he seemed to conclude that there was nothing to be done. So he unhitched the horses and led them back to the station. No sooner had he disappeared than, of course, all the blacks came up to the dray to see what was in it. To their great delight, they found it contained a vast supply of flour, beef and sugar and rum. With appetites sharpened by a prolonged abstinence from such delicacies, they lost no time in carrying the rations down to the water-side, and forthwith devoured them as only black fellows can.

"Alas for the greediness of the savage! alas for the cruelty of his white brother! The rations contained about as much strychnine as anything else, and not one of the mob escaped. More than a hundred blacks were stretched out by this ruse of the owner of the Long Lagoon station. In a dry season, when the water sinks low, their skulls are occasionally to be found half buried in the mud."

New diseases carry off the unfortunate natives by hundreds, rum and gin carry off hundreds more, every season. It is quite certain that few of their "white brethren" attempt anything so infamous against them as the wholesale slaughter here described. The innocent perished with the guilty. Indeed, there is no proof that the guilty were there at all. Thus it is that in the struggle for life man is more destructive to his fellow-man than the beasts of the field.

The inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, who work on the sugar plantations of northern Queensland under the name of Kanakas, it is pleasant to hear, are well treated by the planters. But they are very liable to consumption, and when they are once down with any complaint have seldom the resolution and vitality to combat it successfully and rise again restored to health, even when attended by trained

medical men and surrounded by every necessary hospital comfort.

There is no doubt that these islanders were originally brought into Queensland, in many instances, by deceit and treachery. They were often carried off with as little compunction and mercy as if the traders had been slavers on the coast of Africa.

The cruise of the vessel called the *Hopeful*, for instance, last year, was pronounced by the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into and report on the subject, to be "one long record of deceit, cruel treachery, deliberate kidnapping and cold-blooded murder." These are strong expressions, and unusual coming from a Royal Commission, but they were fully justified by the circumstances of the case. It does not follow that the planters were accomplices in the crimes of the kidnappers. On the contrary, the treatment of the Kanakas in Queensland itself has been generally humane and beneficent. But they profited by the crimes of the kidnappers, although they were not partners.

But if the injustice and cruelty in the first instance were glaring, the Government of Queensland has nobly discharged its duty in retrieving the injustice and punishing the cruelty. It has sent the kidnapped islanders back to their homes. It has compensated the planters for the losses they have sustained by this measure, and it has taken stringent measures to prevent any such nefarious traffic in the future.

Thus it has been truly said that Queensland has justified herself in the eyes of the civilized world ; and it is not only the Government which deserves praise, but the planters also in the ready assistance given to the Government in carrying out these measures, often to their own severe pecuniary loss.

Four hundred, out of six hundred originally kidnapped, were thus returned to their homes. Ninety-seven had died,

and a considerable number had elected to remain in the colony. For those who had died, compensation was sent to their families in the way of "bundles of trade." It is to be hoped the families were satisfied with the exchange.

In the American colonies, the treatment of the aboriginal Indians, two centuries ago, was very similar to that of the Australians and Tasmanians in the present century. Cotton Mather tells us that "amongst the early settlers it was considered a religious act to kill the Indians." And what has been the conduct of the white settlers to the aboriginal inhabitants of America in later days?

Ever onwards towards the mountains of the setting sun drifts the perpetual migration of the red man. "It is a mournful task to trace back through the long list of extinct tribes, the history of this migration," says Captain Butler in his *Great Lone Land.* "Turning over the leaves of books belonging to the old colonial time of which Longfellow speaks, we find strange names of Indian tribes now utterly unknown—Mohawks, Oneidas, Tuscaroras and others.

"They are gone, and scarcely a trace remains of them. Others have left in lake and mountain-top the record of their names only. Erie and Ottowa, Seneca and Caynga, tell of forgotten, or almost forgotten nations, which a century ago were great and powerful. Of yore, it was the pioneer of France, England and Spain, that the red man had to contend against, but now the whole white world appears to be leagued in bitter strife against the Indian. The American and Canadian are only names that hide beneath them the greed of united Europe.

"Terrible deeds have been wrought out in the far northwest, terrible heart-sickening deeds of cruelty and rapacious infamy—have been, do I say?—no; are to this day and hour, and never perhaps more sickening than now, in the full blaze of nineteenth-century civilization. If, on the long

line of the American frontier, from the Gulf of Mexico to the British boundary, a single life is taken by an Indian, if even a horse or ox be stolen from a settler, the fact is chronicled in scores of journals throughout the United States, but the reverse of the story we never know. The countless deeds of perfidious robbery or ruthless murder done by white savages out in these western wilds never find the light of day. The poor red man has no telegraph, no newspaper, no type, to tell his sufferings and his wrongs. My God! what a terrible tale could I not tell of these dark deeds done by the white savage against the far nobler red man!

"From southernmost Texas to most northern Montana there is but one universal remedy for every Indian difficulty —kill him. Let no man tell me this is not the case. I answer, I have heard it hundreds of times—Never trust a red-skin unless he is dead. 'Kill every buffalo you see,' said a Yankee Colonel to me one day in Nebraska, 'for every buffalo dead is an Indian gone.' Such-things are considered but as trifles.

"Listen to this 'cute feat of a Montana trader. A storekeeper in Saint Helena city had some sugar stolen from him. He poisoned the sugar next night and left the door open. In the morning, six Indians were found dead outside the town. There are other examples worse than that, but they are too revolting to tell. The record will be found perhaps somewhere else, if not in this world. In one shape or another, they will speak in due time."

The same thing happened amongst the early Dutch settlers at the Cape, and in 1774 a Government order was issued for the extirpation of the Bosjesmen. 3200 of them are said to have perished between 1804 and 1809, by the hands of the colonists.

That Government and the Aborigines' Protection Com-

mittee did their best to preserve the natives of Tasmania from outrage and destruction is undoubtedly true. Numerous tales of benevolent and kindly interference are to be found in the records of the colony. Nor is it to be doubted that fearful vengeance was taken by the natives upon isolated Europeans and their families when they had the opportunity. The whole record is one of outrage, torture, mutilation, murder and robbery, relieved here and there by noble acts of philanthropy and kindly benevolence.

It must not be supposed that Christianity, as a civilizing influence, was neglected by the friends of the native races. Missionaries and missionary establishments were introduced at an early period into New South Wales and Tasmania, but, unfortunately, with little success as far as the natives were concerned. The wearing of clothes was detrimental to those accustomed to be without them. When they got back into the bush, they discarded the clothes they were accustomed, nay obliged, to wear when on the frontiers of civilization or in the towns, and then they fell an easy prey to consumption. And this is still the case amongst the black fellows of Australia. But the introduction of ardent spirits was a far more potent cause of degradation and death. The savage was equally unable to refrain from strong drink altogether, or to use it only in moderation. And this has been the experience of missionaries all over the world.

In Paraquay the Jesuits found their labours more impeded by strong drink than by any other cause. "The Indians," says one of them, "not only imbibed a liking for brandy, when the Spaniards introduced it, but surreptitiously brought quantities of it into the mission. Thus was drunkenness introduced, and with it all the worst vices of barbarism."

It would be erroneous to suppose that isolated instances of conversion were altogether wanting in Australasia. In

New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania, individual youths of both sexes would show a devotion to Christianity, and a zeal in the matter of religious fervour, very gratifying to the missionaries. But, alas! very few of these converts maintained a consistent Christian profession for any length of time. Some would take the first opportunity of rejoining their native friends in the bush, and, throwing off their religion and their civilization together, would become leaders in native vice, debauchery or cruelty. Others sank under the influence of the strong water, when they found an opportunity, becoming riotous and offensive, and often committing wanton barbarities upon those subjected to their power.

"The Polynesians, when Christianity is first presented to them, embrace it with excitement and enthusiasm; the new religion spreads like wild-fire; the success of the teachers is amazing. A few years, however, show a terrible change. The natives find that all white men are not missionaries; that if one set of Englishmen deplore their licentiousness, there are others to back them up in it; that Christianity requires self-restraint.

"As soon as the first flare of the new religion is over, it begins to decline, and in some cases it expires. The story of Christianity in Hawaii, in Otaheite, in New Zealand, has been much the same. Among the Tahitians it was crushed by the relapse of the converts into extreme licentiousness. There are no countries in which it is so easy to plant, or so hard to maintain, Christianity." (Sir C. Dilke's *Greater Britain*, chap. v. p. 269.)

"Of their ultimate civilization we can see no prospect," writes one of the earliest missionaries of the aboriginal Australasian race. "Their fate is inevitable—extinction." And he was right. They were all apparently diminishing in numbers before the white man made his appearance—

Maories, Australians and Tasmanians. And now the native Tasmanians have disappeared altogether as a race from the surface of the globe. The Maori and the Australian savage will follow.

The Church of Rome has been as unsuccessful as the Protestant Churches in its attempts to Christianize the native inhabitants of Australia. The Government guardian of the aborigines at Perth, in Western Australia, was forced, ten years ago, to admit that the Protestant schools had all failed, and that the once hopeful school of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy contained then but six little girls. The Committee of Council, Queensland, in their Report to the Legislature, concludes despondingly: "The evidence taken by your Committee goes to show, beyond doubt, that all attempts to Christianize or educate the aborigines of Australia have proved abortive."

There was no hypocritical pretence of religion, or the spiritual salvation of the natives, amongst the first settlers in Australasia, or in the Government that sent them out, as there was amongst the Spanish settlers in America and their home Government. But the result was similar. The native inhabitants of the West Indies were far more numerous and far more advanced in civilization than the savages of Tasmania and Australia. But the same law appears to have prevailed in both cases—the same law which we still see in operation on the continent of America, in New Zealand, and in the islands of the Pacific. The Negro alone, as I have said, of the dark races appears to be able to hold his own in the great struggle for existence, when brought into competition with the white man. We may deplore the fact, but we cannot alter the laws of nature.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESTINY.

Carlyle and the ravens—The struggle amongst languages—Political institutions—Struggle for independence in Parliament—Education —Crime—Australian Federal Council—Freedom co-extensive with English institutions—India and its difficulties—Grandeur of the British empire—Federation—Mr. Froude's opinions—Appeal to the women of England to do battle against ignorance, and want, and misery.

I LIVED once at Chelsea, not far from Thomas Carlyle. I was at home from India on furlough, and for many months we spent an evening in each week together. Those were evenings of great intellectual pleasure to me. Carlyle's conversation was so full of personal reminiscence, of learning, of enthusiasm and of originality, that it was a delight to listen to it, and a still greater delight to be able to take part in it.*

On one occasion I mentioned a fight between an eagle and a stag that had been reported from the Highlands, an encounter in which the stag had succeeded in saving his life by plunging into a forest.

* Some of my "Conversations with Carlyle" appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, June 1881. In *Temple Bar*, August 1881, a writer signing the well-known initials G. A. speaks of me as "an injudicious friend" to Carlyle, because I mentioned circumstances not always to his credit as a philosopher. So much the worse for the facts! No mortal is *always* wise. I kept to the truth.

"I was a witness to a similar encounter when I lived at Craigenputtick," said Carlyle, "but it was a fight between some ravens and a dog. I had a useless little creature, a poodle, Ponto by name. We were walking together, and I had descended into a ravine to look after some ferns. Ponto remained above, and I was lost to sight. Presently I heard him uttering quick yelps of distress. I made my way to the summit as quickly as possible, for I was young and active in those days, and to my amazement I saw half-a-dozen ravens attacking Ponto. We had had just before a long-continued frost, with much snow. The ravens, I fancy, were well-nigh famished. Here was a dainty meal for them —a fat, useless, tender little dog—and so they set on him. Where half-a-dozen of them could have come from all of a sudden I cannot tell. It was a strange circumstance. But there they were, and I had to use my substantial walking-stick energetically before they gave over. It was a savage attack, an affair of life and death. Ponto was fighting for life, and the ravens, half-starved most probably, were fighting to ward off starvation. Audacity and temerity on the one side, self-defence on the other. Ponto was so much injured, we had to destroy him afterwards. His was a useless life. But amongst mankind there are constantly examples of a struggle for existence as keen and as terrible as that between Ponto and the ravens."

Behm and Wagner, in their *Bevölkerung der Erde*, give the population of the earth as one thousand, four hundred and fifty-six millions. Of these, about a hundred millions speak English, and there is no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon race, in Europe, North America, Australasia and South Africa, is increasing more rapidly than any other race on the earth's surface.

As to the English language, it will soon be the *lingua franca* of two hundred millions of our fellow-citizens in

India. Japan is talking of making it the official language of the empire, and the Chinese merchants of the north when they meet those of the south talk their own peculiar pigeon English, finding that more intelligible than the different dialects of Chinese. There can hardly be a doubt that in a hundred years more English will be spoken by more than three hundred millions of mankind, and will be besides the medium of communication between three hundred millions more, or at least between the more educated and enlightened of them.

Sir Charles Dilke says truly: "So entirely are English countries now the mother-lands of energy and adventure throughout the world, that no one who has watched what has happened in California, in British Colombia, and on the west coast of New Zealand, can doubt that the discovery of placer gold-fields in any sea-girt country in the world, must now be followed by the speedy rise there of an English Government."

And again, speaking of Japan: "The language of trade, as between the Chinese and Japanese in the treaty ports, is the English tongue. Moreover, the political influences of England and America combine to lead the Japanese to the use of English as the official language. This policy is backed by all considerations of convenience in the case of an island power situated in the Pacific, the language of which is English, and trading chiefly with North America, England, the English colonies, and the thoroughly English treaty ports of China."

Every year seems to make the struggle for life keener, but every year new tracts of land are being opened up in America, in Australasia and in Africa.

In Australia alone we have a country two-thirds of the size of Europe, with a fine climate and immense resources, agricultural, pastoral and mineral, a country in which there

were fifty years ago only a few savages roaming about—a few comparatively—savages amongst the lowest of the types of humanity. Within the present century, England has planted on this island six thriving states, youthful giants, full of national vigour and Anglo-Saxon energy. Melbourne was founded when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and has now a population of a quarter of a million, and a public library of two hundred thousand volumes. It has a University, with some Professors of world-wide fame, and is the centre of a commerce of which some of the greatest cities of Europe might be proud.

And what does all this prove? Why, that the work which the Anglo-Saxon race began when it colonized North America, is destined to go on until every land on the earth's surface, that is not already the seat of an old civilization, shall become English in its language, in its political habits and traditions, and even to a great extent in the blood of its people. New Zealand, the Cape, North America and the islands of the Pacific, teach us the same lesson.

It will not be long in the lifetime of the race before four-fifths of the human occupants of the globe will trace their pedigree to English forefathers, as four-fifths of the white population of the United States of North America trace their pedigree at this day.

Stretching from the far East to the regions of the setting sun, it is not to be supposed that it will fail to keep that sovereignty of the seas and that commercial superiority which have been its characteristics for the past two centuries and a half.

Nor is the language of Shakespeare and Milton likely to be broken up into dialects like the language of the ancient Romans. When such noble and erudite works as those of Professor Hearn in Australia, Colenso in South Africa, Bancroft and Prescott, Longfellow, Irving and Fiske in

North America, are issuing from the press—all models of composition in "English undefiled"—we may be certain that the standard will be maintained in the future, and that from the most remote parts of the earth's surface the purity and classical richness of the language will be maintained. Terms peculiar to particular localities will doubtless be introduced, but as long as each distant land is proud of English literature and of the grand old English traditions, the purity of that literature will be maintained.

The political habits and traditions of our race are not less sources of lawful pride than our literature. Grimm and Candolle have told the world that, whatever language a man has learned in his infancy, he will soon have to acquire English if he would be thought educated or accomplished.

This testimony, coming from a German and a Frenchman, both of eminence in the literature of their respective countries, is enough to make us proud. A recent return informs us that 1360 periodicals are published in Spanish, 3850 in French, 7800 in German, and 16,500 in English, throughout the world. But if the liberty characteristic of our political habits and traditions be diffused amongst mankind by our teaching and example, we shall have still more reason to be proud of our nationality.

We often look upon our Parliament as the successor in modern times of the Roman Senate. But we forget that the Roman Senate was a very inferior body. It exercised no legislative power. It appointed governors of provinces, and disposed of the revenues of the commonwealth, but it could not elect magistrates, or make laws, or wage war or peace. The senators were the guardians of religion, they appointed solemn thanksgivings to the gods, nominated ambassadors and appointed judges for special processes, but the power of the Emperors overruled that of the Senate in every point, and no such struggle was ever made against

the Imperial power by the Senate as that which has been made against despotism, and successfully made, by the English Parliament.

Even of the educated classes of the present day, few have any idea how much we owe to the courage and perseverance of our Parliaments. They know that there was a struggle in the time of Charles the First, and that the power of the King was crushed by that of the Parliament; they know that Oliver Cromwell overthrew the Parliament, and that it was subservient to Charles the Second after the Restoration. But of its subsequent struggles with the Royal power, few have any clear idea. Yet it was really fighting for life, a struggle to the death; for if Royal power had prevailed, we should probably have lost our liberty, and with our liberty our position amongst nations. The control of the national expenditure was the point on which encroachments were attempted again and again, both by the Royal power and by the House of Lords. These attempts were courageously and perseveringly opposed by the Commons; and although on such a question the heroic is altogether out of place, and we must descend to the plain level of common sense, yet not the less may we admire the consistent firmness of our representatives, and the noble example given by them to all elective assemblies to withstand arbitrary power, in whatever guise it may appear.

Principles thus established by a long and painful contest in England became the basis of new representative assemblies established all over the world. "Liberty or a subsidy to the Queen," was the watchword of debate in the Scottish Parliament of 1703. The Duke of Queensberry, as Royal Commissioner, was most anxious that the question of subsidy should first be entertained, but the House insisted on taking into consideration its "Overtures for Liberty" first. When

the roll came to be called over—for so the votes were taken in the Scottish Parliament—so violent a rain fell, making such a noise on the roof of the Parliament House, that no man's voice could be heard for a time. When it had ceased, Sir David Cuningham, a Royal adherent, exclaimed that it was evident the heavens themselves declared against their procedure; but that procedure was carried out and prevailed notwithstanding. There is not a representative assembly, from New Zealand to Canada, that has not profited by the firmness of the British Parliaments in this matter. They are established on a basis, won by long and persevering struggles on British soil—liberty first, subsidies afterwards.

During the long reign of George the Third, the struggle between the popular and the royal and aristocratical elements in our constitution continued unabated. The King's influence was altogether in favour of arbitrary power, and in opposition to popular progress. He did much to stop that progress, and to cause at last dangerous reaction. The struggle was arduous, and at one time the position of affairs was extremely critical. Doctrines subversive of every principle of freedom were personally favoured by the Sovereign, and defended by the most powerful classes of the community.

Happily for the future of England, however, the principles of liberty which the King and the aristocracy sought to destroy, had already taken such a hold of popular feeling, and were already so widely diffused, that to stop their progress altogether was absolutely impossible. Systems opposed to the march of opinion must fall, if the people be accustomed to value liberty and free institutions. The vigour of an arbitrary government depends upon the energy and ability of a few individuals. That energy and ability cannot be maintained in a long succession of rulers. But the

vigour of public opinion does not depend upon individuals. It grows with the nation's growth. It becomes irresistible in enlightened communities.

The arbitrary rule of George the Third cost England the loss of its magnificent colonies in North America, now the United States. He and his ministers would have the power of making laws confined to a small privileged class. The business of the nation was to obey the laws thus formed, and not to make them. Enlightenment amongst the masses by the spread of knowledge was frowned down.

Fortunately, these despotic ideas were overthrown, not by general insurrection and the overthrow of the system of government, as in France, but by the silent though overwhelming pressure of public opinion. The healthy march of English civilization is often slow and much-enduring, but it is triumphant in the end. There is a sobriety of spirit about it—and a calm persistence and perseverance—that weigh down all opposition in the end. The people have a knowledge of their own resources, a skill and independence in making use of them, a sturdy boldness, and a habit of foresight and cautious reserve, not possessed by any other people in Europe. It has been too much the habit of English writers to point out the errors and follies of their own nation, to magnify its shortcomings, and to turn into ridicule its failures. But there is no reason why we should shut our eyes to the grand truth, that the progress of England has been such as no other country can display. The United States have had no regal power and no remains of an arbitrary feudal system to combat. They have been the heirs of the long struggles for liberty fought out in the old country. They began their political career on that platform of popular supremacy which it took centuries of arduous struggle and earnest endeavour to form in England.

Timid men are alarmed at the progress of popular influence in England, but no one now hopes to oppose it effectually. Efforts may be made to inform it as to its true interests, to enlighten public opinion, but that it is irresistible, when once formed, is a fact allowed by all parties. To extinguish the liberty thus won after so long-continued a struggle, no one has the temerity to attempt.

And so it is also with the general diffusion of enlightenment by means of education. The benefit of that enlightenment is not felt in England only, but all over the world, in all its colonies and dependencies as well. The emigrants sent out are better able to adapt themselves to new conditions of life, they have enlarged resources, they form better citizens, they are in every way more valuable and efficient. There are doubtless difficulties and annoyances in private life, the result of the general spread of education. Isolated instances of ridiculous affectation and absurd pride are met with here and there, but such drawbacks are evils light as air when compared with the benefits accruing to the nation from the general spread of enlightenment.

The latest returns prove a marked diminution in the serious crime of the country, and there is every reason for supposing that this improvement has been substantial and real, and is but the index of further progress to come in the same direction. The criminal statistics of last year are very favourable when compared with those of any former year. The increase in the population, which proceeds without interruption, has not only not been attended with a corresponding increase of crime, but with an absolute diminution; and this state of things has been going on ever since 1860. At that time the population of England and Wales was about twenty millions, and the average number of criminals sentenced for serious offences was then 2590. The population is now twenty-six millions and three quarters, and the

average number of criminals sentenced for serious offences is 1427. During every year of the last five years, the decrease has been progressive.

Twelve thousand criminals were under detention in the English and Welsh convict prisons in 1865. This year, 1886, there are about 8500. The saving of expense to the country has been considerable, a large amount of human misery has been spared, and better security is afforded generally for life and property.

The labours of John Howard and Mrs. Fry were the beginnings of improved conditions of life in our prisons. Their heroism, and that of others like them, led to the introduction of education and profitable employment in those establishments, and a better system of management has been generally introduced. Prison punishments are much fewer than they were formerly, and the complete separation of first offenders from habitual criminals has been productive of incalculable good.

Whatever the temporary falling off in trade and commerce may be, there is a steady and progressive improvement in the social condition of the country, which is encouraging and cheering to contemplate. But very much remains to be done.

What we want, amongst other things, is a federation of the empire, such a union of all the constituent parts that, from New Zealand to the Dominion in North America, all the parts of the empire may feel themselves to be integral members of a great whole, with common interests and a common destiny. English is to be the universal language in the future, say some of the German and French savants now. It may be so. But whether it is to be so or not, there can be no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon race has been the most successful in the planting and development of colonies all over the world.

A good beginning in this matter of federation has been made in the union of the Australian colonies, from which unhappily New South Wales and New Zealand stand aloof, it is to be hoped only temporarily. The federation of the Australian colonies is the foundation of a mighty empire in the South. Its Council, the beginning of a glorious Parliament, under the shadow of the Southern Cross, will deal with all the external relations of the great Southern confederation, more especially in connection with the Pacific Islands. It will prevent the influx of criminals in any large numbers into Australia or New Zealand, and will be of immense benefit in the issue of judgments and civil and criminal processes throughout the confederation. In the same way a common law dealing with marriages, patent rights, copyright and commercial privileges, will exercise a wide and useful influence.

The Act, as now issued, is simply "enabling," not compulsory. Any Australian colony may or may not join the confederation, but it is a step in the right direction, and, if rightly carried out, its advantages will be incalculable. New South Wales has a right to be listened to with respect and attention. When the empire was in danger, she was the first to send help from the other side of the world. Her soldiers fought valiantly side by side with those of Britain and of India, in the fruitless but valorous actions near Suakin. Both Lord Wolseley and General Graham gave special words of praise to the Australian contingent. The troops from New South Wales "were a credit to the colony and to the parent race from which it sprung."

It is to be hoped that the Federal Council for Australia will be but the prelude to the establishment of a Federal Council for the empire, which will embrace New Zealand and the Old Dominion, Australia and the Cape, the British Islands and India, with all the outlying colonies and depen-

dencies of the vast British empire. This is a consummation exceedingly difficult of realization, but things as difficult have been realized. Let us hope on, hope ever.

A still more ambitious scheme has been brought before the New Zealand House of Representatives by Mr. McAndrew, one of its members. His proposal is, that efforts should be made to unite the whole of the English-speaking nations of the world in one grand federation, for the maintenance of peace and mutual defence in time of war. He suggests a conference for this purpose, to be held either at London or at Washington. Mr. McAndrew's proposal will of course be laughed at by all who regard the difficult and the grand as absurd, because immediately unattainable. But there is no reason why such a federation should not be established in the future. The more the subject is discussed, the more will the advantages of such a union be made clear. Speaking with the authority of advanced civilization and conscious strength, such a federation might by its fiat prevent wars all over the world, except on the continent of Europe. There, armed nations stand ready for war, devoting all their resources to military training, and regarding each other with jealousy and suspicion. But North America presents a different aspect, and the aspect presented by North America is that which such a federation might impose upon the world outside of Europe. It could regulate commerce as it pleased—that is, in harmony with justice and national rights. Civilization would gain immensely by such a federation, and every nation in the world would have to bless its peaceful influence in the long-run. Let us hope on, then, and hope ever.

"The map of the world will show that freedom exists only in the homes of the English race. France, the authoress of modern liberty, has failed as yet to learn how to retain the boon for which she is ever ready to shed her blood.

Switzerland, a so-called free state, is the home of bigotry and intolerance. The Spanish republics are notoriously despotisms under democratic titles. America, Australia, Britain, the homes of our race, are as yet the only dwelling-places of freedom." (Sir C. Dilke, *Greater Britain*, chap. xx. p. 547.)

Whatever may be thought of the New Zealand proposal, there can be no shadow of doubt that the tendency of representative government in these days is towards federation. Switzerland led the way in Europe, and a hundred years ago the Swiss federation was the only collection of states in the Old World founded on representative government. The central representative authority, that is, the Federal Assembly at Berne, continues to control the republic, but each canton has its own legislative assembly, and these assemblies are elected by means of franchises as different as the cantons themselves.

The North American colonies, in 1787, established in each of their thirteen States two Houses of Parliament, with a franchise varying in each State, the two Houses of the Central Federal Congress at Washington exercising supreme control in all matters of common concern.

The Spanish colonies in Central and South America endeavoured to imitate the example of the United States of the Northern continent. When they achieved their independence from Spain, early in the present century, they established a similar system, but the condition of the people was not such as to make the experiment a success. Deficient education, bigotry and superstition combined, together with the defective nature of the representative government which they enjoyed, or under which they suffered, rendered the attempt for the most part abortive. Yet the Argentine Confederation with its fourteen provinces, and Columbia with its nine federated states, continue to exist as

republics, more or less prosperous, after having experienced many vicissitudes and a variety of revolutions.

In Europe, in these latter days, Germany is a remarkable example of successful federation. What appeared to be the unattainable dream of visionary enthusiasts, thirty years ago, has become an accomplished fact. Since 1871, four kingdoms, six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, and three free towns, have been united under a federal constitution. Each has its own legislative assembly, generally consisting of two chambers, and the federal Parliament of two houses, at Berlin, controls the whole empire in everything relating to Imperial legislation.

The seventeen provinces of Austria are similarly controlled by the central Parliament of the Austrian empire, consisting of two houses, meeting at Vienna. Yet each of these provinces has its own legislative assembly, usually consisting of one chamber.

Nor can any one doubt, who has paid attention to recent political questions, that the tendency of affairs in the Balkan peninsula is towards federation, although they cannot agree as to which of the contending states shall be the leader. The ambition of sovereigns and princes will involve the world in war, rather than arrange, by arbitration, questions involving their precedence or relative standing.

The seven independent colonies of the Canadian Dominion were federated by an Act of the Imperial Parliament in 1867. Federation has been similarly pressed upon the Australian colonies by the Home Government, and is now in a fair way of being successfully carried out. The Colonial Office has recommended federation to the colonies at the Cape of Good Hope over and over again, but up to the present time the conflicting claims of a free colony, a crown colony, and several independent Dutch republics, have prevented a successful issue. The Leeward Islands, in the

West Indies, and the Windward Islands, are being federated, preparatory to the federation of the entire British West Indian colonies.

Everywhere federation is the panacea for the evils of conflicting interests and divers ambitions. Nor is there any reason why the principle thus applied here and there irregularly, with the happiest results, should not be extended to the entire empire. That there are difficulties in the way, difficulties formidable and perplexing, but not insurmountable, is indisputable. Difficulties still more formidable and still more perplexing have been overcome, again and again, in the growth of our glorious constitution. But these difficulties, however great, can be surmounted by the patient perseverance of statesmen, if endued with courage and patriotism.

This is "one of the questions of the future," as Lord Salisbury said, in his famous Newport speech. The idea of Imperial Federation may be still "shapeless and unformed," but all statesmen, worthy of the name, will endeavour "to give effect to aspirations which bear the mark of the truest patriotism upon them." So Lord Salisbury said, and all well-wishers to the empire will cordially sympathize with these noble aspirations.

Let us hear what Carlyle had to say on this subject, as reported by Mr. Froude:

"In Carlyle's opinion, the English nation was enchanted just now—under a spell, which for the last fifty years had bewitched us. According to him, England's business, if she understood it, was to gather her colonies close to her, and spread her people where they could breathe again, and send the stream of life back into her loaded veins. Instead of doing this, she had been feeding herself on cant and fine phrases, and delusive promises of unexampled prosperity. The prosperity, if it came—which it wouldn't, and wouldn't

stay if it did—meant only that our country was to be the world's great workhouse, our green fields soiled with soot from steam-engines—the fair old England, the 'gem set in the silver sea,' was to be overrun with mushroom factory towns, our flowery lanes turned into brick lanes, our church spires into smoky chimneys. We were to be a nation of slaves—slaves of all the world, slaves to mechanical drudgery and cozening trade, and deluded into a dream that all this was the glory of freedom, while we were worse off than the blacks of Louisiana.

"It was another England that Carlyle looked forward to—an England with the soul in her awake once more; no longer a small island, but an ocean empire, where her millions and tens of millions would be spread over their broad inheritance, each leading wholesome and happy lives on their own fields and by their own firesides, hardened into men by the sun of Australia or the frosts of Canada—free human beings in fact, and not in idle name only, not miserable bondsmen any more."

Let us turn now to Mr. Froude's own ideas on federation. They are to be found at large in that wisest of modern books, *Oceana*—a book which it would be well if our rulers would study.

"Popular government is a government by parties and classes. Parties consider first their own interests. The interests of no party which has hitherto held power in this country have been involved in the wise administration of our colonial connections. The patricians of England had nothing in common with the colonists in America. Those colonists had sprung from the people. They were plebeians; they were, many of them, dissenters; they inherited the principles of the Commonwealth; they were independent, and chose to have the management of their own affairs. The governing classes at home tried to master them, and did

not succeed. Equally little have our present colonies been an object of intelligent concern to the class which has ruled us during the last fifty years. It used to be considered that the first object of human society was the training of character and the production of a fine race of men. It has been considered for the last half-century that the first object is the production of wealth, and that the value of all things is to be measured by their tendency to make the nation richer, on the assumption that if our nation is enriched collectively, the individuals composing it must be enriched along with it. Accordingly, the empire, for which so many sacrifices were made, has been regarded as a burden to the tax-payer. We have been called upon to diminish our responsibilities. Great Britain, it has been said, is sufficient for herself within her own borders. . . .

"It is simply impossible that the English men and women of the future generations can equal or approach the famous race that has overspread the globe, if they are to be bred in towns such as Birmingham and Glasgow now are, and to rear their families under the conditions which now prevail in those places. Morally and physically, they must and will decline. Even the work so much boasted of is degrading on the terms on which it is carried on. . . .

"Neither the toilers who submit to such a destiny while a better prospect is open, nor the employers who grow rich upon their labour, can ever rise to greatness, or preserve a greatness which they have inherited. The American colonies were lost by the ill-handling of the patricians. The representatives of the middle classes would have shaken off, if they had been allowed, Australia and New Zealand and the Canadas. The power now is with the democracy, and it remains to be seen whether the democracy is wiser than those whom it has supplanted, and whether it will exert itself to save, for the millions of whom it consists, those

splendid territories where there is soil fertile as in the old home, and air and sunshine and the possibility of human homes for ten times our present numbers. If the opportunity is allowed to pass from us unused, England may renounce for ever her ancient aspirations."

These are words of wisdom—words which ought to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by our rulers. If not, it will be the worse as well for them as for us.

The Government of India presents a difficulty in British administration of the first magnitude. Yet even here a comparison with what other nations have accomplished, is sufficient to fill us with pride and congratulation. Algeria is the only modern dependency of a great European power which can in any way be compared with India. There are more than two hundred and fifty millions of human beings in India, and of these less than a hundred and fifty thousand are Europeans or of European descent. Of the hundred and fifty thousand, sixty thousand are soldiers. In Algeria, which is so much nearer to France than India is to England, there is a population of less than four millions, and of these a hundred and ninety-five thousand are French or of French extraction, including seventy-five thousand soldiers.

Algeria has cost France more than four hundred millions of pounds sterling, and the number of foreign Europeans resident in it is about equal to those of French extraction. It has been the object of the French Government to promote as far as possible the emigration of French citizens to Algeria, and for this purpose seventeen thousand pounds were spent annually from 1860 to 1867 in assisting poor emigrants. Now, two thousand five hundred pounds only are thus spent, simply because the applicants are so few.

The total area of rural properties belonging to Europeans has increased from 2,702,690, to 2,952,000 acres within the last three years; while the rural population, which numbered

146,657, including women and children, in 1881, reached 170,766 in 1884. The number of cattle possessed by the Europeans has increased from 529,660 head in 1881, to 673,612 head in 1884, equivalent to an increase of 28 per cent.; while the area of land planted with vines has gone up from 37,500 acres seven years ago, to something like 162,000 acres, nearly all of which belongs to Europeans. The foreign trade of Algeria has also made great progress; for the imports, which were only £7,694,337 ten years ago, were £11,592,435 last year, though this total, it should be added, is considerably below the average of the three previous years. The exports, however, have made uninterrupted progress, amounting to £7,035,915 last year, as against £5,757,296 ten years ago. The total length of railways open for traffic, including the 118 miles of the Medjerdah Tunisian line, was 1187 miles at the beginning of the present year, showing an increase of about 100 miles in two years.

Progress is being made unquestionably, but in proportion to the extent and fertility of the country, this rate of progress is not to be compared with that of Australia or of New Zealand.

As a colony, in fact, Algeria has been a complete failure; and although its resources and population are so few and so small, in comparison with those of India, yet as a burden to the mother country it is incomparably greater. Even the trade is as much in the hands of foreigners as of Frenchmen, four millions of French produce being imported, and three millions and a half of foreign produce.

The trade of India forty years ago, including imports and exports, was estimated at twenty-five millions of pounds sterling. It is now a hundred and fifty millions. The annual revenue is more than seventy millions, and of this amount seventeen millions is raised by direct taxation. The land

revenue is twenty-two millions, and that from opium nine millions and a half.

Great attention has been paid to education in India of late years. Three millions of children are under instruction in the Government and missionary schools, and a much larger number in the indigenous schools; and of these, three millions two hundred thousand are girls. Peace prevails throughout the country from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Justice is impartially administered. Famines are gradually being rendered impossible by greater facilities of traffic, and prosperity is the rule.

But although the results achieved in India have been so magnificent, yet the problem of its efficient administration is still difficult and unsolved. There are the conflict of races, a diversity of creeds, the isolating effects of caste, and all the disintegrating effects of centuries of jealousy and opposition between rival races, to be contended with. The proud Moslem regards with contempt his more peaceful Hindu fellow-citizen. The warlike Mahratta despises the mild Bengalee. The aristocratic Rajput would hold himself contaminated by serving with the low-caste Tamil. The higher classes look for a different heaven in another world from that to which the impure classes are to be admitted.

It is, in fact, a continent that we have undertaken to govern, and not a nation. The Sikh differs as much from the native of southern India as the Russian does from the Portuguese. The Rajput of Oude has no more sympathy with the native of Bengal than the Frenchman has with the Roumanian peasant.

It is admitted on all hands that India must not now be governed simply as a conquered country. England cannot supply the executive force required. India must be governed with a view to the interests of India, and not of England.

The people of India must be gradually prepared to govern themselves. But those who for centuries have been accustomed to despotic rule, must be very carefully and very gradually trained to political freedom. A nation cannot rise by a bound from the subserviency of a despotism to its fit place in human development. A nationality is the first thing to be encouraged. There is no national sentiment at present. Natives of India must learn to be citizens before they can be entrusted with the rule of an empire. Isolated examples of Indian statesmen, fit for the highest offices, prove nothing. Such there have always been, in the early Hindu, in the later Mahommedan, and in the present British period. But what are the people? Are they enlightened? Are they fit for political power? Is it not a fact that they are ready to believe any outrageous story, however improbable, relative to the designs of their rulers? Education must be more diffused and a national sentiment developed, before the people of India will be fitted for self-government.

The barriers of caste must be broken down, and this our railway system is doing more effectually than any open assault could achieve. Theological superstitions and gross ignorance must give way to enlightened public opinion. Woman must be enfranchised and freed from the fetters of centuries, and in no country in the world are there nobler types of womanhood than in India.

Exceptional difficulties have to be encountered. The tyranny and incapacity of former rulers have left unfavourable conditions behind them. Invasion, famine and oppression combined with internecine wars to devastate and lay waste vast tracts of country. If we were to evacuate the country now, the more enlightened of the population know full well that it would be a scene of bloodshed and devastation perhaps for centuries. The acute and intellectual Bengalee knows that in physical strength and warlike

resources he is by no means the equal of the Sikh or the Rajput of the North-west. He knows full well that it is British preponderance and British power that enable him to acquire and hold the fruits of his intellectual superiority. I have often heard the educated Bengalees give expression to these ideas. And yet none are more ready to find fault with our administration, to magnify our shortcomings, or to point out abuses.

The fact remains that, although much has yet to be done, the administration of India is one of which England may justly be proud. It can only be perpetuated by a due sense of responsibility on the part of the rulers, and an earnest desire on their part to bring it into harmony with native sentiment. If we are to perform our duty in India, we will do all we can to fit the people for self-government, convinced that, if they were left now to themselves, anarchy, civil contention and disastrous wars would be the result. The progress must be gradual. Nations are not born in a day. When India is enlightened, and its people are feelingly imbued with a national sentiment, it will form in the future one of the grandest of nations, as it was in the past, when Europe was but emerging from barbarism.

The prosperity which India enjoys at the present day, with all its drawbacks, is such as is altogether unknown in the annals of modern Asia.

But although it is not possible to do all that might be wished in India, yet much might be done by encouraging the principle of national representation. Might not a general Council of the empire, for instance, be established in Calcutta, to aid the Viceroy—a Council partly nominated and partly elected, in which all the presidencies and provinces, as well as the independent states, might be represented? Might there not also be something like a Parliament for each presidency and province, in which the

members, chosen from the more enlightened citizens, would gradually become acquainted with the forms and methods of procedure of a legislative assembly? And if to this were added an amalgamation of the armies into one, something would be done towards fostering a patriotic spirit, and producing that sense of a common country amongst all its various inhabitants which is now so lamentably wanting. But all these reforms are the work of time, and I know well the difficulties inherent in carrying out any one of these suggestions.

A Royal Commission to inquire exhaustively in India into the whole subject of Indian administration would probably be of material benefit to India just now. Such a Commission might issue suggestions for the more equitable distribution of common charges between the English and Indian exchequers; for the gradual introduction of the principle of representation into the Councils; for the opening up to a wider extent of the civil and military services of the State to the energetic and able amongst the native community; and for the re-adjustment of taxation, so that it may not press on the margin of subsistence.

These are questions involving the welfare or misery of two hundred millions of our fellow-subjects, and should therefore neither be lightly entered upon nor lightly dismissed.

There are writers who persistently maintain the decadence of England in power, in influence, in material prosperity. Whatever the temporary checks to commercial progress may be, they are but temporary. And whatever the croakers may say, the superiority of England by sea is still manifest.

A comparative table of the strengths of the merchant navies of the world, which has just been published, shows that Great Britain possesses 22,500 trading vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 11,200,000 tons. Of these vessels, 4649

are steamers, with a tonnage of 5,919,000 tons, or rather more than half the grand total of burden. The United States makes a very bad second, with 6600 sail and 2,700,000 tons. Norway has 4200 vessels, with 1,500,000 tons; and Germany, which comes immediately after her, has 3000 sail, with a total of 1,400,000 tons. France, Italy and Russia bring up the rear, each with less than 3000 vessels. The proportion of steamers is, however, of greater importance than the total number of ships engaged in trade, and in this respect France stands second, although she has but 458 steamers of 667,000 tons in all, to our 4649. Germany presses her closely with 420 steamers and 476,000 tons.

When England *has* run her appointed course, as Athens and Rome ran theirs, that which will loom largest in the world's history will be the political institutions she originated and diffused, and the empire of freedom established by her, under those institutions, in every quarter of the globe.

Never before did there exist an empire so wide-spread, so bound together by the common ties of blood, language and institutions, or so impregnated with the vitality of a race born for mastery. Never before has there existed an empire which has done so much to civilize the lands over which its sway extended, or which has by the force of precept and example fostered so wide a respect for law, love of liberty, and hatred of all kinds of oppression. Of all the achievements of which humanity can boast, where shall we find the equal of that empire which owes its origin, its development and its control to England? Every Englishman has reason to be proud in belonging to this empire, and this very pride should make him endeavour to be worthy of his noble birthright. It is not in England itself, or even in Europe, that we discover how noble a thing it is to belong to this first of empires; but in America and New Zealand, in Australia, at the Cape, in India and in Ceylon.

But whilst proud to regard ourselves as citizens of this glorious empire, let us never forget that our citizenship involves serious responsibilities.

We have in our midst a mass of destitution, of immorality and of misery, which claims the attention of every well-wisher to England. Amongst the poor there must be a re-organization of the conception of duty, in the first instance, and after that of pleasure and enjoyment. The two things must go hand-in-hand.

And how is this new idea of duty to be taught? The men and women of a nation are chiefly what their mothers have made them. In the minds and characters of our women we read the future of our people.

Therefore it is that I appeal to the women of the United Kingdom to come forward and engage in this good work. The women of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, have done great things in the past. Let them nerve themselves to do great things in the future.

True morality is based on the simplest experiences of life—freedom from prejudice, freedom from superstition, freedom from the despotism of fashion—all these, women can train us towards in early life. Truth and honour and courage can be instilled in childhood. Thus will duty and happiness be harmonized, and the progress of humanity be secured.

But we want a re-organization also of our conception of pleasure and amusement. Nature forbids us to leave our amusements to take care of themselves. As well trust to the sun for warmth all the year round, as to our leaden skies and depressing fogs for spontaneous cheerfulness.

If we had more sunshine, we should have more cheerfulness and less of the gloomy and morose. The lazzaroni of Naples, the porters of Marseilles, may be safely left to take care of themselves for enjoyment. They bask in the sun

and they are happy. That wine of sunshine is always on draught.

But in our northern climes it is not so. Our poor are sordid and depressed by circumstances and by climate, and it is for women to come forward with the helping hand. Nowhere else is the lot of the very poor, sadder and more hopeless, than in the United Kingdom. Extreme poverty is even less repulsive in China than it is in England. M. Taine tells us of those hideous vagrants sleeping on the seats in the Parks who seem to leave a stain where they lie, so loathsome and repulsive in their poverty and misery!

We have everything to do to repair the deficiencies of nature, and we turn naturally to women to do this. Theirs is the soothing hand, the soft, sympathizing voice that will always be listened to, the tone of comfort and of hope that will never be repelled, the glance of kindliness that will soften the hardest heart.

The sacred influences of home are in unison with the natural impulse of the mother's heart, and they all go towards promoting the welfare of the child. Now the poor outcast, the waif and stray of our cruel civilization, is a child in many ways, an infant in the feelings of the heart, however advanced in crime. Our character in early life is moulded by the sacred influences of home; and these are all woman's doing. To the mothers of England, therefore, I appeal to root out from amongst us all that is low and degrading, and to promote the true, the pure and the beautiful.

The source of morality may be a moral sense or intuition, a divine instinct or a holy precept. Whatever it is, it is a mystery that lies within us, and woman's influence develops it. The mother first awakens it by her maternal embraces and her maternal instruction, and then she trains it by precept, by warning and by example. In the natural acti-

vities of life it finds its widest sphere of action—not in retirement or asceticism, errors of the past.

It is in human sympathy that we find the germs of love, humanity and justice. Shall we not then endeavour to spread abroad love for our fellow-men in ever-widening circles? And who can do this so effectually as woman? Who knows best how to appeal to the common sympathies which, beginning at home, develop into universal benevolence subsequently. The home first, our country next, and then the world at large.

If the women of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, will but set themselves resolutely to remove the evils induced by ignorance and want, there will be the dawn of a new day speedily on our horizon, whatever our parliamentary eccentricities, whatever our party contests. The struggle for life will be made less terrible for millions of our fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen; whilst, from the influence of our empire of freedom all over the globe, humanity itself will become in consequence better, purer and nobler.

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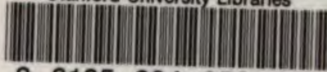
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